









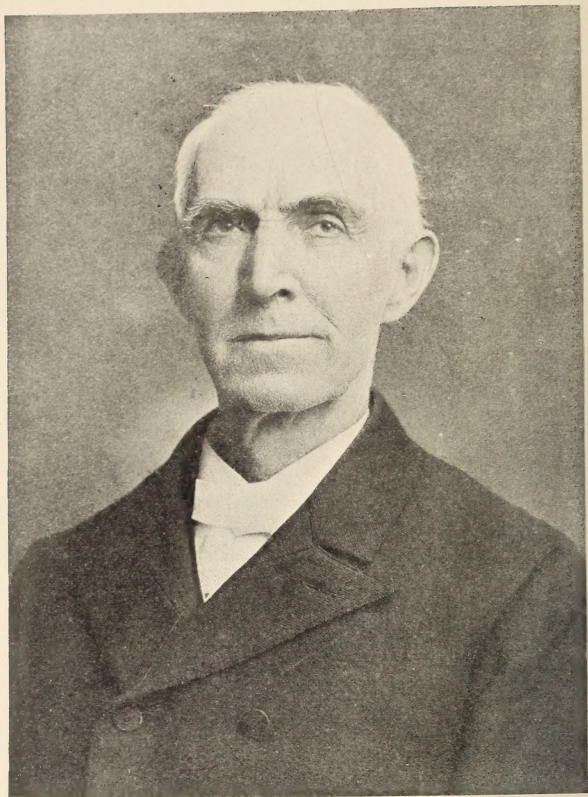






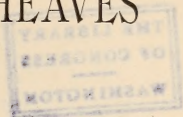






WILLIAM I. FEE, D. D.

# BRINGING THE SHEAVES



GLEANINGS FROM HARVEST FIELDS IN OHIO  
KENTUCKY AND WEST VIRGINIA

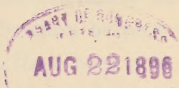
BY

*mgm*  
WILLIAM I. FEE, D. D.

OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall  
doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

—PSA. 126: 6.



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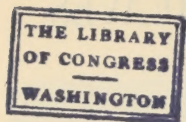
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## PREFACE.

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THIS volume was prepared in accordance with the following resolution, preceded by a highly complimentary preamble, passed by my brethren of the Cincinnati Conference at their session held in Hillsboro in 1884:

*“Resolved, That this Conference of brother ministers affectionately and earnestly urge Brother Fee to prepare for publication a volume on the Early History of Methodism in Southern Ohio, Northern Kentucky, and West Virginia, embracing such incidents and personal reminiscences as in his judgment he may deem best fitted to interest and profit the Church.”*

It is an imperfect record of over fifty years spent in the ministry. With the humblest views of myself and my work, I affectionately dedicate it to young ministers and Christian helpers whose sympathies and co-operation have been a benediction to me in my pastoral and evangelistic labors.

I desire to express my grateful acknowledgments for valuable suggestions to Captain Jerome H. Fee, of Adrian, Michigan, and especially to ✓Miss Ada Thomas, of Piqua, for taking down and

putting into typewriting these pages from my dictation. Without her aid I should never have been able to accomplish the work. My thanks are also due to the friends who have kindly rendered me assistance in revising the copy for the press.

And now, as my sun of life is going down behind the western hills, I bring this bundle of sheaves, gathered from the harvest-fields of Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, and lay them reverently at the Master's feet.

WILLIAM I. FEE.

PIQUA, O., APRIL, 1896.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IT gives me great pleasure to write a few pages of introduction to this remarkable book. The adjective employed is exactly the right word ; it *is* a remarkable book. It is the most vivid and realistic sketch I have ever read of a remarkable life. I have known the subject from his early boyhood, and have watched with interest his ministerial career for more than fifty years. This book is a simple narration of the wonderful story.

I am sure it will be read with entrancing interest by the many thousands to whom he has ministered, and thousands more who shall be induced to peruse its pages. But few who take it up will lay it down until they have reached the finis. It can not fail to be useful to all, but of special profit and inspiration to his brother ministers.

In all the places where Mr. Fee's ministry has been exercised for more than fifty years, he is remembered as one of the most consecrated and useful servants of God. This narrative makes plain the secret of his wonderful success. He believed himself to be sent of God. He lived in daily closest communion with his Divine Master. He

had but one work, and was untiring in it. His one thought was to do good and win souls. He loved men, and had faith in God. He was too busy to hear the suggestions of doubt, and too much in the enjoyment of his work to weary of its burdens. An abiding conscious experience was his inspiration and support. It is doubtful if any man of his generation will have more stars in his crown of rejoicing, or more happy souls to welcome him to his heavenly home.

Among all the saintly men I have known, I am not able to name one who could, in my judgment, more justly claim the apostolic distinction of "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." No one, I am sure, can rise from the reading of these pages without coming to a like judgment.

No one of his most admiring friends will claim for Mr. Fee unusual intellectual endowments. He possessed fair average faculties; was a good, earnest, plain preacher of the gospel. That which distinguished him was his absolute loyalty to God in the work to which he was called, and the unalloyed simplicity and sincerity with which he prosecuted it from the beginning to the end.

He was blessed with godly parentage and strict religious training in his youth. This was his great preparation and qualification for his ministerial work.

He was a graduate of Augusta College, the second, if not the first, founded by our Church.

Endowed thus with good common sense and fair educational advantages, and blessed with a high appreciation of the dignity which becomes ministerial character, and inspired with a high aim, he commanded the respect of all who knew him. But few ministers in the region where he lived had more influence with men and families of high position, while he was invariably greatly loved by the lowly.

He numbers among his spiritual children some of the best families of the State where he has lived his noble Christian life.

I commend this volume to the reading of all our people, and especially to our ministers for the profitable suggestions it will bring to them in the prosecution of their work.

R. S. FOSTER.

ROXBURY, MASS., April, 1896.





# BRINGING THE SHEAVES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE FEE FAMILY—BIRTH—YOUNGER YEARS.

THE Fees were of English and Welsh origin. At the commencement of the great Protestant Reformation in England they were the first to embrace it. They became members of the Church of England, and suffered the bitterest persecution from the Papists. Hoping to enjoy the rights of conscience in Scotland, they emigrated to that country. As the Established Church of England scarcely had a nominal existence in Scotland, they met with severe persecution from the Papists and Presbyterians, and finally left Scotland and went to Ireland. There they encountered the most bitter persecution they had yet suffered, and, despairing of ever enjoying religious freedom in Europe, they bade farewell to the Old World, and emigrated to the North American Colony with the sole object of finding a place where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

They landed in the city of Baltimore about the year 1690, as near as I can learn, and finally settled in Frederick County, Maryland, where my

great great-grandfather, George Fee, located. My great great-grandparents were George and Parnell Fee. Their daughter, Rachel, married Benj. Lakin, father of Rev. Benjamin Lakin.

Hon. Thomas T. Fee, judge of the Second District Court, Iowa, is a second cousin of mine. He is the grandson of James Fee, and son of Thomas J. Fee, founder of Feesburg, O., one of the earliest Methodists in Southern Ohio. He removed to the West many years ago, and there his influence has been felt in every good cause. John G. Fee, of Kentucky, founder and for many years president of Berea College in that State, is also a second cousin. He was a strong anti-slavery man, and admitted to his school both black and white children while slavery still dominated the South. He is strong and fearless in his advocacy of what he conceives to be right, and never blanchied in the presence of a foe. Cassius M. Clay once told me that he was the grandest man he ever knew, except in one particular,—he would not fight.

Thomas Fee, son of George and Parnell Fee, was my great-grandfather. He was born in Maryland. He was married twice—first to a Miss Thrasher, and the second time to a Miss Sarah Leith. He was the father of ten sons and four daughters, all of whom lived to be grown and married, and their descendants may be found in nearly all the States of the Union.

My great-grandfather removed to Pennsylvania, and resided for many years in the Old Red Stone Fort, now called Brownsville, in order to be safe

from the murderous attacks of the hostile Indians. From thence he removed in the year 1793, with his large family, to Mason County, Kentucky, and remained there for two years. In 1795, after General Anthony Wayne had concluded his treaty with the Indians at Greenville, Ohio, hostilities ceased, and the territory northwest of the Ohio was at once opened to settlers. At that time slavery existed in the State of Kentucky. As my ancestors had left Europe to escape slavery, they hated the very name of it. The Northwest Territory having been consecrated to freedom by the Ordinance of 1787, he left Kentucky, and in 1795 settled at what is now Smith's Landing, on the banks of the Ohio River in Clermont County, leaving two of his sons, George and John Fee, in Kentucky. He died in 1816, and is buried near Moscow, Ohio.

My grandfather, William Fee, was born December 13, 1768, in Pennsylvania. He was married twice; the first time to Miss Margaret Ingram, of Pennsylvania, and the second time to Mrs. Mary Prather, *née* Sargent, of Clermont County, Ohio. In 1802 my grandfather removed from Smith's Landing. He bought a tract of land four miles from the Ohio River, and built on the spot where the town of Felicity now stands. There was about a half acre of ground cleared, on which a rude cabin stood. His nearest neighbor was four miles distant. There, amid the howling of wolves and the screams of panthers, he began to clear out the forest. He was a man of great public spirit, and

servant, and such was his timidity that he feared to make an attempt in her presence. He went out and prayed secretly six times before he had the grace to do it. In the very act of praying in his family he obtained an assurance of Divine favor, which he retained to the end of his life.

Soon after this he was visited by ministers of the gospel, Henry Smith and John Kobler, who paid occasional visits to that region of the country. Ministers of all denominations received a warm welcome at his home. These ministers were followed by Bishop Asbury, William Burke, Benjamin Lakin, David Young, William McKendree, Richard Whatcoat, John Collins, John Meek, John Strange, John Sale, and a host of others whose names and deeds are immortal.

In the year 1803 he united with a number of pioneer Methodists, who had removed from Maryland and Virginia to Clermont County—such as the Sargents, Pigmans, Prathers, and Fees—in the erection of the third Methodist Episcopal church edifice in the Northwest Territory. It was named Hopewell, and stood one mile west of Felicity.

My grandfather was one of the trustees of this Church for many years. It was a hewed-log building, two stories high, and a very large edifice for that day. Here Bishop Asbury, Bishop McKendree, Bishop Roberts, Thomas F. Sargent, of Philadelphia Conference, Thomas B. Sargent, of Baltimore Conference, Martin Ruter, John P. Durbin, H. B. Bascom, Benjamin Lakin, John Collins, James B. Finley, and, indeed, most of the early

Western pioneer preachers, preached. Now there is only a cemetery to mark the place where it stood, and the Methodist Episcopal church of Felicity is the central point of worship in that region of country. Here my father and mother united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1816, under the ministry of Francis Landrum.

My grandfather and grandmother were lovers of good people, and given to hospitality. Travelers to and from Kentucky found a cordial welcome at their home. General Simon Kenton, the distinguished Indian spy and fighter, was always a welcome guest, and would remain for days at a time.

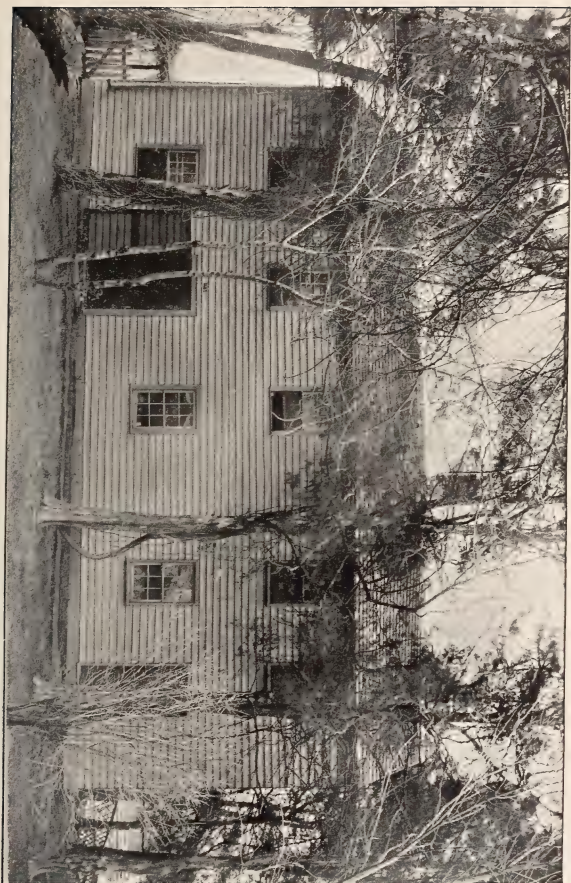
About the year 1798 my grandparents walked four or five miles from their home to attend a meeting at the place where the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church is now located. They traveled barefooted through the wilderness. Their sole object was to unite themselves with the Church in communion with which they lived and died. Ministers often preached in their house, and class-meetings were held there for years. My grandfather was leader of the class which met in his own house. He was the first merchant in that part of Southern Ohio, and was for many years the postmaster.

After my parents united with the Church they became active and earnest members. Reading the Scripture, singing, and prayer were the exercises of each morning and evening in their humble home. Prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and the

preaching of God's Word received their prompt and constant attention.

My mother's conversion was sudden and very bright. She never doubted it afterwards. My father's was more gradual in its manifestations. For three years he was afraid to say that he was converted. He had never received the witness of the Spirit that he was the child of God. He often said: "At first there was twilight, then daylight, then sunlight, and finally noonday" in his Christian experience. He was appointed class-leader against his protest before he professed conversion. The Sabbath came when he was to meet his class for the first time. Many persons were present. With fear and trembling he made the attempt, and in doing so received an overwhelming assurance that he was a child of God. For more than fifty years he remained in that position, until failing health compelled him to desist. Not one in all that region of country was his equal as a leader. A strange power attended him. There was unusual pathos in his prayers and in the narration of his religious experience, which would overwhelm vast assemblages of people. He was a man of tears, of deepest sympathy; always cheerful and happy, always loving in his disposition. He was a peacemaker, and, as long as he was able, he was invited to act as a mediator between contending factions in Churches or families. He received the blessings of the peacemaker. Large numbers of persons of that class who were seldom reached by the ordinary agencies of the





THE FEE HOMESTEAD.





gospel, were through him influenced and brought to Christ. I never knew him to quarrel. He was the friend and counselor of every pastor. He was a steward, class-leader, trustee, and Sunday-school superintendent for many years, and won the confidence and love of saints and sinners alike.

He was the father of nine children who lived to be grown, and he had an abiding faith that they all would be saved. They were converted and became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church before they were eighteen years of age. His six sons became official members of the different Churches with which they were connected. The young people loved him with an almost idolatrous devotion. They thronged his class until it would have to be divided again and again.

In 1879, when I was appointed presiding elder of Ripley District, which embraced my old home, I paid him an early visit. His mental powers had sadly failed, and, to my grief, he did not recognize me. I finally said:

"Father, do you know Jesus?"

He looked up, and, smiling, said:

"I scarcely know anybody else but Jesus."

A year after this he died. His mental powers came back the week before in all their original strength and vividness. The message came when we did not look for it. When I found that he was dying, I said:

"Father, is it all well?"

He whispered over and over, as it fell upon my ear, the word, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" and died.

My mother was equally devoted; ready, always ready, and waiting for the change. She died suddenly in 1874, and went to her reward. Since then her memory is to me sweeter than ever before, and no word has such a charm for me as "mother," and no love, save the love of Jesus, was greater than hers for me.

She, with my father, "sleeps the last long sleep" in sight of the home they occupied for so many years. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

I was born on the 15th of February, 1817, and, at that time, I was the only grandson. I was named William for my grandfather, and Ingram for my grandmother, that being her maiden name. I was dedicated to God in baptism by my parents when I was but two weeks old. I was baptized by the Rev. John Strange, a very distinguished minister of the gospel. From my very infancy I was an object of the deepest interest with my grandparents. No love could be greater for a child than theirs.

My grandmother was a lady of refined manner and tenderest sympathy, and was dearly loved by all who knew her. She was a Christian in an eminent sense. My earliest memories are connected with her. I remember when I was but three years old of being with her at a camp-meeting. I also remember their worship around the family altar. She would have kept me at her home all the time if she could. She clasped my little hands in prayer, and had me bow the knee

to God almost before I knew the meaning of this; and I have prayed to God ever since I knew there was a God. In the evening, when she laid me upon the little bed adjoining her own, away in the still hours of the night, I would awake and find my grandmother bending over me, and imprinting the kiss of love upon my cheek. With her hand upon my head she would say: "God bless you, my child! Don't be afraid; God's angels will protect you from harm!" and I would at once fall into sleep with as much security as if the arms of Jesus were around me.

While my mother's prayers and my father's devotion had a wonderful influence upon me, my grandmother's devotion had more to direct my little feet; and so great was my love for her that, when I thought of the possibility of her death, I often said:

"If she does n't go to heaven when she dies, I do n't want to go; but if she does go, I would not wait a moment longer."

My grandmother died February 18, 1827. The afternoon of her death she sent for me. After she bade her husband, children, and grandchildren, save myself, good-bye, she called me to her bedside, and told me that she was going home. As long as she had strength she exhorted me, and counseled me, in the most loving manner, to be a good boy, a devoted Christian, and not only to give my heart to Jesus, and my name to his Church, but my life to doing good and getting good. With her arms around my neck, she pressed me to her

heart over and over again, and held me there until her hands were pulseless and her heart was still. With a last prayer and a last kiss, she fell asleep in Jesus.

I followed her to her last resting-place. I stood at her open grave as her remains were lowered into it. They sang, and I shall never forget it, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound;" and then I went home to endure the saddest night I had ever spent. Although only ten years of age, my impressions were so deep that they have never been erased.

My grandmother had an extensive relationship in Pennsylvania, and in other parts of America and Europe. She was a descendant of Sir Arthur Ingram, a distinguished nobleman of England. She was also connected with the Rineharts in this country.

When I was but five years of age, for the first time I was strangely impressed with the idea that I had offended God, and felt that I must be forgiven. I prayed about it as a child would pray, but obtained no relief. I spoke to my father about it, and asked him if my sins would be forgiven if I should be good in future as long as I lived? To my surprise, he said "No," and I was impressed with the thought that I never could be forgiven. I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and told my father so. He explained, in a simple manner, that Christ had suffered and died for me, and that I might, on his account, or for his sake be pardoned. The impression was made upon my mind

that my pardon was a matter of grace. At once my sense of guilt was gone. I do not say that it was conversion, and I do not say that it was not; but the memory of it has never left me. I had a constant sense that God was present, that he knew all about my conduct, and that I was responsible to him; and that I must account to him for my conduct at the Day of Judgment, more than alarmed me. I was anxious to be good. Every morning I would commence the day with the idea that I would be better than I had been the day before; but instead of becoming better, I seemingly grew worse.

When I was between eleven and twelve years of age, I felt that I ought to be a Christian. I had a severe attack of illness, and feared that I might die; but was too sick to make the effort. I concluded, if I died, that I would be lost; and if my parents should ask me what I thought about dying, I would just simply say that I was willing to die. I was deeply moved by the death of a young friend, and finally my heart was stirred by the announcement that one of my associates, younger than myself, had joined the Church. It went like an arrow through my heart. I was anxious to come to Christ, and I had a great anxiety about myself; but concluded that I should obtain salvation sometime before I died.

No one said a word to me on the subject. I was in my fourteenth year when I felt that I must do something in order to be saved; but what to do I could not tell. On my bed, in the field, or wher-

ever I was, these thoughts troubled me. I was afraid that I might die, and die without hope. At last a boy eight years of age, the son of the only saloon-keeper in the town, and the grandson of a venerable Irish local preacher, was impressed with the thought that he ought to be baptized. He went to his grandfather about it, and he spoke to the father. Strange as it may appear, the father yielded. The Rev. William Simmons was approached on the subject, and agreed to hold a class-meeting on the next Tuesday evening in my grandfather's house, and there baptize the boy. He requested my father and mother to be present. The time came. The grandfather and grandmother and parents of the boy were all present. Mr. Simmons baptized him "in the name of the Holy Trinity."

The father, wicked as he was, was deeply affected by the scene, and made up his mind to become a Christian. He desired to be admitted into the Church that evening on probation; but Mr. Simmons at once told him that he could not receive him into the Church on probation so long as he persisted in the practice of selling liquor. He said:

"If that is all, I will pledge you my word that I will forsake the business of selling liquor forever, if you will receive me into the Church."

They received him joyfully. It was a great victory for his venerable father. The next morning, in the presence of my father, the minister, and others, he poured out all the liquor he had in



the house, and took out the bar. This produced great excitement in the town, for he was widely known. Within one week the saloon-keeper was converted. He had a dance-house connected with his saloon, and separated from it by a partition. He took out the partition, and offered it as a place of worship for the little congregation in the town, as they had no place except private houses. He furnished it with rude benches. All the meetings after that, for a year or more, were held in that room. A new impetus was given to the cause of religion.

I became more deeply impressed with my need of a Savior. I knew I was a sinner, and yet I knew not what I must do to be saved. My life, outwardly, had been blameless, and I was regarded as a most amiable boy. Nobody ever knew me to fall into a fit of raging passion.

Shortly before this, however, a boy insulted me and I knocked him down. He rose and came toward me, and again I knocked him down. He assaulted me the third time, when I struck him a most fearful blow, and he fell heavily to the ground. I fell upon him, and it was in my heart to kill him, and I believe I should have done so if my father had not come upon the scene and taken me away.

I now found that my heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; that I had only been a proud little Pharisee, observing the outward forms of religion, but knowing nothing of its power. I felt that I must have a new heart.

But I had a stubborn will, which would not yield without a battle. I knew my duty, but would not perform it.

Finally my father had occasion to leave home on the Sabbath. He charged me to remain at home, to avoid the company of bad boys, and not to go beyond the limits of the farm. In good faith I made the promise. In one hour a number of bad boys came to my home, and asked me to go to the woods. At first I refused; but they pressed me again and again, until at last their importunities overcame my resolutions, and I took the fatal step. We wandered two miles away, and were caught in a fearful storm, and the wonder is that we did not lose our lives from falling trees and branches. My mother, almost frantic, came after me. When she found me, I was as cheerful as if nothing had happened. She looked at me, tearfully, and said:

"You will see your father when he returns home."

The evening came, but my father said not a word to me. The next morning came, but I never knew him to look so sorrowful. Finally he spoke to me in a soft, gentle voice, and said:

"Will you walk with me into the orchard?"

When there, he said:

"Is it true that you have broken your promise to me, and violated God's holy day?"

I answered, "Yes."

He said:

"Do you not think you ought to be punished?"

I answered, "Yes."

He cut a switch from an apple-tree, and, coming with a sorrowful face, which I can never forget, he said:

"O, how it pains me to chastise you! I would rather receive these strokes myself."

He paused for a moment, his hand trembled, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. The switch went down, then he raised it again, and said, almost sobbing:

"How sorry I am!"

But he was unable to lay upon me a single stroke. He raised it again, and the rod fell from his hands, and he stood weeping as though his heart would break. I said:

"O, my father! I would sooner you would kill me than to do this!"

He said not a word.

At last I said to myself:

"What a fool I am!" and, with a desperate resolve, I said: "Father, if you will forgive me for this and the past, I will never grieve you again."

In a moment I was in my father's arms. His hand, in forgiveness and blessing, was laid upon my head.

"O!" he exclaimed, "how happy I am over this!"

As far as I know, I never willfully grieved him again.

From that hour I resolved that I would unite with the Church, and on the twenty-seventh of July, 1832, during an eclipse of the sun—the

nearest being total that I ever saw—I said to God and myself:

“This night I will give my name to the Church, and my heart to God, if they will receive me.”

That night my name was written by Rev. Wm. Simmons on the records of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and remains there to-day.

At that time it was an unusual thing for one so young to connect himself with a Church. Several boys united with the Church the same evening. I had not conversed with my parents on the subject, and they were rejoiced to think that I had taken the step, and at once gave me every encouragement. I began at once to discharge every known duty. My conviction of sin became deeper. The Holy Spirit enabled me to see myself as I had never done before.

On the next Sabbath, after my union with the Church, the Rev. Peter Hastings, an Irish local minister, preached an excellent sermon, at the close of which he invited persons who were seeking Christ, to kneel at a bench which was in front of him. Although the house was crowded, I went forward and kneeled at the rude seat to receive the prayers and counsels of this good man and others. I was the only one who came forward. When they kneeled in prayer, the minister laid his hand upon my head, and prayed earnestly for my conversion. When the congregation arose, he said the benediction would be pronounced. I thought the services were made very brief because I was

only a boy, and felt that I received all the attention I deserved. I was not converted, but I believed I was on the way to conversion. I took more pleasure in repenting of my sins than I ever did in committing them. I sought the Lord day and night. So sad was I about my spiritual condition that I did not smile for three weeks.

My case grew more and more desperate. I hoped that my entire devotion to the saving of my soul would secure God's favor. I was brought to a state of self-despair. I had nothing but my sinful self to offer, and then the doubt came, "Will He receive such a sinner as I am?"

One evening, after seeking Christ for three weeks, I determined to go to church and the altar of prayer once more, and remain until I found mercy, or died in the attempt. As I left my home and walked up the street in a state of self-despair, something said to me: "If God is able to save you at all, is he not able to save you here and now?" Christ on the cross, as he was suffering and dying for sinners, came vividly before me. My mind rested for one moment on him, when the blessed assurance came, "He died for *me*; He is *my* Savior." Instantly my sense of guilt passed away. The darkness gone, light, peace, joy, and love took possession of my soul. God approved, and my conscience no longer condemned. I was a new creature. I almost ran to the place of meeting.

This was on the 17th of August, 1830. From that hour to this I have never seriously doubted

the genuineness of my conviction. I became a very happy boy, and sang—

“Jesus all the day long,  
Is my joy and my song;  
O, that all his salvation might see !”

I was now anxious for the salvation of others. I seemed to be living a new life in a new world. I began to speak in the meetings, and to pray in public; and, although I could only say a few words, I did what I could. I read all the religious books upon which I could lay my hands. I loved the ministers of the gospel more than any other men. They were regular visitors at my father's and my grandfather's. I regarded it as an honor to black their boots, to curry their horses, and to perform for them any work within my power. They were pleased to converse with me a great deal, and I wondered at their condescension.

The Rev. William Simmons was then preacher in charge of White Oak Circuit, which embraced more than one thousand members, and at the least twenty-five preaching-places. There was preaching at these appointments once in four weeks.

Just after my conversion I attended a camp-meeting held on Gregg's Camp-ground on Indian Creek, three miles from Point Pleasant, Ohio. Mr. Gregg married a Miss Fee, a cousin of mine. He was a most liberal man. The camp-meeting usually cost him about five hundred dollars a year. The camp-ground at that time was, perhaps, the best in the State of Ohio. It was attended by persons from Kentucky, and all parts

of the State of Ohio. It was a great annual feast to the Methodists, and a matter of overwhelming interest to all classes of people. It usually lasted for one week, and it was expected that noted ministers of the Methodist Church would be present. Weeks were spent in preparation. Wooden huts, composed of boards or round logs, were constructed; cotton and woolen tents were set up; large covered wagons came, and in these families would sleep during the night. At sunset fires were built in every direction, and at a distance presented a beautiful sight. For two miles from that prominent point on which the meeting was held, could be heard the songs of praise and the shouts of the worshipers. It had a new interest to me, and I entered into its services with all the spirit of an earnest boy.

There was over White Oak Circuit a general spirit of revival. The people at the very commencement of the services were full of hope, and the large altar was filled with penitent souls seeking Christ. Wicked men had gathered in great force, and were disposed to interrupt, and, if possible, break up the meeting; but a guard was constantly on hand to prevent this. Immense numbers were present on Sabbath. Men who came to mock, remained to pray. By Monday morning the rowdy element had quieted, and a solemn awe filled the congregation. At the first service in the morning such an interest prevailed, and the number convicted became so great that it was impossible to hold the regular service, and no sermon was



preached that day. Men fell in all parts of the encampment as if dead, and almost everywhere, within the tents and outside, the voice of exhorting, singing, and rejoicing was heard for miles. It was supposed that at least three hundred persons were converted, and it was a scene never to be forgotten. Among these were a number of men I knew personally, who, at the commencement of the meeting would have destroyed it, but were now the most active promoters of it.

I was almost constantly engaged in the meeting. On that Monday morning I found a boy, a little younger than myself, in a state of deep anxiety, seeking Christ. I kneeled by his side, and prayed with him for a long time. At last the Lord spoke peace to his soul, and he rose and shouted until he was so hoarse that he could scarcely speak. The tears ran in streams from his eyes, while an unearthly glow was on his countenance. His father and my father were intimate friends. He was dear to me, and my soul was filled with unspeakable joy. His older brother was also converted, and many others whom I knew. His name was Randolph Sink Foster. When he was about sixteen years old, I heard him preach his first sermon, and his second, third, and fourth. He became a distinguished orator, and for many years has been successful in winning souls to Christ. We were educated at the same college, and I have always taken a deep interest in him. It was my pleasure to introduce him to the lady who afterward became his wife, Miss

Miley, sister of the late Dr. John Miley, of Drew Theological Seminary. From the time of his conversion until the present, we have been intimate friends. He is now the most prominent bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is exerting an influence for good among all the civilized nations of the world. I may speak more of him hereafter. Tilghman A. G. Phillips was also converted at this meeting. He afterward became an able and useful minister in the State of Ohio. Henry Wharton, and his cousin, Zachariah Wharton, both distinguished ministers of the Ohio Conference, were converted, and many others, of whom I can not now speak.

Dr. Martin Ruter, president of Augusta College, was present and preached. John Collins, the most successful minister I ever knew in recruiting soldiers for the Methodist army, was present. That prince of orators, Arthur W. Elliott, was there, and a host of others whose names are immortal. Large numbers united with the Church, and when the meeting closed, on Friday morning, the parting amid the groans of the penitents, the shouts of the young converts, and the rejoicing of the older followers of the Lamb, was a scene that I never can forget. In an hour or two the roads were thronged with covered wagons; and in these, going in every direction, could be heard songs and shouts, until the whole country seemed like a Methodist camp-meeting ground. They returned to their several homes and churches, and a revival fire was kindled all over the country.

In those days parents took their children to the camp-meeting, that they might be converted; and the society, if possible, sent their unconverted members to the camp-ground for the same purpose. Mr. Gregg, the owner of the camp-ground, was prosperous in business. He was blessed with a large family of children, and most of them were converted before he died. When the members of the Quarterly Conference finally proposed to hold the camp-meeting in another place, because it was too great a tax on Mr. Gregg, he was greatly worried about it, and begged the privilege of having it held on his premises the next year. His request was granted, and the meeting was held there for years afterwards.

In the fall of this year our ministers were changed, and George W. Maley and Henry E. Pilcher were sent to the circuit. Mr. Maley was a quaint, eccentric minister, unlike any man I ever heard before or since. He was a very attractive man, and his audiences were large and seldom inattentive. People flocked to his appointments, and by turns they laughed and wept. He was an educated man; was brought up a Lutheran, a Calvinist in belief, and was converted at a Methodist camp-meeting near Lebanon, Ohio. He was soon after called to preach, and for many years was a member of the Ohio Conference. I will notice him further in my account of early ministers and Methodists in Southern Ohio. Henry E. Pilcher, his colleague, was a young man, and very successful in his work.

Mr. Maley was the first minister who ever met me in class. After I had spoken with fear and trembling, he asked my father and my mother if they had confidence in my religion. They told him they had. He then laid his hand upon my head, and told me that he had too, and prayed God to bless me and make me useful. He was often a guest at our house, and was the most impressive pastor I ever saw. The whole family where he visited would often be bathed in tears. He appeared to understand the character and the peculiarity of every child. He prayed for all, and we thought prayed for everything.

In due time a quarterly love-feast was held in Hopewell Church, when he received me into "full connection." I always loved him, and I believe he loved me. When he died, he requested that I should officiate at his funeral, which I did. The work on White Oak Circuit prospered under his supervision. He was succeeded by John A. Baughman and Maxwell P. Gaddis. Young Baughman was called "the tanner-boy," because he was brought up in the family of George Gregg, the tanner, on whose premises the camp-meetings were held. He was a fluent speaker, and made a profound impression wherever he preached. M. P. Gaddis was in his youth, and carried the people with him, and was eminently successful in winning souls to Christ. As my intimate friend I loved him, and his memory will be sweet to me forever.

About the year 1836 a church edifice was erected

in Felicity, and I was deeply interested in it, as were also my father and grandfather. I felt it a great privilege to carry mortar, and to help make and carry bricks, until often my bare feet would be sore and bleeding; but I rejoiced that I had a part in the erection of the building. It was finally completed, and dedicated to the worship of Almighty God by that sainted minister, Benjamin Lakin. This church became the birthplace of many souls. A revival soon occurred at which eighty souls were converted. My father, in the absence of the minister, conducted these revival services. Methodism became a power in Felicity. A number of young men were converted, who became very earnest and useful members of the Church. I was appointed leader of the first young men's meeting ever established in that place, and it resulted in the conversion of many souls.

When I was about seventeen years of age, by the request of the Official Board and the approval of the ministers, I was appointed class-leader. I am now sorry that I declined the appointment. As I see it now, it was God's voice speaking through his Church to me; but I did not hearken, and have regretted it ever since. Finally ministers and others predicted that I would be a minister of the gospel, and they often told me so. I believed the remark to be an idle one, and it made no special impression on me. But at the age of seventeen, suddenly and unaccountably, the impression was made that I must devote my life to the preaching of the gospel. I resisted it

with all my might, believing that it came from the Evil One; for I had no qualifications for such a great and important work as this. The impression grew deeper, but I still felt that I was destitute of the learning, the mental and moral qualifications, which were so essential to that work. I believed that God would never call me under such circumstances to labor, and fail, and die without accomplishing any good. I had not that depth of faith nor that commanding presence which would win the respect and the confidence of my fellow-men. I made every possible excuse, and brought up every reason of which I could think against it. With all my power I fought against it; but it would return with still greater force, "Woe is me, if I preach not the gospel!" So great was the strain that I could scarcely eat or sleep. My health began to fail, and I could no longer work on my father's farm. My physical strength became less and less, and my friends began to predict, without knowing the cause, that I was marked for an early grave. I thought so myself, but still resisted the call to preach, because I was not satisfied that it came from God.

I found that, when I was most devoted to God, the impression was the strongest. Finally one sentiment, stronger than all the rest, overwhelmed me; namely, that I never could be instrumental in leading a soul to Christ. I was naturally timid and shrinking in my disposition, especially in the presence of an audience, and I honestly believed that I never could be a public speaker; and

I would sooner die and fill an early grave than make the effort. I never communicated my fears to my father or mother, nor to any earthly friend. In silence I bore the cruel anguish.

At last the crisis in my life came. I was rapidly failing in health. One morning I thought the end was near, and with great difficulty I walked out upon my father's farm, visited the objects that were the most dear to me, bid them all farewell, and went back to the house and to my bed, as I supposed, to die. The reflection came to me that day, "What a fool you are! If you should fail after having done the best you can, the responsibility will be upon God, and not upon you. He requires nothing you can not perform." My faith revived. Then I said, after the most solemn consideration: "If God will restore my health, and permit me to obtain a college education, and the Church should open the door for me, money or no money, success or failure, I will go out into the vineyard of the Lord, and preach to his people, and labor for their conversion until I die."

This resolution, and the faith I had, were for life and beyond recall. Whatever might be involved, I had taken the responsibility, and would meet it as best I could at every cost. Almost instantly I was relieved, the clouds dispelled, and rest, sweet rest, came to my spirit, and "it was done—the great transaction was done." At the same time my physical strength began to return, and in less than two months my health was restored, to the delight of my parents and friends.



During all this struggle I had strangely retained the witness of the Spirit, and when I thought of dying, I believed that I would be saved somehow. I have an abiding impression that, in the world to come, I shall not suffer loss, because I did not sooner obey the voice of God in this respect. I studied now more earnestly than ever. I had an object for which to live. I had a future before me, and was willing to leave results with God. Neither my father nor mother had ever spoken a word to me about preaching. One day my father said to me :

“Do you see that beautiful colt? That is yours whenever you become a Methodist traveling preacher.”

That was all he ever said before I revealed to him the secret of my life.

I had already secured an academical education in mathematics, philosophy, and history; but had never studied the languages. Father said to me :

“Would you like to go to Augusta College?”

I said : “Yes, I would, if you are able and willing to send me.”

This college was the first chartered Methodist college in the world, and was only six miles from my native place.

“Then,” said he, “I will go over to Kentucky next week, and make arrangements for your board; for I am confident that you will never be a farmer. I was anxious to have you become a merchant; but I soon saw that this was not to your taste. From your childhood you have been a lover of

books, and God has some other design concerning you. If you commence, I want you to remember I do not believe in any halfway business."

This was in the fall of 1838. Arrangements were made for me to board with Elisha Simmons, a pioneer Methodist preacher; and the week following I was at Augusta, and appeared for the first time in the college chapel. The room was crowded with young men whom I had never seen before. Most of them were from the Southern States, and were the sons of wealthy and distinguished men. I felt, in the presence of such young men, that I would amount to nothing, that in my studies I would be a failure, and that no student in the institute would be below me. I looked upon the faculty with wonder, and could not believe that I would ever win their confidence or friendship. During the first week I was homesick. Those who were boarding with me were generally religious.

The faculty of the college at that time consisted of the following persons: Rev. Joseph S. Tomlinson, a profound scholar and a distinguished preacher, president; Rev. H. B. Bascom, who was thought to be the finest orator in the world; Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, of Ohio; and Rev. Burr H. McCown, professor of languages.

I took my Church certificate, and presented it at the first opportunity. My first evening at my room I read from the book of Proverbs, and continued to read a chapter at least on each evening. I found much that was useful to me, and that guarded me against the usual sins of young men.

I attended the services of the Church on Sabbath and during the week. Every evening, with my room-mate, I had prayers; for during my entire life I had been accustomed to family worship. I found this practice very helpful.

At first my studies were difficult, and the recitations were very embarrassing. In the regular college course part of my studies were in the academic department, and others in the sophomore and junior classes. I soon discovered, what is common everywhere in schools and colleges, a number of young men who studied very little. Some had been in college three or four years. I was surprised to find myself in advance of them in my recitations.

By the close of the first session I succeeded much better than I expected. My health also improved. I found in a short time that the character of my associations depended on myself. There was bad company as well as good. Soon after I had decided to enter college, I met my friend, Dr. John Miller, of Neville, Ohio. He was an uncle of Randolph S. Foster. He said to me:

"A great burden is upon my soul, and I believe there is one upon yours. Now, if you will tell me the secret of your heart, I will give you mine, and I will reveal mine first." He then said:

"For years I have believed that God has called me to the work of the ministry, and I have made up my mind to yield to it. At any rate, on next Sabbath, at Chilo, I will preach, or try to preach, and will decide as to my life-work; and I want

you to be present, and give me your candid opinion as to the character of my performance."

My recent experience on the subject of a call to the ministry, and the conclusion to which I had recently come to obey the call, prompted me to go and hear him on the next Sabbath. The Doctor was widely known, and when I reached the house it was filled with people. The moment he saw me he invited me to come forward, as he wanted to speak with me. I did so, and when I reached the platform, he said:

"You must come into the pulpit."

I said: "I can not."

He replied: "You must close the services with an exhortation."

I was astounded. Taking me by the arm he almost dragged me into the pulpit. I scarcely knew what to do. I dared not leave; that would be discourteous. Finally I resolved that I would read a hymn, and offer a prayer, but make no effort to exhort. So when the time came I read the hymn with a trembling voice, and I know the congregation must have pitied me. The Doctor called aloud:

"You must exhort!"

I began to talk, and, before I was aware, I was in the midst of a very warm exhortation. I was surprised that I was able to talk at all. The Doctor congratulated me, and the people came forward and congratulated us both. I returned to my home, supposing that would be the last of it; but on the next Tuesday morning, Ebenezer B. Chase,

the preacher in charge of White Oak Circuit, met me, and, in a very cordial manner, said:

"Do you believe in the doctrine and discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church?"

I answered, "I do."

"Are you willing to be governed by them?"

I answered in the affirmative. He then handed me a paper. I opened it, and found it to be a license to exercise my gift as an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church. How this came about I never knew. I was afraid to refuse, in view of the promises I had made but a short time before.

At the college I would occasionally go out into the country with young preachers who were students, and would sometimes exhort after them. The cross was so heavy that I almost ceased to go with them. For more than two years I seldom exhorted. They made me an assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school, which embraced most of the students in the college. This gave me some excuse for my negligence; but I was not happy. No society or Church invited me to hold services at their appointments. I thought that I ought to wait to be invited, but was disappointed, and came to the conclusion that as God was opening up no door of success to me, perhaps I was occupying a false position. This was a source of much pain to me.

At this time I overheard, one day, the superintendent of the county infirmary say that there was no religious service whatever among the poor of

that place. By common consent, these poor people were left without God and without hope in the world. As soon as I could approach the superintendent about it, I said to him :

“If you are willing to receive my humble services, I will go to the infirmary and do the very best I can.”

He said :

“God bless you, Fee! I shall be so glad to have you. I will make an appointment for next Sabbath afternoon, and I will have a good congregation to hear you.”

I never mentioned this to any one. I secretly left the town, and walked about three miles to the place. I found, on my arrival, a large congregation waiting for me. Everything was as pleasant as I could expect. I opened the services, read a chapter, and made my first effort, on my own responsibility, at holding a public service. There was much feeling in the congregation, both among visitors and the inmates of the institution. This surprised me, but I felt that it was of God. I found almost immediately that God had blessed my humble effort in the conversion of a lady—an inmate of the institution—who had been seeking Christ, without finding him, until she made up her mind that she was a reprobate, and that there was no mercy for her. While I was speaking she was set at liberty, and rejoiced in the great thought that she had found Christ and a free and full salvation. This was the first fruit of my public labors. From that time until now more places have been open

for me than I have been able to supply. I received invitations from all quarters to hold meetings.

Just before this a remarkable revival of religion took place in the college and in the town. It moved all classes. A majority of the young men who were not converted were led to seek Christ, and were made happy in his love. At the very beginning of the revival I caught its spirit, and did what I could. Young men who were converted were sure to visit my room. I soon thought that it would be a good place for me to have a little service, and pray with such persons. Moses Smith, a fellow student, was hearty in this, and was always with me whenever any seeking souls were there.

I remember, on one Saturday, the religious students met together in order to prepare for the work of the Sabbath. A nephew of one of the governors of Ohio, the son of a pious mother, who dedicated him to God when she died, though a young man of remarkable promise, was very wicked. He begged, before this, the privilege of associating with me. My fellow-students thought that I could exert more influence over him than anybody else, and they asked me to call on him and see if I could persuade him to attend the meeting. I went to his room, and he received me politely. I spoke of the meeting, and my desire that he should be present. He said:

"I shall go to-morrow, because it is a rule in the college, but not now; you will have to excuse me. I must go out on the river to skate. I must go. Good-bye!" and he left me.



My heart was almost broken, but I prayed for him as best I could. The next morning President Tomlinson preached a sermon of wonderful power. After this Professor Trimble delivered one of those exhortations for which he was so eminently qualified; and, as this young man was a cousin of his, he approached him, and by all the memories of the prayers of his loved mother, besought him to give himself to the Church that day; but he looked as unmoved as if he had no soul. Professor Trimble said:

"Little did your mother think, when she died, that you would be false to your word and to her teaching," and left him.

Moses Smith and myself were walking home together, arm in arm, when some one came up behind us, and separating us, took each of us by the arm. I looked up, and it was my young friend, all bathed in tears. He said:

"Will you allow me to walk a little way with you?"

We assured him that we would be pleased to have his company. He then said:

"That allusion to my mother grieves my heart. O, I can not live this way!"

We went to my room, and we three sat there in silence for a moment, when the dinner-bell rang, and we invited him to dine with us. The very moment he attempted to speak, he burst out into a flood of grief, and said:

"O, I can't eat or sleep until I find Christ! Pray for me!"

We did so, letting our dinner go until three o'clock, when he found pardon, and rejoiced with exceeding joy. When Professor Trimble heard of it, he came running to the room, and caught him in his arms. The next morning he came to my room early, and the very moment he saw me he said: "O Fee, God calls me to the work of the ministry!" He gave himself up, and for a number of years he was a devoted minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At that time I had a room-mate who was the only son of the first governor of Ohio. He apparently had but little sympathy with revivals; but finally, to my delight, I found him among the seekers for salvation. I was afraid to approach him, as I was his room-mate, and might retard his progress. For weeks he sought Christ at the altar every night, until at last he sent for me in the hour of his great despair, and begged me to help him. I found, as I thought, that he had received pardon; but it did not come in the way he expected, and hence he had rejected it. This is a very common mistake of penitent souls.

Said I: "What is the matter?"

He replied: "I can't feel my sins any more."

I said: "Perhaps God has pardoned them."

Said he: "I thought four weeks ago that he had; but it was not what I expected, and since then I have been praying for deeper conviction."

I said, frankly:

"I believe that God did, then and there, for Christ's sake, pardon your sins. And what you

ought to do now, is to pray for the witness of the Spirit, or evidence that you are accepted."

He began at once to pray for the witness of the Holy Spirit, and almost instantly his prayer was heard and answered, and his joy was indescribable.

Two students were found at the altar, and for weeks were unsaved. One of them came to me, and asked me why it was. I said to him:

"William, have you any enemies whom you can not forgive?"

He said: "Yes, there is one, and he is with me at the altar every night, and I learn that he is as unwilling to forgive as I am."

Then I said: "You will never be converted until you do forgive."

"What would you have me to do?" he asked.

I replied: "Go to his room, and say to him, if you can, 'I forgive you, as I expect to be forgiven. If I have injured you, pardon me.' If," I continued, "you are ever to do it, the sooner the better."

He replied: "I will."

He had not walked one hundred yards from my room until, turning the corner of a street, he met his enemy. They paused, looking each other in the face, pronounced each other's names, and, without more words, fell into each other's arms; and that evening they were both converted. One became a minister, and the other a physician, and one of the most useful laymen in the State where he lived until he died, beloved by thousands of friends.

The students were now divided into three

classes. I was assigned to the class led by Professor Bascom, who treated me always with friendship, and I loved him tenderly. Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, took a deep interest in me. He was about holding a revival-meeting some four miles in the country, and invited me to aid him. I did so. One night we had a glorious time, and it was about eleven o'clock when I left. Mr. Kavanaugh said:

"I promised to see you home. How are you going to get there?"

Said I: "I shall walk."

"No, you shall not walk," he replied.

He was a large man himself, but he made me get on his horse behind him, muddy as were the roads. This additional burden was more than the horse was willing to endure, and he kicked violently; but Mr. Kavanaugh was unwilling to release me. The horse labored in almost every way to get rid of us, but we both clung to him until at last we reached our boarding place in safety.

"Now," said my companion, "you have been with me three or four days, and it is in my heart to say to you that I believe that God intends you to be a minister, and a Methodist traveling preacher. Your ability to cling to that horse has settled that question with me."

After he became a bishop, he preached for me at Cincinnati, and reminded me of his prophecy and of its fulfillment.

In January, 1842, Professor Bascom and his

class, without my knowledge, recommended me for license as a local preacher to the Quarterly Conference of the circuit in which we lived, and which met at Minerva, Kentucky, on the 30th of January, 1842. There, after being examined by Isaac Collard, I was licensed as a local preacher. At the same time, Moses Smith, A. A. Morrison, of New York, and William C. Dandy, of Chicago, were also licensed. The very thought of preaching, to me, was fearful. I felt that I would sooner die than make the attempt; but I remembered my vow, and would not sound a retreat.

At the close of the third college year the faculty were willing that I should graduate, but I felt that I ought to remain and pursue my studies another year, which I did. In the month of June, 1842, I was graduated with sixteen others, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. I am now the only survivor of that class.

My connection with the college was to me a great blessing. Here I met the ablest and the best ministers of the land. I became acquainted with members of the best families in the North and in the South. I often listened to men of national reputation and profound learning. My college acquaintances amount to many hundreds in all parts of the Western and Southern States. I was invited by some of the most distinguished young ministers to go South, and connect myself with prominent literary institutions; but I was an anti-slavery man, and Southern associations had no

charms for me. At the close of my college life, a serious difficulty occurred among the professors and friends of the college, which ultimately resulted in its dismemberment and its virtual destruction. Augusta had sent out large numbers of distinguished men, both in Church and State, who long lived to do honor to their *Alma Mater*, and to their country. Only a few of these remain.

Having completed my studies before the end of the college year, I was allowed to go home and remain until Commencement-day, when I was to return and receive the honors of the institution. It was a sad hour when at last I bade farewell to my associates and the scenes of my college life. What was before me I could not tell.

On Saturday morning, after I completed my studies in the college, I paid a visit to my uncle, John McGraw. On arriving at my uncle's house I found that a two days' meeting was being held in the neighborhood, at Concord Church, by William Parrish, and Jacob Gatch Dimmitt, his assistant on White Oak Circuit. I was pressed to attend. Mr. Parrish had preached at eleven o'clock on Saturday, when he was taken sick and left for his home in Felicity, after appointing me to preach that night. It was my first sermon after being licensed. The church was crowded, and I was frightened and sadly confused. The church was lighted with tallow candles, and the light was so dim I could scarcely see to read my text. This added to my confusion, and I made such a failure as to reproach myself and the cause which I ad-

vocated; and believed it to be a loud call for me never to attempt to preach again. I slept but little that night. My agony was extreme. I made up my mind to surrender my license.

The minister who preached at eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning was immediately afterward taken sick and was unable to preach at night. A local preacher was expected to speak, but he too was taken sick. Two men besought me to preach again, but I declined, until they wept over my desperation. My friends gathered about me, and besought me to yield. At last I consented, and, going out into the thicket, I spent the afternoon in study and prayer. I made a sermon, for I only had the one which I had delivered on Saturday night.

I went to the church with less faith in myself than I ever had before, but with more faith in God. I preached upon the parable of "The Prodigal Son" with great freedom, and, without embarrassment, I continued to the close. I felt that God was with me. The congregation was greatly moved. A prominent member, at the close, called to me to "open the doors of the Church." He pressed it, and I consented, with the impression that no one who respected himself would unite with the Church under the ministration of such an unworthy preacher as myself.

At once an interesting young man rose, came forward and gave me his hand. Five others followed. All soon gave their hearts to Christ. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and I was filled



with gladness that God had honored me in such a way. The first young man, Joshua Gray, remained faithful for more than fifty years, and died, June, 1894, in the faith which he embraced that night. On my return home, I found Mr. Parrish very ill, and his colleague, Mr. Dimmitt, informed me that I must fill Mr. Parrish's appointments until he recovered, and said:

"On next Saturday there is an appointment for a two days' meeting at McKendree Church, three miles distant; and you must preach on Saturday and on Sabbath night."

I did as best as I could. On Sabbath afternoon I prepared a sermon for evening. At the close of my evening sermon there was a spirit of conviction all over the congregation. A layman begged me to invite people to the altar. I did so, and it was soon crowded. Many were converted that night and united with the Church. It was in the busy season of the year, but they decided that the meeting should be continued. The interest was intense. I prepared a sermon for the next night. On that evening, at the close of a brief discourse, the altar was crowded and many were saved. Among those converted were an interesting young man and his sister. They were the children of a life-long Presbyterian, and the father brought them to me as applicants for membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which they ever afterwards remained worthy and honored members.

Every night that week we had services. More

than fifty were converted and united with the Church. I did not suppose that any of my immediate relatives were present at this meeting, and I was speaking with unusual liberty—I had never spoken or preached in the presence of my father—and when I saw him in the congregation I sat down, but soon recovered and continued the meeting. I was informed that Mr. Parrish was still sick; and that he had made an appointment for a two days' meeting in the town of Neville, on the Ohio River. He appointed me to occupy his place, and secured the services of the distinguished pioneer preacher, Benjamin Lakin, to assist me. On Saturday, Brother Lakin preached as he only could. I followed on Saturday evening. On Sabbath morning he preached again, and on Sabbath night I preached. The meeting was one of great interest. A spirit of conviction pervaded the entire community, and when Brother Lakin left they insisted that I should continue to hold the meeting myself during the week. On Monday morning the interest became so great that we repaired to the Baptist Church, which was much larger than ours. The meeting went on with great power. The whole community was stirred, and some prominent citizens were converted.

I was the guest of Israel Foster, the father of Bishop Foster. He was a timid, quiet man, and could not be induced either to speak or pray in public. One morning a physician arose in the meeting and said:

“I have made nine efforts to be a Christian.

In all these I have failed. The Church has no confidence in me, and I have none in myself. If I believed that there is one man in this house who would indorse for me, I would make the tenth effort to save my soul."

Mr. Foster was deeply moved, and arose to his feet and said :

" Doctor, I will indorse for you."

The doctor again gave his name to the Church. After this I knew him for thirty-five years, and he never lapsed again. This was a blessed thing to the doctor, and also to Mr. Foster. He immediately began family worship, spoke in the meeting, prayed when called on, and during the week went all over the town talking to people about their souls, and praying in their families. How strange, that good men should be so enslaved by natural timidity ! Many might, did they rely more upon God, become a power for good in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. At the close of the week we found that more than sixty had been happily converted, and united with the Church.

A number of people had come from Kentucky to attend the meeting ; some to mock rather than to pray. As I was young and timid I knew not how to control them, for they were very rude. I looked at them for a moment and saw one who impressed me as a young man of honor, of courage, and of physical strength. I appealed to him, and said :

" I am young, and a stranger here, and alone,

almost. I believe you to be a man of honor. Will you be so kind as to take charge of the good order of this meeting, and see that no one violates it?—and I will stand between you and harm.” He, looking at me a moment, said:

“I thank you for your confidence. I will do as you ask, and will not betray you.”

He did, and I had the very best order to the last. More than one hundred souls were converted in less than two weeks, and this gave me much encouragement. One young man of rigid morality, having the respect of all who knew him, thought he was better than almost any of the Church members, and became deeply convinced of sin. When he began to see himself a sinner, the very enemy who had told him that he was good enough, now persuaded him that he was such a sinner that he was lost beyond all hope of redemption. He was a tall man. In his despair he threw himself upon the floor, and cried out in fearful accents:

“Lost! lost! lost!”

I kneeled at his side. Scores gathered around him, and all wept over him for two hours. I labored to convince him that there was mercy for him. At the expiration of that time he was persuaded that he could find mercy, and began to rejoice. I said to him:

“You are converted, are you not?”

“O no!” said he. “I am rejoicing because my conversion is possible.”

In a few moments he received Divine mercy,

and rejoiced with unspeakable joy. He became one of the most devoted, useful Christians in all that country.

On the next Sabbath, after our meeting closed, I was appointed to fill the regular appointment at Moscow, three miles below, on the river. A large number of my relatives resided here. I never knew a town of its size have more attractions or a better class of citizens. During preaching that afternoon a strange solemnity and a spirit of weeping pervaded the congregation. It was my first sermon there. At the close I was requested by the leading members to invite persons to unite with the Church, which I reluctantly did. Six at once came forward, and a profound impression was made upon the congregation. Before they were dismissed, some of the brethren came to me and said :

“We must have meeting at night.”

I reluctantly consented to announce one, and to conduct it. A large number came to the altar seeking Christ. They insisted that we should have meeting on Monday morning at nine o'clock, and again on Monday night. With great reluctance I agreed to this also. In the morning a large congregation was assembled, and a number were converted. Near the close of the services a prominent citizen, who lived almost adjoining the church, but who had not been present at any service for fourteen years, came in, with others, to see what was going on. I went to him and expressed my gratification that he was present, and besought him to seek Christ that night. He yielded, and

was happily converted, and united with God's people.

We continued the meeting during the week, and an unusual number of prominent citizens, who had not been religious before, were brought to Christ and united with the Church. The meeting seemed at one time to have accomplished all that it was likely to do. I was sorely perplexed and discouraged. I went out to the hills, and in a retired spot spent hours in prayer, and my prayer was—I know not why—that that night ten persons might be brought to Christ and to the Church of God. I prayed until I believed my prayer would be answered.

A cousin of mine, the most prominent young lady of the town, who was adverse to the cause of Christ, and unwilling to take the responsibility upon herself, said to me that morning:

"It is useless to talk to me; I will not yield!"

I said to her:

"Cousin Emma, my mission is ended. I shall trouble you no more unless you request it. I shall meet you at the judgment. Farewell!"

At the evening meeting she was the first to yield. She found Christ, and united with his people, and remained faithful as long as she lived. She was followed by others, all of whom were prominent citizens. While they were coming forward I said to a prominent merchant, a Mr. Thresher:

"Will you not give me your hand and name, and go with us and your faithful wife to the better land?"

He said: "I will. I am so timid that I have been waiting for twenty years for just such an opportunity as this."

I felt that my prayer was answered; for I received into the Church that night the number for which I prayed. During this meeting some forty persons united with the Church, and about fifty were converted.

A young man of unusual intelligence, a Swedenborgian in his faith, manifested on several occasions a disposition to converse with me and engage in controversy. This I declined. Whenever he saw me on the street in conversation with one or more, he would join us and remain until we separated. As he followed me almost every place I went, I at last felt that he was discourteous, and I could endure it no longer, and intended to tell him so when I met him again. He was among the number that night who came to the altar, and was converted and united with the Church. At the close of the exercises, he said to me:

"Mr. Fee, you have regarded me as somewhat discourteous. I have been near you for days whenever I had the opportunity, because I wanted to settle two things in my mind. First, were you preaching the true religion? and second, did you practice it, and manifest its spirit? I knew your patience was severely tried by the treatment you received, and I believed if you could endure all this you must have something that I did not enjoy; and if you had, I wanted it. It was not your preaching nor your prayers, as far as I know, nor



your exhortations; but the spirit you manifested under severe provocation."

In utter surprise, I said to myself: "Can it be possible that the destiny of an immortal soul depends to a great degree upon the spirit and temper I manifest in my every-day conversation and life?" The lesson I can never forget.

In three weeks, in the summer-time, in the busiest season of the year, I had witnessed the conversion of more than one hundred and fifty souls. Among these was an interesting young man. I approached him, and said to him:

"Ben, do you not think you ought to give your heart to the Savior?"

He said: "I do. I thought that no one cared for my soul!"

I said: "Go with me to the altar." And he went, and was converted, and united with God's people.

Three months afterward I found him upon a dying bed, and I asked him how it was with him. He replied:

"My peace is made! I can joyfully depart, and be with Christ. But for you, I fear I might have died without Christ. Now, when I die, preach my funeral sermon. I shall await your arrival in the better land."

I complied with his request.

The next Saturday and Sabbath I held a two days' meeting at Mount Zion, four miles east of Felicity. Mr. Parrish, in the meantime, was growing worse, and they despaired of his recovery.

Mr. Dimmitt was our preacher in charge ; but the care of more than one thousand members was upon him, and he had but little time for revival work. This he committed to me—a most responsible work.

At the request of the Quarterly Conference of White Oak Circuit, and by the appointment of William H. Raper, then presiding elder of the Cincinnati District, I was appointed a supply as junior preacher on White Oak Circuit. This was the greatest trial of my life. The principal appointment on the circuit was my native town. I told Mr. Raper that I never could endure to preach in the presence of my father and mother and a large circle of relatives and friends. I finally agreed that if he would release me from the duty of preaching there, I would accept the appointment and do the best I could. He did this, and I entered upon my work at Mount Zion Church.

On Sabbath evening of the meeting the Lord began to work in the hearts of sinners, and the altar was crowded with seekers. They insisted that the meeting should continue for several days at least, although it was in the midst of wheat harvest. During Monday I was praying and hoping for great results at the evening meeting. The family whose guest I was were relatives of mine, and they sympathized deeply with me for my anxiety about the success of the meeting. Just before sundown a fearful cloud appeared in the west, and in a short time the rain was pouring down in torrents. It continued for almost an hour, and I despaired of any meeting that night. It was

a great trial to me ; but remembering that every shower of rain was a shower of grace, I submitted. Finally my cousin put on her cloak, took her umbrella and a child in her arms, and was about going out into the rain. I said to her:

“Where are you going?”

“To the church, of course,” she answered.

“Such a night as this?” I asked.

In astonishment she said :

“Did you not think of going?”

I said: “No, I supposed the meeting was broken up.”

“And you a minister ! I think you ought to be ashamed !”

I said: “If you go, I am ashamed of myself ! I certainly will go, but with no prospect of any success.”

We were soon within hearing of the voices of persons singing and rejoicing in the church. The house was full in spite of the rain. Those who came before the rain, began to sing and pray, and God blessed them, and souls were converted. About ten were converted; and among the number were two young men who became the leading official members and the most useful and devoted Christians in all that region of country. About twenty-five or thirty souls were converted in a few days. From there I went to fill an appointment at Calvary Church, and souls were saved.

The next Saturday and Sabbath I held a two days' meeting at Eden Church, near Georgetown, Ohio. From there I went to Feesburg, and spent

several days. At the last two places a number were converted. From thence I went to Goodwin's school-house, two miles from my home, and held meeting during the week. Quite a number were converted. I then held another meeting at Chilo, with good results. At my appointments on almost every occasion, strange to say, souls were saved. The success which attended these labors I can not understand. It was a matter of wonder to me. I honestly believed at the time that I had but little agency in these revivals, and attributed them to the grace of God and the power of his gospel.

Both my father and myself believed that, before I entered the work of the ministry, I ought to have a training of about two years in some theological seminary. I thought of Lane Seminary, a Presbyterian institution. Sometimes, especially after my greatest successes, I thought that, after all, I was not called to the work of the ministry, and was out of my place, and that it would be better for me to engage in the study and practice of law; a profession which I thought, in my early life, of choosing. I would often retire to my room and spend sleepless nights in trying to decide definitely as to what was the work of my life. I had graduated at the college and received its honors. The time had come when I must decide upon the work of my future life. The quarterly-meeting Conference approved of my ministerial labors on the circuit, and recommended me unanimously for reception into the Ohio Annual Conference which met

in Hamilton in September, 1842. This was done against my protest. So unworthy did I feel that I was confident that I would not be received, and this reconciled me to having my name go before the Conference; for I was afraid to take the responsibility myself.

The week before the Conference commenced, the Church at Felicity, my native place, unanimously requested me to hold a revival service, commencing on Saturday evening of that week. I took it under advisement, and prayed for Divine direction and strength to do my duty, whatever it might be. At the same time I felt that it was my duty at that meeting to settle the question forever as to whether I was called to preach or not. I received this impression in answer to prayer; and I made this condition, that if five souls were converted at this meeting and added to the Church in my native place, I would take it for granted that I was called of God, by his Holy Spirit, to give myself to the work of the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church as long as I was able, to the best of my ability.

I began the meeting on Saturday night. The house was filled and the Spirit of the Lord was manifest. The altar was crowded with penitents, and ten souls were happily converted. The meeting continued for one week, with wonderful power. The Conference was then in session, but we thought but little about it. Every night large numbers were seeking Christ. By the next Saturday week some seventy-five had united with the Church, and

more than that number were happily converted to God. Several of these became ministers of the gospel. Among them was that eminent, good, and useful man, John W. Cassatt, of the Cincinnati Conference. Another was Colonel E. W. Ellis, a prominent lawyer, who afterwards fell at the head of his regiment in the terrible battle of Pittsburg Landing. In the same meeting General A. J. Wood, a graduate of West Point, and a brave soldier in the Civil War, was converted, and remained a Christian until he died. This forever settled my destiny as a traveling minister and pastor in the Church of my choice.

At the Ohio Conference, Bishop Morris presided. Some flattering recommendations were given me by Elder Raper and others who knew me. My name was about the first presented to the Conference, and I was received with enthusiasm, as I understood, which amazed me.

The next Saturday after my meeting closed, I met Jefferson Morris, of Bethel, Ohio—a son of the Hon. Thomas Morris, a former United States senator—who called to me and said :

“Have you heard from Conference?”

I said, “No!”

“Don’t you know where you are appointed?” he asked.

I replied: “No! I supposed they would not receive me!”

“Not receive you!” he exclaimed. “Why! you are appointed to Georgetown Circuit; with John W. Clarke as preacher in charge!”

I was amazed. It was only twelve miles from my home, and was a very aristocratic place at that time. At once I began to make preparations to go out from my home, and to have none of my own, as I believed, to the end of my days. My father presented me with a fine horse, saddle and bridle. One friend gave me a pair of saddle-bags, another a buffalo robe, and my loved mother prepared for me everything she thought I would need.

The day came when I must sever the ties of affection and love which bound me to the home of my childhood, and the many friends whom I loved so well. My horse was brought to the gate, and the few books I had, and my cloak was properly adjusted. My father could not endure the parting; so he and my brothers and sisters retired; but my blessed mother remained with me to the last. She embraced me in her arms, gave me her parting kiss, and said:

"My son! good-bye! God be with you until we meet again!"

For almost half a mile I looked back, and I saw her standing at the gate with her face covered and alone. At last I went into the woods and was out of sight. For twelve miles I felt as if my heart would break; and the thought of "home, sweet home!" was never so dear to me as then; but since that I have not known what it is to have a home, in that sense, and I shall not until I have an eternal home, and separation shall never, never come!

Young, inexperienced, without that deep and



fervent piety and holy peace which were demanded of a gospel minister, I submitted myself to go where God and the Church appointed, and to endure whatever cross might be laid upon me, and agreed to be known even as a poor, despised minister of the gospel.

Before I proceed to give a narrative of my labors in the work of the ministry upon which I was about to enter, it may be well for me to give briefly some account of the spirit with which I entered the work, and my conviction of the importance of the great work to which I had been called.

First, I did not enter upon it as a mere profession to which I was to give the energies of my life. I believed that it was my duty to be in harmony with God, his Spirit, his Word, and the Church of which I was a member. I believed in her doctrines, subscribed to her discipline, and was convinced that her government and her general itinerary system were better adapted to promote the spirit of the gospel and to secure the conversion of men than any other. I felt it was my duty to give myself wholly to this work, no matter what might be involved in it; no matter what cost or reproach it might bring upon me; that I ought to make full proof of my strength, and that the great business of my life was the conversion of men; that my mission to men required me to labor for their salvation; not because they were rich, or poor, but because they were men, and were redeemed by the same Savior. I studied carefully

the ministrations of the Lord Jesus; his spirit of self-sacrifice, self-denial, his humility and his unselfish devotion to the great interest of a lost and ruined world.

Second, I believed that I ought to speak or preach so as to reach the masses of society, and especially the poor; that I ought to speak to them in a language which they would readily understand, and in a manner that would the most deeply impress their minds, and be the most likely to bring them to Christ.

At this time I began to speak extempore when I was impressing a point. I believed that the most effective work done by the ministers was in their exhortations, and I said to my father on one occasion: "Why do they preach? It is the exhortations which do the work?" I believed that in my entire course and deportment with men I must be humble; that I must have the Spirit of Jesus, if I would reach the lost of the human beings.

In the fifty-three years of my ministry I have not changed these views, nor have I felt at liberty to depart from the course which was marked out for me. Thus far I have given the facts, leaving others to draw their own inferences from them.

## CHAPTER II.

### MY FIRST CIRCUIT—GEORGETOWN CHARGE.

1842-1844.

GEORGETOWN is the county-seat of Brown County. At this time it was remarkable for the general intelligence and aristocratic character of its inhabitants. General Thomas L. Hamer, a congressman and statesman of high order, and a man who had good prospects for an election to the Presidency of the United States, a hero of the Mexican War, resided here. A few years before this, he, with his family, had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, together with his brother-in-law, General Higgins, and family. Jesse R. Grant at the same time united with the Church. His son, Ulysses, then a boy, I knew personally. Indeed, most of the prominent people had been or were members of the Church. Here I found Judge Kay and wife, George W. King and wife, Judge Sells, the Hon. Hanson L. Penn, William Moore, and Mrs. Judge Devore. Georgetown became the seat of political excitement, and a number of these citizens, while Methodists in sentiment and from preference, ceased to be members of the Church. Abel Reece was one of the most venerable and influential members. He could neither read nor write, and yet such was his piety and consistency of life that he exerted a marvelous influence and

commanded the respect of all who knew him. Squire Stapleton was a man of marked character and intelligence, and a great factor of righteousness in all that region of the country.

The thought of commencing my labors at such a place overwhelmed me. Timid and shrinking in my disposition, afraid almost of my shadow, I said in the fullness of my heart: "Who is sufficient for these things?" I never shall forget when I stood before a crowded congregation to commence my life-work with little, if any, prospects of success. At the close of my first sermon the deepest sympathy was manifested for me, as most of them had known myself and family. They gathered about me and gave me assurances of their deepest sympathy, and sought to encourage me; for they evidently knew that I needed encouragement, and I thus entered upon the work of my circuit. It contained twenty appointments to be filled in four weeks. William H. Raper, a life-long friend of my father, was my presiding elder. A minister of great ability, noble in spirit, dignified in person, he commanded the respect of all classes wherever he labored. He had been an officer in the war with Great Britain in the year 1812. He deeply sympathized with me and loved me as his own son. He was as brave as Cæsar in times of danger, and yet gentle as a lamb. My colleague, the preacher in charge, was John W. Clarke. He was a talented preacher, a loving friend, and a most useful man in all departments of Church-work. At times he was sublimely eloquent, and exerted

an overwhelming influence over the audiences whom he addressed.

There were one thousand members in the charge. Mr. Clarke said to me: "I will preach and attend to the administration of discipline; you must attend to the revival work. Remember, I trust you implicitly." To me this was a fearful responsibility. During the few months I had traveled under the presiding elder, the impression had gone abroad, greatly to my surprise, that I would be a very successful minister in that line of work. Their expectations were high. Wherever I went I saw that they were disappointed. This became more and more apparent as I visited the several appointments, until I believed that success with me was next to impossible. On my first round I became the guest of John Meek, one of the early pioneer preachers, who had been a guest at my grandfather's when he was a young man like myself. He, with his excellent wife, encouraged me as best they could to make full proof of my ministry. He resided in the town of Winchester, Adams County. A. Baker, formerly a traveling preacher in Kentucky, resided in the same place. Here I found Richard Ramsay, a local preacher, father of William W. Ramsay, now a member of the New England Conference. These favored me with their sympathies and their prayers. At Sugar Tree Ridge, another appointment, I found a society of Irish Methodists, and a local preacher by the name of James McCann, good and true, who afterwards became a useful member of the Indiana Confer-

ence. Newmarket, Sloan's, Danville, Beauford, and Ross's were appointments on the circuit.

The last appointment was situated in the woods. Mr. Ross was a man of piety, sound judgment, and general influence in his neighborhood. Several of his sons were young men. I rested two days at his house, and became intimate with them. John, one of these, was a member of the Church, but he had backslidden. I asked him to walk with me to the forest. I yearned for his salvation. Up to this time I had no evidence that I had done any good whatever. In the depths of the forest I said: "John, will you kneel with me here, and ask God to heal your backslidings and restore you to his favor?" We both wept; and kneeling there, we called upon God, and that day the Lord restored to him the joys of his salvation. Before the year closed he began to exhort, and soon became a preacher, and is now one of the most prominent ministers in California, having been presiding elder for a number of years.

The next day I was to preach. A cloud of darkness had settled down upon me. I said I must have relief, or else retire from the ministry. For my own benefit I preached from the words, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." I was so embarrassed that I could not face the congregation. At last I looked up and saw a lady dressed in the plainest attire, her face all lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and tears of joy running down her cheeks. I thought, if my humble effort is such a blessing to

that poor woman, I am willing to suffer on, and be crucified, if needs be. In a moment the scene was changed; the congregation caught her spirit, and such a time of rejoicing I had seldom witnessed before, and my voice was drowned by expressions of joy all over the congregation. My humiliation was now perfect, my joy was unspeakable. A little good had been done, and I was ready to ascribe all the glory to Him who had called me to preach his gospel.

Four weeks of labor, one backslider reclaimed, and one glorious meeting held in this log Church, fulfilled, as far as I saw, my duty. To my surprise, however, I learned that the preacher in charge had appointed a protracted meeting in Georgetown, to commence the next Saturday and Sunday, and that I was to have charge of it. I became the guest of Judge Kay, who gave me a cordial welcome, and sympathized with me in my work. At the very beginning of the meeting a deep interest was manifested. It soon became apparent that the Spirit of God was moving the hearts of the people. A number came to the altar as seekers of salvation. The Church, which had been divided, became united, and a general revival of religion took place. The children of the older Methodists were the subjects of it. Hanson L. Penn and his wife were brought into the Church, and became active members. At least one hundred were converted and united with the Church, and a very general interest was awakened in a number of the other appointments. Wm. M. D. Ryan,



afterward a distinguished minister in Baltimore and Washington City, aided me in this revival.

A strange incident occurred at this meeting. A prominent and devoted member of the Church was greatly blessed, and when the services closed, a beautiful smile lighted upon his face; but when approached he was speechless, and remained so for a week. I never beheld such a heavenly face as his. By signs he expressed his joy and perfect trust in Christ, and then fell asleep in Christ, and awoke no more on earth. An infidel paper in Cincinnati charged his death upon us; but physicians treated the charge with perfect contempt, and it recoiled upon the infidel who made it.

Another event of much interest to myself and colleague occurred. We were called to visit a prominent German family at midnight, to pray with them and point them to Christ. When we reached the place the husband and his wife and a young lady were all kneeling and pleading with God for pardon. In less than half an hour they were all converted, and then kneeled in prayer to God for the conversion of their friends and relatives in Germany. They became pillars in the Church at Georgetown. While the meeting was still in progress I went to the church one evening, full of faith that there would be a great victory, that many would be converted. To my surprise, I found that nearly all those whom I believed to be serious, were absent, and the greater part of our working force was away. I was greatly disappointed and discouraged. Just as I was about to

close the services without any good results, so far as I could see, a messenger came and requested me to visit a house near by. When I entered the room I found that twenty-five or thirty had there been converted. God was working wonderfully, though I knew it not. It taught me in my work to trust in God, and not in appearances. This was the beginning of a remarkable revival all over that charge. The terrible temptations under which I had labored were now gone, and the people who began to lose heart as to my success were now extravagant in their expectations of success in future. So true it is that extremes follow each other.

My colleague, Mr. Clarke, requested me to hold a meeting at a new church, where there had never been a revival. The society had been in existence for twenty years, but never had numbered more than twenty members at one time. The country was thickly settled. The inhabitants were not under religious influence as a rule. The Seceders were the most influential denomination in that country, and the doctrines of Calvinism prevailed there in their most ultra form. It was a hard field. Previous to commencing, I spent a few days at my father's. One morning I left for my work at seven o'clock. I rode a wild and almost ungovernable horse, which would not permit me to carry an umbrella. Soon it began to snow, and in a little while my clothing was soaked with wet. It began to turn cold. I was in a blizzard; the snow in drifts became deep, and the wind almost blinded

me. In crossing a creek I lost my way and got into deep water. My clothing soon froze on me; I made slow progress, and my situation grew worse and worse. I had been requested to call at the house of one of the members of the charge who was rich and fully able to give me the best entertainment. About five o'clock I reached the place, cold, hungry, and well-nigh dead. My horse was tired out. When I called at the house the man and his wife met me. I told them who I was, and that I had been directed to them for entertainment; but the looks they gave me were colder than the storm through which I was passing. My case was desperate; I feared the loss of my life, and made the most piteous appeal to them that it was possible for me to make. I proposed to pay them liberally for entertainment; but their answer was nay. I then said: "Is there a tavern in reach? Do they sell whisky?" To both these questions they answered, "Yes." Then I said. "I will not patronize them," and left. I was in a furious storm, in darkness, not knowing what to do, and feeling that I had no friend on earth or in heaven. The enemy whispered: "This is the reward you receive for entering the ministry." With me it was the hour of darkness. As I rode on I reached a pike, and the first thing which met my gaze, after striking it, was a white frame house with green window shutters, and every appearance of neatness within. Something said to me, Call there, and you will be entertained. A bright, cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. I called, and a lady

coming to the door, answered. I said: "Madam, I am almost frozen to death; if you will permit me to come into your house and warm myself by your fire and give me something to eat, I will pay you liberally." She said: "Dismount and come in; we never turn anybody away from our house in such distress as I see you are in." She helped me from my horse, for I was unable to alight myself, and said, "Dear young man, you are almost frozen to death," and I said, "Yes." She said: "My husband will be in after a little, and take your horse and feed him." I said: "If you will allow me to lie down on the floor with my feet to the hearth, it is all that I ask." She said: "Certainly, if I had nothing better for you; but you shall have the best in the house." After my wet clothing was removed, my horse put away and fed, I heard her husband making preparation for the night. She inquired: "Where are you from?" I answered: "From Felicity, Ohio." "Why," said she, "are you acquainted there?" I replied, "Yes." Then she said: "Our young preacher is from there." I asked: "What is his name?" She answered: "Fee. Do you know him?" I replied: "Yes, I do." "What kind of a preacher is he?" I replied: "He can not preach much; but I think he is trying to be a good man, and to do good." It flashed upon her mind that the young man before her, in such a sad plight, was her pastor. She ran to the door and exclaimed: "David, David, come here!" He came at once, and with smiles and tears, she said: "This is our young

preacher." In a few moments there was sunshine in my soul and all around me.

I shall never, never forget the kind treatment I received, the supper I ate, the bed upon which I sweetly slept, the greetings which the family gave me in the morning, nor the loving attentions which I afterward received from them. I believe firmly that it will be said to them in that day when we shall be rewarded for our deeds: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I learned from them that my treatment at the former house where I stopped resulted from their dislike of another minister, and that it was not in any sense intended to be an unkindness to me. It was, in a word, an example of bitter revenge, for which the innocent had to suffer; and now the question was, ought I to forgive them? I shall never forget the struggle I had. The presiding elder and preacher in charge and the common officials of the Church learned it, and were indignant. I preached for months in the neighborhood, and never received an invitation to accept the hospitalities of that house. I was always compelled, after preaching there, to ride six miles for my dinner. The presiding elder and preacher in charge forbade me to preach at that point any longer; but I continued; for I desired to conquer myself, and to say in my conduct and spirit: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

In the morning I left for my meeting at Olivet. I had never been at that place to preach, though

I had had appointments there before, yet on account of high waters I had failed to fill them. I found the people prejudiced against me, and they claimed that they had to pay their money for nothing. They informed me they had paid three dollars toward my salary. I at once refunded it. This to them was a sad affliction; but I would not keep it. I preached under the greatest embarrassment in the morning. On Saturday night I lost my sermon, and preached differently from what I had intended. This mortified me deeply. I thought I had blasted all hopes of success in my meeting. I scarcely slept, but wept and prayed nearly the whole night. We were to hold love-feast in the morning at nine o'clock. I was humbled in the very dust. The doors were to close promptly at the hour of nine. A venerable Irish brother was appointed to keep the door. When I reached the place I found that he was letting everybody go in to the love-feast, whether they were entitled to the privilege or not. I said to him: "Father Davidson, are you not violating the rules?" He said: "Bub Fee, you'll have to run over the rules a little, or you will never catch these wild boys on Eagle Creek." I said: "The door must now be closed." I found the house full. Father Davidson turned the key, put it in his pocket, and seated himself near the pulpit. These wild young men saw that they were caught, and cast wistful glances at the door; but he gave them no relief. So humble was I, that I felt that I was nothing at all, and utterly unworthy of the place that I occupied.



Under the deepest emotion, I spoke and prayed. After the speaking began, the Spirit of the Lord came in a wonderful manner upon the people, and the interest was so great as almost to prevent the relation of Christian experience. At the close, I invited persons to unite with the Church, and twenty came forward at once.

Under the sermon which followed the morning love-feast, many others united with the Church. A prominent citizen was standing near the door. John Meek said to me: "I'll go and ask him to join the Church." As he was stepping out of the pulpit, the gentleman exclaimed aloud: "Father Meek, you need not come; I am coming." And, all broken up, he was soon in the arms of this venerable minister. The meeting at night was simply wonderful. It continued until after midnight, and when it closed, the house was filled with rejoicing people. It was estimated that about fifty souls were converted. Anxious to have a more quiet meeting, I endeavored to suppress the excitement; but it only increased it, until my voice was drowned amid the shouts and rejoicings of the people. On Monday morning the house was again crowded, and, to my surprise, twelve persons attributed their conviction to the poor sermon I had preached on Saturday night. Four of these afterwards became ministers of the gospel. The meeting at night was one of great interest. At the beginning of the service, I remarked: "If you had been two or three miles below this on Eagle Creek to-night, you might have heard two young men say, 'We will go



up to Mount Olivet and have some fun over these crazy Methodists.'” I then said to the congregation: “Pray that God may give them something more interesting than this to-night.” At that very moment two fine-looking young men sprang to their feet and rushed out of the house. Evidently the remark had touched them. I had never seen them until that moment. After awhile they came back, and one of them began to weep, and the other endeavored to take him out of the house, but he would not go. At last he fell upon his knees and began to cry for mercy. The other was soon kneeling also, and in a short time they were both powerfully converted, and embraced me in their arms, although they had determined to inflict personal chastisement on me when they went out of the house. One of them was the son of a Presbyterian elder and a judge of the court; the other was the son of a prominent Methodist class-leader. They both united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and were prominent official members for many years afterwards.

The next day, a young man from the State of Kentucky undertook to disturb the meeting. He was more than six feet high, and standing on the seats occupied by the ladies, remained there in defiance of my request and that of the trustees. He was very insulting. I talked to him kindly, and said: “Have I not treated you courteously?” He said: “O yes.” “Are you a gentleman!” He said, “Yes.” “Will you not get down?” He said, “When I please.” I replied: “If you are a gen-

tleman, you will manifest it by quietly getting down. If you are not, you will stand where you are." We were surrounded at the time with a very rough set of men. The course I pursued evidently won them. I said again: "Will you not get down?" "Not until I please," he answered. Just at that moment a strong man seized him by the shoulder and brought him down flat on the floor, and then said to him: "If you want satisfaction you can have it outside of the church." They left, and the meeting went on without further interruption. I did not see him again for three months; but at another revival-meeting in which I was engaged he attended, and was respectful throughout. He would not give me an opportunity to speak to him, or I should have done so. One morning, at four o'clock, I was awakened by the coming of a gentleman who desired to speak to me, but who would not give his name. I more than suspected it was this man, for I heard that he had threatened me with violence. I dressed myself. He stood on the veranda. Without hesitation I went out to him, and was surprised to find that it was the same man. I extended my hand, and he grasped it kindly, and said: "Mr. Fee, I am glad to see you." He was full of emotion, and said: "Mr. Fee, I left the church last night the most miserable man you ever saw. I thought I would go home, but was afraid to go lest the Spirit of God might leave me; and such was the pride of my heart that I would not come to you, and I sat there the livelong night until I said, 'I'll go and see Mr.

Fee, if I perish.' Are you willing," said he, "to receive such a sinner on probation in the Church?" I said, "Yes," and threw my arms around him and pointed him to Christ. That night he arose before a large congregation and said: "I have turned over a new leaf. God helping me, I will henceforth be a Christian. I have done more harm to the young men in this county than any other man in it. I am sorry for it. I have joined the Church now, and am going to the altar to-night to seek the pardon of my sins. If you will go with me to heaven, come and meet me at the altar. I will not go with you to hell." That night he was wonderfully converted, and most of his companions found Christ.

I revert again to the family which refused to entertain or pity me when I was well-nigh frozen to death. I had made them the subjects of earnest prayer, and at the meeting on Eagle Creek God began to give me my reward. Two sons-in-law and two married daughters of this family were powerfully converted; and then a son, a wild young man, was brought under the deepest conviction, soundly converted, united with the Church, and became a powerful instrument in promoting the revival. Two single sisters were also converted, and united with the Church, making seven in all out of that family. A son of one of these daughters is now a prominent and successful minister of the gospel; hundreds have been brought to Christ through his instrumentality. After this the parents, in the most humble man-

ner, begged my forgiveness. With tears they besought me to visit their house, and enjoy their hospitality. If I had been a prince I could not have been more grandly entertained. Ever afterward we were friends. They cherished for me the warmest love until the day of their death. They never would rest until I had a meeting at their own church. At this meeting fifty souls were converted, and many of the old Church members were re-converted. Among the converts was a young man who afterward became a member of the Ohio Conference. Some months previously a gentleman had sent a note to me as I sat in the pulpit, written in the most beautiful script. It began: "Mr. Fee,—If you should ever want a friend, you will always find one in Elon Francisco." At this meeting the writer of this note was deeply convicted and powerfully converted, and united with the Church. He said that the sending of the note to me had been instrumental in leading him to Christ.

At the beginning of the Mount Olivet meeting, a young man made his boast to his wicked companions, that he would feign conversion, and on the day the meeting closed, tell me he was fooling me. He came forward, and in less than ten minutes pretended to shout, and then sang till the meeting closed. When the friends gathered around me to bid me good-bye, he came among them and said:

"I want you to take my name off the Church-book. Mr. Fee; I don't intend to belong any longer."

I exclaimed in surprise, "Your name off the Church-book!"

He said, "Yes."

"Your name is not on it," I replied.

"Why," said he, "I gave you my name and my hand!"

"I know you did," I rejoined; "but I did n't consider you worth counting," and the rowdies began yelling at the top of their voices:

"Pete, you 're sold, you 're sold!"

It is needless to say that he felt deeply mortified. In less than one year after that he was murdered as he lay drunk among his wicked companions. His was the fate of the scorers.

One man who had been baptized in infancy, insisted on being rebaptized. By concealing the fact that he had so been baptized, he was rebaptized by sprinkling. This did not satisfy him, and he insisted on being immersed. He made an arrangement for a preacher to immerse him, but the preacher did not get to the place. So he said he would be immersed anyhow, and would do it himself. Standing on a bridge, he sprang into a deep hole, saying: "John Bennett, I baptize thee," etc.; but he was not as good afterwards as he was before.

The revival at Mount Olivet was remarkable for its depth and permanence, and for its far-reaching influence. It resulted in the building of a new church in a destitute place.

I was invited to preach in a school-house some five miles away, by Squire Greathouse, a prominent

citizen, whose wife, son, and two daughters were converted. On the day appointed I found a large congregation there. I held class-meeting after preaching, inviting all to remain. Several members from surrounding societies were present. The meeting was full of interest until near the close, when, all at once, a number of ladies shrieked. One of the drawers in the writing-desks in the school-house was partially open, when they beheld a huge snake crawling out of it. A man sat near, and the very moment the snake's head reached the floor, he brought his heavy boot down on to its head. There he held it, while it writhed at a fearful rate. The congregation now became somewhat composed. I did not ask the gentleman to speak; for I knew that he was a shouter, and if he got up to speak, there was danger that he might jump, and away would go the snake; so the last state of that meeting would be worse than the first. But he did speak for a time, then calmly sat down. When the meeting was dismissed, he caught the snake by the tail, and dislocated its neck. I was mortified and disappointed beyond measure. Mr. Greathouse, seeing my disappointment and mortification, sympathized with me, and gave me two acres of land on which to erect a church. In four weeks from that time, I had on the ground seventy-five men engaged in preparing the timber for a hewed-log church. It was to be thirty by forty feet. The second day there were a hundred men, and a number of women ready to work. On the third day a hundred and

twenty-five men were present, and by night the church was completed, furnished with benches, and ready for dedication. It was called Independence Church. For many years it was occupied, and was useful in promoting morality and religion.

My next meeting was at Fincastle, Adams County. Fifty years ago it had a strong village Church. Three local preachers of unusual ability for usefulness were connected with it. John Manker was one of these. His parents were Quakers. He never heard a sermon from a Methodist until he was almost grown. This first sermon reached his heart, and he came to Christ and was saved. He united with the Church on the first invitation he ever received. He was a man of deep piety loving spirit, and his preaching was of a most attractive character. His family was a delightful one. One of his sons became a minister, and his praise was in all the Churches.

Daniel Hare was in early life renowned only for his wickedness, but the Spirit of God reached him. His convictions were deep and pungent. His conversion was thorough, and he became as remarkable for his piety as he had been for his wickedness. He bore upon his face the marks of the sinful life he had led. God called him to preach. His natural endowments were good. Among the wicked—the very wicked—his preaching was a power, and God gave him many seals to his ministry. One of his sons became an eminent traveling preacher in Iowa. He was called in



familiar terms Bishop Hare. He was a very strong politician, and he was free to express his political opinion everywhere. This gave offense to many, and impaired his usefulness; but he was a good man and true, and he doubtless has many stars in his crown of rejoicing.

Frederick Haughwout came from Pennsylvania. He, with his wife, was consecrated fully to God. They professed and enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. He was a farmer, industrious and economical, prudent and conscientious in his business life, and untiring and successful in his labors in the ministry. All who knew him confided in him and loved him. He was in debt to some extent for the farm which he had purchased. He fell into the hands of sharpers in Cincinnati, who soon stripped him of everything. He lost his farm. His household goods were levied upon for debt. The sheriff of the county, who was not a religious man, nor even a believer in experimental religion, gave me the following account of his visit to the house upon the day of sale. A noble Christian wife met him most courteously, and said:

"Mr. Sheriff, we desire to pay every cent we owe upon earth. I want you to sell everything we have, save one, whether the law allows us to keep it or not."

Said the sheriff: "Madam, what is that?"

She went to a bureau-drawer, and took out a well-worn family Bible. "This," said she, "was my mother's Bible. It was to me her last gift. She bade me receive it, and keep it as the best

treasure she had to offer me; and if you take all besides, Mr. Sheriff, you will leave me this. It will be my guide, my stay, my comfort, as I go out from here moneyless and almost friendless."

She clasped it in her arms, and pressed it to her heart, and shouted all over the room praises for Him who had given her such a mother and such a Bible, and then she sang sweetly,—

"This book is all that's left me now:  
Tears will unbidden start."

Said the sheriff: "It was the most touching scene I ever witnessed. I did not levy upon any of the property given up. I did not, and I will not sell her household goods. They may deprive me of my office if they will, but I will never, never do it."

Painful as this whole matter was to Brother Haughawout, God overruled it for good, and he and his wife emigrated at once to Iowa, where he soon became a traveling preacher. For many years he was a devoted and honored member of the Iowa Conference.

Here we had a glorious revival. The church was re-consecrated and baptized with the Spirit, many were converted to God, and some were sent out into the ministry; among them Horace Selman and Conley McFadden. One of the converts at this revival was a lovely young lady. Though poor, her devoted life elicited general admiration. A young man, who was violently prejudiced against the Methodists, had been waiting upon her. After

her conversion she believed it her duty to forsake his company. This greatly enraged him. All at once a report was circulated that she had stolen a black silk apron from a lady in the neighborhood, and that she had worn it to church on a certain Sabbath. The matter became so notorious, that charges were preferred against her to the preacher for stealing. She was tried by a committee, found guilty, and expelled. I could not believe that she was guilty. I was permitted to examine the written testimony upon which she was tried and condemned. I was satisfied, more than ever, that she was innocent, and I had the case appealed to the next Quarterly Meeting Conference. There were thirty members present. The decision of the committee was reversed, twenty-nine voting for the reversion, and only one against it. It was a most triumphant vindication. It was alleged that the crime had been committed two years before. A short time after she was acquitted, the lady, from whom it was said she had stolen the apron, was in her garret, which was quite dark, and there found the apron she thought had been stolen. It had caught on a nail, and remained there for about two years. Thus the providence of God vindicated this innocent girl. Brother Shepherd was a most efficient and honored member of that Church, as well as one of the most prominent official members of the Georgetown Circuit. Horace Sidwell was another honored and useful local preacher.

Brother Clarke, my colleague, appointed a revival-meeting in New Market, Highland County,

in February, 1843, and required me to hold it. This to me was the heaviest cross that I was as yet required to take up. From my childhood I had learned that it was a wicked, infidel place, where it was almost impossible to introduce the gospel of Christ. I prayed over it day and night. I was anxious to be relieved from the duty, and prayed that I might be; but God ordered otherwise. I started for the place on the day the meeting commenced. I became so frightened at the prospect of failure that, for the time, I gave it up, and turned my horse's head toward home, feeling that I could pursue my ministerial calling no longer. I thought a few moments, and then said to myself, I had better pray over this. I went into a thicket, and there I kneeled before the Lord, and asked for his help. The answer came to me, "Lo, I am with you alway." I remounted my horse, and boldly rode into the town, and preached twice that day with some liberty. New Market was celebrated as the residence of Judge Barrere. He was an honorable man, very moral in his character, and his influence was great. He had a number of sons, then in the prime of manhood, who followed the example of their father—good citizens, but not members of any Church. The most prominent was John M. Barrere, the oldest son. He was a noble man in his personal appearance and character, but he was not a Christian. He was one of the most honored members of the Masonic fraternity in the State of Ohio. He had political influence. No one ever expected him to

become an experimental Christian. There also lived here Thos. Berryman, an infidel in his opinions, who had published a book in favor of infidelity. He exerted a very powerful influence upon the community, and no one expected him to become a Christian. Here James B. Finley had lived a most wicked and ungodly life. He was called the "New Market Devil," but was converted and became an eminent minister many years before I began my meeting.

When Sunday evening came, I supposed the meeting would close. There were a few discouraged, doubting Methodists; but they lacked that spirit of aggression which would make them a successful Church. They were led by a Mr. Shinn, a most excellent and exemplary man. I asked myself, "How can I have a revival with such a small working force?" When the invitation was given on Sunday for persons to unite with the Church, to the surprise of every one, Miss Barrere, the accomplished daughter of John M. Barrere, came forward and gave me her hand. Then we concluded to continue the meeting. The next evening her aunt, a prominent lady, united with the Church. There were manifest tokens of a great revival. On Wednesday morning Mr. Barrere visited me, to my great surprise, and revealed the fact that he was deeply convinced that he was a sinner. He informed me that he had deliberately made up his mind that for the future he would lead a Christian life, and would unite with the Methodist Church, if we would receive him. Be-

fore doing so, he desired the privilege of delivering an address to the people, and asked me to indicate to him just when he should make his remarks. Nobody had any intimation that he was going to do this. Near the close I indicated to him that he might now speak. When he arose, all who knew him were astonished. He spoke with great composure of his father, of his own life among them, and the reason for the step which he was about to take. "My father," said he, "was an honest man, and my mother was a Christian." He was overcome by emotion, and all the congregation wept. I then invited persons who desired to unite with the Church when he, with his wife and a son, came forward. At night they were found at the altar of prayer as penitent seekers of religion. Mr. Barrere finally received the evidence of pardon in a Masonic lodge, as he often said. He at once became an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and his infidel friend was soon converted also, and united with the Church. Mr. Barrere became a useful exhorter, and the skeptic became a preacher.

A little boy only ten years of age was converted at this meeting. His family were bitterly opposed to the Methodists; but he was faithful, and his father, mother, his uncles and aunts and cousins were won to the Church through his influence. Within ten years from that time there was a society of sixty members in that neighborhood, of which he was the leader. Soon after the conversion of Mr. Barrere he was nominated as a candi-

date for the State Senate for the district in which he lived. This he declined on the ground that it might be said that he had united with the Church from political motives. They would not excuse him, and a Presbyterian elder said: "Mr. Barrere, you will have ample opportunity to prove the fallacy of this charge in your future life." Finally he asked my advice. I urged him to accept, which he did, and he was twice elected to the Senate. While he was in Columbus a member of the Senate, he was in the habit of attending three class-meetings, besides the other meetings of the Sabbath. He was a remarkable class-leader. He enlisted in the army during the Civil War. He lost an arm in battle, and was captured by the enemy at Winchester, Va. I have known during my life of but few laymen who were his superiors in every respect. He was a central figure in Methodism in Southern Ohio. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

#### LOST IN THE SWAMPS AND WILDERNESS OF HIGHLAND COUNTY.

On the coldest day in the year I left the town of Buford for an appointment some miles distant. I was informed that, by taking a path through the forest, I could reach the place much sooner; and trusting to the directions which I received, I made the effort. Almost the entire distance was covered with ice. I soon had to dismount from my horse, for he would occasionally break through the ice, and it became unsafe. Snow



was falling, and missing the path I was soon lost. I had no idea of the points of the compass, and wandered until four o'clock in the afternoon, when I became almost completely exhausted. I tied my horse to a tree and sank down on the ice, unable to go further; even my horse was wearied out. I sat until I became chilled. I soon felt comfortable, and was drowsy. I could scarcely open my eyes, yet I was about to freeze to death. I made repeated efforts to rise, but could not. I despaired, and the thought came to my mind that I would be frozen to death and devoured by wild hogs, and that my friends would never know my fate. I commended myself to God; but the enemy whispered: "If you had only remained at home, this would never have occurred." I never shall forget that moment. I gave up all for lost. Suddenly a heavenly peace came to my soul, for which I was not looking. I was filled with the love of Christ, and all fear of death vanished. I never had been so blessed before; it was help in time of need. Just at that moment a man came along, and without perceiving me, and without any apparent reason, struck a dead tree near me. It was like an electric shock, I made a desperate effort to arouse myself and get upon my feet. He saw me, came to me, and after doing all he could for me, told me I was only one mile from the place where I had started in the morning at seven o'clock. He took me to the house which I had left in the morning. Doctor Spees, my host, and his excellent wife, did all that could be done to restore me, and in a few days I

was myself again. The experience was a blessing to me for many years.

#### A PECULIAR INCIDENT.

I had an appointment at Danville, where there was then a new but prosperous Church. The year before, a revival of great power had taken place, and a large society was organized. The gentleman who entertained me was among the number converted, and he gave me an account of his conversion. He was a New England man, engaged as a merchant, and was making money rapidly. There lived a short distance from the town a prominent Methodist, who kept a very respectable hotel. He was licensed by the court to retail liquors and furnish them to his guests, which he did in a very cautious manner. In that day this business attracted no particular attention, because it was legal, and not generally considered wrong. Ministers often stopped at his hotel, especially one who was a great favorite. My host, Mr. M., said to himself: "There is a great deal of money in that business for me if I could only induce the hotel-keeper to abandon it." He at once wrote a very *religious* letter to the hotel-keeper, setting before him the ruinous effects of the liquor-traffic, the harm it was doing to the souls and bodies of men, making at the same time a most powerful appeal to his heart and conscience, and impressing upon him the immense responsibility he must meet on the judgment-day, and signed the name of this favorite minister, for whom he had so much respect. The

letter had the desired effect; for a few days afterward the hotel-keeper abandoned the traffic, and became a decided temperance man in every respect. My host said he was immensely pleased, and the fortune came up before him as certain in a short time. As soon as he was established in the business of liquor-selling, Joseph M. Gatch commenced a protracted meeting in the town. A spirit of deep conviction rested upon many of the inhabitants. My host became a subject of conviction also. He found no rest day or night. The wrong he had done tormented him. The sermon he had preached to another came back with overwhelming force to his own heart and conscience. He renounced the business, surrendered himself to Christ, was powerfully converted, and was then, and for many years afterward, perhaps the most useful and devoted member of that Church.

#### REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A JEW.

In Winchester, Adams County, there resided a Jewish citizen, who had been in business in Maysville, Ky., and had there married a most lovely and accomplished lady, the daughter of Christian parents. He was a gentleman of fine education, general intelligence, refined manners, and of high moral character. In Hebrew literature he had few equals, having the largest and best selected library in that part of Ohio. He could have commanded the highest respect of all classes of persons, and especially business men, in any of our largest cities. I met him some years after his removal to

Winchester. The year before my appointment to the Georgetown Circuit, his wife had become a devoted member of the Church. I had known her in other years, and soon formed the acquaintance of her husband. I found him a most genial and pleasant man, but he had the reputation of being skeptical. Judaism had failed to bring him the satisfaction and comfort for which his heart yearned. The conversion of his wife had evidently made its impression. One day he said to me: "Would it be asking too much of you to come to our house and spend a week or two as our guest? We would make you most welcome, and consider it a great favor." I at once accepted, and in a little while my horse was in his stable, and the best room in his house, with his library, was at my disposal. The first evening, to my surprise, I was invited to read the Scriptures and to pray. No minister had, previous to this, enjoyed the same privilege in this house. The next day I visited an appointment in the country. When I returned, his oldest son, Hyman Israel, came running to meet me, his face all aglow with pleasure. Said he: "O, Brother Fee, you don't know how much good you have done by coming to our house. Ever since you left, father has asked a blessing; and last night and this morning he called us into the parlor and read a chapter in the Bible, and then kneeled down and prayed—O, such a prayer!—and he prayed again this morning, and told us we were to have family prayer all the time in future." The pleasure this gave me was inexpressible. He had

been reading a work published by Rev. Asa Shinn, on the "Attributes of the Deity," which was the means of leading him to Christ.

I left the circuit in a few weeks, and did not see him again until about one year afterward. With my presiding elder, Michael Marlay, I went to the last quarterly-meeting on the circuit to visit my old friends. On Sabbath morning, whom should I meet but Mr. I. H. De Bruin? Without any conversation, we walked into the love-feast. It was strange to see him there. I wondered whether he could be induced to speak. I learned incidentally that he, with his son Hyman, had been happily converted at the altar a few months previous, and had united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. I prayed that he might witness that morning for Jesus of Nazareth. Brother Marlay opened the meeting. My Jewish Christian brother was the first to speak. He said, almost dramatically: "Who is this that is speaking? Is that the Jew, the son of Abraham, the skeptic, the rejector of Jesus of Nazareth, the proud Pharisee? Yes, I have been all these, and more; but I have found Jesus of Nazareth to be the true Messiah. I am on board the old ship of Zion. I have my passport. I see by faith the heavenly shore. I shall soon come warping into port." The effect upon the audience was marvelous. It was announced at the close of love-feast, "Our preachers are not paid." It startled him. He sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "The preachers must and shall be paid!" "Amen!" they cried out from every part of the

house. Putting his hand in his pocket, he said: "Say 'amen' with your dollars," marched up to the front, and in a few moments the money was all raised. He was my friend for many years afterward; a bright and a shining light, loved and honored, by all who knew him, as a consistent and devoted Christian. He died in the triumphs of the Christian hope. His son, Hyman Israel, was called to the ministry, and for many years he was a chaplain in the Ohio Penitentiary, trusted and honored both in the Church and in the State. Thousands of unfortunate convicts, for whose good he labored, will rise up and call him blessed. He yet lives in Columbus, Ohio, where he is honored not only by the citizens, but by the prominent men of the State of Ohio. Let us not forget that salvation is of the Jews, and for the Jews as well as for all. His only daughter, Mrs. Judge Meek, of Hillsboro, Ohio, yet lives to honor the memory of her sainted parents.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY EXCITEMENT.

The opposition to slavery was constantly increasing. Many of the prominent members of the Church on the circuit were strongly imbued with anti-slavery sentiments. This threatened to divide some of our societies. At the Sloan's Church most of the members seceded. They were excellent people, and their loss was deeply regretted. A bitterness arose which was almost fatal. Almost every Presbyterian congregation in that part of Ohio was suffering from the same agitation, and

secessions took place from many of them. From these divisions the Presbyterian Church has not recovered, and actually lost some of her congregations. What was called the Underground Railroad had lines running through the territory of my charge. Every week fugitives from slavery, seeking a home in Canada, were pursued by cruel and unrelenting masters. Severe conflicts took place. On one Sunday night, I remember, a battle took place in the woods near the house where I was staying, between the cruel and unrelenting masters and the Underground Railroad men. Many shots were fired; but nobody was killed. In one of my public meetings I had prayed that God would change the hearts of the masters, and be forced to give slaves their liberty, and that God might save both masters and slaves in heaven. A stanch Presbyterian reproved me sharply for this, and tried to prove by Scripture that it was wicked to pray for slaveholders. I endeavored in these troubled times to manifest the spirit of Christ toward all men. A Presbyterian church, which had been forsaken by its members on account of various reasons, was tendered to us if we would occupy it. This we did, and organized a Church, which is now called Free-soil Church, and is a prosperous organization, connected with the Georgetown charge.

At this time Leonidas L. Hamline was almost unequalled in the West as a preacher. I knew him well, and on this account was able to secure his services. He preached twice. On Sunday morn-



ing his subject was, "The Proofs of the Reality of Experimental Religion;" and in demonstrating his theme he brought forward the laws of evidence, and applied them in such a way as to overwhelm skeptics and impress all minds with the truth of experimental religion, as revealed in the Bible. A large number of the legal fraternity were present, who, with others, gave it their unqualified approbation. In his argument he was conclusive; in peroration he was divinely eloquent. I never heard him, even after he became a bishop, equal this effort.

There was in the bounds of my circuit a town called New Hope. It was noted for its wickedness. There was not one professor of religion among its inhabitants; no preacher was heard there; no Sunday-school, and no religious services whatever were there held. Property became almost worthless. The better class of people moved away. Moral men, even irreligious men, were not willing to live there. The last minister they had was a Universalist, but he soon left in disgust. I had a burning desire to go and preach the gospel there; but my colleague and officials of the circuit were not willing. I passed through it, and mourned over its condition, but was told if I stopped there I would be mobbed. I was so anxious about it that I could not rest. The year was near its close, and nothing was done. I had one week's rest, and determined that I would call there, at any risk, and preach if there was an opening. About this time a physician whom I knew moved into the place.

He met me and said: "I am no professor of religion, but I respect it, and I can not endure my surroundings. Can you not come and preach here? I know of no other minister who will. You will be safe on my account and for my sake." He continued: "Three men within two or three miles of the place were once Methodists. They are good citizens, and generally respected. One of them is a magistrate."

As I made my last round, and was to pass through the place the next morning, which was Monday, I prayed nearly all night that God would help me, and open the way for me. It was suggested that I might go and see these men, and consult with them, and have them co-operate with me. When I reached the neighborhood I met one of them, whom I had once seen. I told him that if I could get a place, two weeks from that time, I would hold a meeting if they would support it. He said: "I will. We can get the school-house, which is a mile from town." I rode on for a quarter of a mile, and met Mr. Thomas, another member of the three named. "My sons," he said, "are unconverted. We need religious influence here. I will help you all I can." I went one-fourth of a mile further, and, to my surprise, I met the third—Squire Hendrickson, a man universally respected, and deeply concerned about his family. The very moment I made the proposition to him his eyes were filled with tears. He said: "This is strange. I prayed nearly all day yesterday [Sabbath], and now my prayer is answered. We will have the

meeting at the time suggested. I can entertain fifty people, and the other two brethren will entertain as many as will be necessary, and our friends will help us. God is in this whole matter. We will let you know all about it in a few days. Don't fail us." With mutual benedictions we separated. My friends on the circuit prophesied no good. They thought I ought to have one week's rest. The only rest I had was in doing my duty. O how I pitied and prayed for those wicked people!

On the Saturday morning appointed by these brethren I was present. I had done all that I could; the rest was with God. Would he be with me? To my surprise the house was filled, the inhabitants coming out in force. I announced my hymn as follows:

"Of him who did salvation bring,  
I could forever think and sing.  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive."

I received the most respectful attention, and prayed with unusual faith. I announced these words as my text: "Is the Lord among us, or not?" (Ex. xvii, 7), and preached as best I could. On Saturday night many were convicted of sin, came to the altar, and were converted. On Sunday night the work was powerful. In the house where I slept, the house of the magistrate, his four children were converted, and I think about sixteen others. I closed the meeting on Wednesday night, with about seventy-five converted, and a Church organized with sixty members.

As this was purely a missionary movement, and in opposition to the opinion of my colleague and the official members of my charge, but as I believe directed by the spirit of God, I give some of the results as I ascertained them at the time and since. Here John W. Ross, now of California, was induced to make his first effort to exhort. His brothers, Thomas and Isaac, were both converted and became useful traveling preachers. Here Enoch Hendrickson, son of the magistrate, was converted, and is now a minister of the gospel. Here I induced James F. Chalfant to preach his first sermon, and the last words he ever spoke were spoken to me. He said "New Hope," and died. Another who was called to preach, but refused, was reclaimed at this meeting, and afterward became a successful traveling preacher. A very prominent and talented young lady, Miss McBeth, wrote me forty-five years afterward, that during the reading of the hymn, at the first meeting and the first sermon, she was convicted, and soon converted, united with the Church, and finally moved to Greencastle, Ind., and, as I learned from Bishop Joyce, was a faithful Christian. She married a Mr. Coates. She built and endowed the Coates College, in Indiana, which bears her name, and stands to-day as a living monument of her devotion to God and humanity. For forty years she supposed me dead, and was filled with joy when she learned that I yet lived to adore the grace which saved her, and enabled me to be the humble instrument in leading her to God. She is now with God.

From the time of the meeting until now New Hope has been a preaching-place. Some time after the meeting a temperance reformation began, and the last saloon was driven out of the place. A brick church worth three thousand dollars was erected in 1850. I had the honor to preach the dedication sermon. Many powerful revivals of religion have taken place since then. Property has become valuable; good schools are established. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come."

#### THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

I bade my friends, with many tears, "Good-bye." Judge Devore and his excellent wife had, during the year, given me a home in their beautiful mansion. The Judge was converted during the year, and united with the Christian Church. I shall never cease to be grateful to these people for their kindness to me, and for the respect shown for the gospel which I preached, and their sympathy for me in the labors which I performed. I went to the Conference at Chillicothe to receive another appointment if I was deemed worthy. I sincerely desired to go where God would have me, and where I would be the most useful. I journeyed to Chillicothe in the old-fashioned stage-coach—full of curiosity, as it was my first Conference. I was the guest of the Hon. Judge Sill, who treated me with the greatest courtesy. I was deeply interested in the proceedings of the Con-

ference, and especially interested in the examination of the characters of the ministers. I soon found that ministerial integrity, untiring industry, and unselfishness in promoting the work were qualities which commanded a premium in Conference. It became apparent to me that if there were any ministers preaching for money, they would not find one in the Ohio Conference. Some of them were almost objects of pity, their salaries were so meager that they could scarcely live.

On the circuit which I had just left the salary of my colleague, Mr. Clarke, was very meager, and not sufficient to support his family. About three hundred dollars was allowed him. I remember that three months after I entered upon my labor on that charge, I received twenty-five dollars, my entire allowance being only one hundred dollars. My colleague received but a small amount of his allowance. When the money was handed us, we were invited to dinner in a wealthy family. After the blessing was asked, my colleague sat in silence. He seemed oppressed by some hidden grief, I knew not what. At last the tears began to flow down his cheeks, and, almost sobbing, he left the table and went out. Our host expressed surprise at his leaving, and I went out to find him. I found him still weeping. I said: "Are you ill?" He answered, "No." Something must be the matter, I knew; but I pressed him to return to the table. He said: "How can I? That table is loaded with the luxuries of life. While I am gone, my family will have nothing in this world to eat but potatoes.



You know that my wife is an educated and refined woman and a Christian, and deserves better than this." I forced upon him twenty dollars. "Now," said I, "don't say a word about this; and never mention it to me again. Go to the table and eat your dinner, and go home as soon as you can and expend that money in relieving your family from suffering. I will perform the work that has been assigned you, no matter what people say, to the best of my ability."

I received only eighty dollars that year. I mentioned the matter to a steward, Brother N., who had been brought up in the Presbyterian Church. He at once called a Church-meeting in the town where the pastor lived. The congregation had not been noted for liberality, so he said this: "Brethren, our pastor lives in Russellville. His salary is very meager at the best. He will need many kinds of provision for the support of his family. He will want flour, and I will give him fifty pounds. He will want cornmeal, and I will donate two bushels. He will want potatoes, I will give him two bushels, and two bushels of apples. Preachers are fond of chickens, and I will give him a dozen;" and then he said: "Here is Brother McN.; he will give the same amount." Brother McN. sprang to his feet in a moment, and protested. Brother N. told him to sit down, that he was out of order. He called on four or five others in the same way, and they all protested against it; but he would not let them go. At the close there was a lively time; but he finally told



them he would be around with his wagon the next day, and gather up their donations, and take them to the preacher. This program he carried out. They soon became ashamed of themselves, and were only too happy to make the donations, and hear no more about it. I was present, and never enjoyed a collection more than that. The preacher was now happy again. He said to me: "If moved, as I shall be, I shall want you for my colleague."

The Conference closed. I knew nothing about my appointment until the bishop announced, "*Batavia Circuit*, John W. Clarke, Wm. I. Fee;" so his wishes and mine were gratified. As the appointments were read out, the picture was a scene for a painting. Some were sad, others were weeping; some were indignant, others rejoicing; but soon all this passed away, and, before the sun went down, they were off for the work of another Conference year. To be associated with these self-denying men was to me worth more than money.

Batavia is the county seat of Clermont County. It is a beautiful village, twenty miles from Cincinnati, in one of the finest portions of Ohio. It is twenty miles from Felicity, my native place. I had, at that time, many acquaintances in the bounds of the circuit. It had a membership of one thousand persons, and twenty-eight appointments, to be filled every four weeks. A pleasant home was provided for me in Batavia, at the expense of the circuit, at the residence of Henry Borel. The traveling in winter was very difficult. The extreme point was thirty miles distant. Ba-

tavia, Lynchburg, Williamsburg, New Boston, and Fayetteville were the principal towns. There had been a most remarkable revival of religion the previous year in Batavia. The young converts were warm in their first love. Nearly all the members of the bar had professed conversion. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, and others were mingling together in sweet fellowship. I have never known such a state of things since that time in any place. Their former ministers, Greenbury R. Jones and Jos. M. Gatch, were enbalméd in the love of that people.

My first appointment was at Lynchburg, where I was the guest of Judge Devol, a local minister. Here I met Dr. Samuel Spees, a member of the Church. He was a friend of my boyhood. Mrs. Devol was one of the most saintly women I ever knew. She took me to the door of my room, and, opening it, said: "There is the prophet's chamber, which you are to occupy at your pleasure, as long as you are on this circuit." She bade me good-night, and, while I was kneeling in prayer, the impression, so deep that I could not get rid of it, suddenly came to my mind, that one of the preachers in charge of that appointment would die that year; I could scarcely sleep. So affected was I in the morning, that I mentioned it to Mrs. Devol. She said: "Child, it is only a dream; but, if true, God will take care of all." My colleague followed me in two weeks, and while he was there an arrangement was made for the transfer of Lynchburg and five other appointments to the

Clarksville Circuit. When we next met, he told me we were relieved of the burden of the six appointments. I confess that when I heard this, the painful promonition I had, that one of the preachers would die that year, vanished at once. I never visited that town again. The young preacher on the circuit was my college friend, the Rev. John W. Kanaga. Henry Baker was the preacher in charge. Strange to say, Brother Kanaga on his first round occupied that very room at Judge Devol's where I received the strange impression that one of the preachers would die. He was taken sick, and died in that very room in which I had slept.

I began my labors this year with a deep sense of my disqualification for the sacred work to which I had been called. The previous year had been one of conflicts and intense struggles. I felt that I could not endure this another year. I had an intense longing for a deep religious experience, a closer communion with God, and a love that could not easily be quenched by adversity. I needed a power from above. I was learning the lesson of my own nothingness. The work, to my conceptions, assumed immense proportions. I was insufficient for it, but sincere and honest. The evidence of my conversion was clear. I had peace, and love, but in measure far too small to gratify the longings of my soul. I felt the remains of human ambition, of pride, of self-will, and of unbelief. In a word, my heart was divided. It was "worse than death my God to love, and not my

God alone." For three months I struggled almost day and night for victory. I saw myself, with all my imperfections and unworthiness, in the gospel glass, until I said, I must have relief or I can not continue in this work. It was not a sense of guilt, but a loathing of the remains of a carnal mind which dwelt within me. Such was the struggle through which I was passing that my health was threatened.

On the 23d of November, 1843, I was at a prayer-meeting at the residence of Nicholas Sinks. A number of earnest persons were present. I sat upon my chair while the meeting was progressing with the purpose never to leave that place until I received an answer to my prayer. I soon became oblivious to everything around me. In silence I struggled with God, my lips moved not. I was alone with God. Never had I such views of sin before, and of the depravity of my nature. I was there in utter helplessness; but I was enabled to look to Christ, and my faith laid hold upon the all-atoning Lamb, and I claimed him as my perfect, my complete Savior. The victory was gained. Christ was now revealed to me in all the fullness of his glory. It was the love of Christ; the great enemy could not counterfeit it; the genuineness of its divine character I could not doubt. My soul went out in supreme love to God, and embraced humanity of every grade and condition. Christ loved them all, and that was enough for me. The love which I felt for them was spontaneous; it was as easy to love as it was to breathe the vital

air. There was no antagonism in my soul against God, his providence, or his people. I was in harmony with him. I felt that I would sooner remain awake to the end of my life than to sleep, and risk the loss, as the devil tempted me to think, of the enjoyment which I then possessed; but I said.

“’Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,  
And nowhere else but there.”

I awoke in the morning in the same happy state. I spent that day alone. The mystery of this love was so great that it bewildered me. It soon appeared to me that I could not live continuously on this mount of bliss, but that God had given me this wonderful exhibition of his love in order that I might love others, and devote the energies of my life to the salvation of my fellow-men. For a time, wherever I was, I could but speak of it; my soul overflowed with love.

But now the time had come when I must undertake the work of revival on my circuit. I had a burning desire to commence it. I visited from house to house, talked to the people, prayed with them, and besought them to come to Christ. I did not know that any one in my charge, numbering a thousand, was blest as I was; but I soon found a brother, Jos. Kidd, who had for years enjoyed that which filled my soul, and many others besides him were partakers of this great salvation. The quarterly-meeting came on about this time, and the question was whether I should confess what God had done for me. I hesitated as to the pro-

priety of saying anything about it publicly; for several of the ministers had spoken disparagingly of it, and they would be present. For a while my faith was eclipsed. It so happened that on the Saturday of the meeting, Frederick Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, came to the meeting. We lodged together that night. As we lay in the same bed, he began to tell me how he was longing for a higher and better religious experience. His condition was very similiar to the one which I had just escaped. I told him what God had done for me. My soul became bright again with the joy which I so much wished to receive. We wept and prayed together that night, and the friendship began which was continued to the day of his death, and will doubtless be renewed in heaven. The Lord soon gave him the desire of his heart, and his consecrated life bore witness of the genuineness of his experience. Next morning in love-feast I related in simple language the story of God's wondrous grace displayed in my experience. The ministers, whose opposition I had feared, came and greeted me lovingly, and told me they had the fullest confidence in the genuineness of my experience. A wonderful baptism came upon the congregation; for it was all of Christ.

God began to use me wherever I went. My first meeting was held at a church where there had been a severe difficulty for many years; the society was rent into two parts. It was charged that one of the parties had plowed up the graves of their relatives. The feud was so bitter that nothing but



the grace of God could remove it. I had faith to believe that God could revive his work; that he could pour out his Spirit upon those who were in harmony with his gracious plans, and ultimately remove the difficulty, and unite a dismembered Church. Soon the children of the parties were found at the altar of prayer, seeking Christ. For a time the parents stood aloof, and the children were not converted until the parents stood together around the altar. Their hearts were deeply moved by the cries of their penitent children. This was followed by reconciliation, and peace reigned in that Church. While it is most desirable that every obstacle should be removed out of the way of a revival, arising from a want of harmony in the Church, yet God has said: "All things are possible to him that believeth." He will not disappoint his humble, obedient, and trusting children.

My next revival-meeting was at Pisgah Church, between Batavia and Williamsburg. The Church was in a backslidden state; but in a few days there was a quickening among believers, and sinners were deeply convicted. When God works, the enemy of souls will always be present and employ such agencies as he can use to prevent success. A man who had been prominent in that Church and community, but had backslidden and professed to be skeptical, attended the meeting. He endeavored in every possible way to harass us and hedge up our way. When he found any one under conviction he would ridicule him, telling him it was all a delusion. He abused me, and the ministry



generally. I was alone for two days while this man disturbed me. My colleague, Brother Clarke, heard of it, and came to my help. That evening he preached one of the most scathing sermons I ever heard. His backslidden opposer was in part the subject of his remarks. He told him what he once was, what he was now, where he was going, and what would ultimately be his end. He had the sympathy of the audience, and I feared that it would destroy the meeting; but the man appeared no more. He was full of rage, and made violent threats. The revival now began in great power. Many were converted, and added to the Church.

On the night that the meeting closed, I went to my stopping-place and sweetly slept, feeling that I was clear of the blood of that man's soul. I prayed for him. In the morning, just at daylight, there was a rap at the door. My host answered it, and I heard the voice of a man asking him if I was there. He said: "Yes; come in." I more than suspected that it was Mr. S., my opponent. When I met him he made a most humble apology, begging my pardon, and said he was determined to lead a new life, and asked me to receive him again into the Church, which he had so abused. Believing him sincere, I took his name. The Lord soon restored to him the joys of his salvation. He became a happy and useful Christian. Forty years after this I met him, and such a greeting I scarcely ever received. He had been faithful as a Christian all the while. How patient we ought to be to those who have wandered from God!

## A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

At this meeting I met a lady, a widow, whose prayers and experiences were attended with wonderful power, reminding me of the wrestling of Jacob with the angel of the covenant. She was filled with the Spirit of Christ, and enjoyed the confidence of all who knew her. Her name was Mrs. Curlis. At my request she gave me the following history of her life. She said that she was married to a man who feared not God, a bitter opposer of religion; withal he drank to excess. This continued for years, until her heart was well-nigh broken. Despairing of ever enjoying happiness with him, she sought the comforts of our holy religion. She soon found Christ in the pardon of her sins and she was enabled to bear with more fortitude than ever the sorrows of her home. She attended class-meeting every Sabbath in spite of the jeers and scoffings of her enraged husband. When he found that this did not prevent her from attending to her religious duties, he said to her, one Sunday morning: "If you dare to go to the class-meeting again to-day, I will burn you to death."

The question arose whether she should obey her cruel husband, or be true to God and the convictions of her own mind. She made it a subject of earnest prayer, and was impressed that she ought to go, and risk the consequences, whatever they might be. She was so filled with the love of Christ that she felt that she could go to the stake for his sake. At the class-meeting she was greatly

blessed, and ready for any trial that might come upon her. When she reached her home, her husband met her, and said:

"Have you been to meeting?"

She answered, "Yes."

"You know what I said?" he replied.

She saw in the house a fierce fire burning, as if it had been prepared for some terrible work. Without another word he caught her in his arms, and threw her into the fire. Her clothing was ignited at once. She screamed for help. A neighbor opposite the house just at that moment heard her, and rushed in and rescued her from the flames. She was fearfully burned; and for a time her life was despaired of. No word of pity escaped from her brutal husband. Her neighbors were as kind as neighbors could be. The members of the Church were unremitting in their kind attention. In about four weeks she was out of danger, and began to mend rapidly. Although she was poor and dependent, her temporal wants were all supplied. She had a family of children, and, at the end of six weeks, she was able to walk around her house, and take care of them. During all this time, He who hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," kept her in perfect peace. After a time her neighbors, feeling that it was unnecessary to be so constant in their attentions as they had been, seldom visited her, and at last her food was all exhausted. She found herself without one mouthful to eat. Her children were crying for bread. Her trial of faith was great; the awful temptation came that God

had forsaken her. She walked the floor and wrung her hands in an agony of grief. Just then these words came to her mind,—

“Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,  
Thy great Provider still is near;  
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,  
Be calm and sink into His will.”

There was a knock at the door; she opened it, and a neighbor set down a basket filled with provisions, consisting of everything that a little family needed, enough to last a week. “Since then,” she said, “I have never known what it is to want, nor have my children cried for bread. In one moment the clouds dispersed, the tempter was gone; heavenly peace reigned in my soul; I could trust myself and my children to the care of the God of the widow and the orphan. I did not then know that this hymn was in my hymn-book. I did not know for certain that I had ever read it.” She said: “My oldest son was not inclined to go to Church. The first time you preached I induced him to go with me and hear you. The Word reached his heart that day. He was converted, and united with the Church when you came round to our appointment again. Now he is a happy Christian.” Her husband was at once arrested and confined in the county jail, tried, and convicted of attempt to murder, and sentenced for a term of years to the Ohio Penitentiary. He died during the first year of his imprisonment. We leave him with the Judge of all the earth, who will do right. Cruel, indeed, must be the doctrine of the skeptic, which would

rob this poor woman of that sublime consolation which the Christian faith gives to her.

We had a gracious revival at Williamsburg, mainly among the members of the Church, and my colleague was wonderfully blessed. Our quarterly-meeting was held at Batavia. A college-mate of mine, a grandson of Philip Gatch, one of the first ministers admitted into the traveling connection on trial in North America, attended. I had sought the salvation of Mr. Gatch while at college, and afterward, when I found him at Batavia, I was more interested than ever. He was still disposed to procrastinate his return to God. After the preachers had left the quarterly-meeting, I remained and held a service in the evening. To the surprise of all, Mr. Gatch came forward and gave his name to the Church; since then he has been a useful and honored member, and a faithful follower of Christ. He occupied a seat as senator in the State where he was universally respected. Here I was instrumental in leading John Ellis into the ministry. For some years he was a traveling preacher in the West. A very distinguished minister was present at the quarterly-meeting, and his ambition was to win Mr. Gatch to Christ. He was greatly disappointed at his failure. I met him afterward, and he inquired:

“How did your meeting result? Did you have any accessions to the Church?”

I told him that eight had joined the night after he left. When I mentioned Mr. Gatch, he said:

“Is that possible?”

I said, "Yes."

He replied: "It is strange. I never preached abler sermons. I was never better prepared, and yet I failed. I learned that he was convicted under your talk in the evening. I don't understand it. I want to know where your strength is?"

Said I, "Doctor, next to Christ, it is in my weakness."

"You speak at times apparently without preparation," said he, "while my preparation is carefully made. I want to know where my weakness is."

I answered, "It is in your strength," and remarked that God was not likely to bless the ablest sermon if we made an idol of it. He said no more. God may choose the very weakness of men to accomplish his purpose.

I held a meeting in February, 1844, at Cramer's meeting-house, which was a log building 22 by 24 feet. There never had been more than twenty members in the society, although it had been in existence for many years. Only three or four would pray in public. In the immediate vicinity was a large Catholic population on the one side; on the other was a new settlement rapidly increasing. My first attempt to reach this appointment was about to be thwarted by high water. I was on the East Fork of the Miami River, and could see the church on the other side. I was not certain that my horse would swim, and, with great reluctance, I was about to give it up, when a noble-looking boy, twelve years of age, approached me, and said, "Do you want to go over?"

I replied, "Yes."

"If you will trust me I will take you over," he said. "I have taken over a number of others in safety. Unsaddle your horse, while I'll bring my canoe down; then put your saddle and saddle-bags in the canoe, bring your horse to the bank, hold him by the bridle, and, when I start, pull him in, and I will take you over."

I did so, and we reached the shore in safety. The boy seemed proud of his achievement. I handed him fifty cents, but he declined it, saying that it was too much. I then offered him a quarter, and he declined that. I then tried him with twelve and a half cents, the smallest change I had. He would not receive that, although I pressed it upon him. He said to me, "Are you not a preacher?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Well," said he, "I would rather give you a dollar than to take one cent from you. My father is an infidel, but my mother is a Methodist."

I loved the boy, and made him a subject of prayer. The reader will hear from him again.

The meeting at Cramer's was intended to continue only two days. There had never been a revival-meeting there. On Sunday night of the meeting, there was a move in the congregation, and six persons united with the Church, four of whom were Roman Catholics. Meeting was appointed for Monday morning. The house was well filled. I felt that morning an unusual burden for the salvation of men. In the midst of my sermon a large, portly, rough-looking young man stood in



the door and treated my preaching and the services with derision. While I continued to preach, he cursed and swore until it was unendurable. I prayed to God for help. Suddenly he threw up his hands and gave a frightful scream, exclaiming: "I'm lost! I'm lost!" I ceased preaching. He walked up the aisle to the pulpit pleading to God for mercy, and crying out, "Lost, lost!" Finally he reached the platform where I stood. In less than two minutes from the time he screamed for mercy he found Christ, and began to rejoice. The audience was electrified. It was a thing unheard of, for they knew him to be the most wicked young man in all that country. The previous summer during a frightful thunderstorm, when trees were being struck by lightning, he left his companions, ran out into an open field, and, shaking his fist toward heaven, defied God to strike him; he was almost instantly stricken down by lightning. His companions left him for dead; but he recovered, and became, if possible, more wicked than ever. The conversion of such a blasphemer produced an intense excitement. He became a marvelous power in the revival; no one could well resist him.

At night the slain of the Lord were many. The house was crowded to suffocation, as news of this man's conversion had gone out in many directions. All classes of society became interested in the meeting. It even reached a number of the Catholics in the vicinity, and I was sent for to pray with them. The young man, whose name was James Granger, became an efficient helper in car-

rying on the work, laboring night and day. A prize-fighter came to the meeting merely because they had told him he dared not come, in order to demonstrate his courage. Young Granger without the least fear, approached him bodily, and exhorted him to come to God. The prize-fighter said, "Leave me ;" but he pleaded with him, until this stalwart man trembled from head to foot. Granger saw that he had won the day, and, pulling him gently, he started, and Granger waved his hand and said : " Here comes the bully of Perry Township." The man fell upon his knees and cried for mercy. He was converted in a short time, and became a successful worker in the revival. So great was the crowd the next night that they built log fires around the church in order that those who could not get inside might enjoy as much of the meeting as possible. A scoffer, who was standing near and cursing the meeting, fell like a dead man across one of the fires; and but for timely assistance would have been burned to death. He was converted that night. The window-sash had been taken out, and in the fullness of his joy he leaped through the window upon the heads of the people until he reached me, and told what a dear Savior he had found. The people who were with him were so alarmed they fled in every direction. So great was the interest they could scarcely sing, and there were only three or four who could pray in public. That night the four singers—for we only had four who were able to sing—were in a canoe returning from the meeting ; the wind turned the canoe over,

and they were thrown out in the stream ; one of the ladies had a baby boy in her arms only one year old ; she with the others made their escape, and the baby did not even wake. That boy is now president of a college in Iowa. The singers who were too hoarse to sing at the close of the evening meeting, by the next morning were completely free from all hoarseness, and sang the next evening with an interest which astonished everybody.

That day is one which I shall never forget. The house was densely packed ; an awful sense of the Divine presence rested upon the audience. I talked as best I could on the subject of experimental religion. I learned that Mr. Sweet, the father of the noble boy that had taken me across the stream was there. He had not been inside of a church for ten years, and was the terror of the few who were endeavoring to follow Christ in his neighborhood. His brother, a class-leader, said to me : "Allen is here ; go and speak to him. I am afraid to. No man in this region dare meet him in argument. If *you* have the courage to meet him, do it. If he insults you, do n't get angry ; for if you do, it will be a great triumph for him." After thinking and praying for a short time, I felt that I ought to go. In appearance he was a noble-looking man, and would be a marked figure in any audience ; fearless and yet dignified. I introduced myself to him and said : "I am very happy to meet you ; I have heard of you."

Said Mr. Sweet : "I have had the pleasure of hearing of you." He was very polite and gentlemanly in his deportment.

“What are your views upon the subject of experimental religion, if I am permitted to approach you on that subject?”

“Any one is permitted to approach me on that or any other subject, who comes in the gentlemanly spirit you manifest. I must be perfectly candid in what I say.”

“You will allow me to be equally candid,” I said. “I profess to be honest in my views, and shall regard you as equally honest as myself.”

Said he : “No one can object to that ; and now, sir, as to the subject of experimental religion and your views of it ; if they are true, it is a matter of the first and highest importance to me and every other man. But, sir, I do not believe them to be true, and here we join issue.”

“Now,” said I, “Mr. Sweet, if it be purely an experimental matter, taught as it is in the Bible, and attested by the experience of millions who are dead and millions more who are now living, and whose testimony would be taken in any court of this land and before any jury, certainly it is a matter of the very highest importance, in which every man ought to be interested. If it be true, it is one of the grandest things on earth ; if it be a fallacy, it ought to be demonstrated and expunged from the records of humanity. If it is an experimental matter, it is something which you and I may test for ourselves. I have understood, Mr. Sweet, that you are a chemist. Now suppose that you have made a discovery in chemistry, not in accord with the views of the great body of chemists. You

present the matter to a fellow chemist, and he at once contradicts you, on the ground that it is not in accordance with his experiments, or his views in natural science, and that he regards it as utterly foolish and unreasonable; and without a word he rejects it. Would you not say to him: 'Hold, my friend; chemistry is an experimental science. Before you thrust it aside, let me say to you, Here is my laboratory; here are my chemicals; here are the rules by which the experiment is to be tried; and here are the conditions upon the compliance with which the whole matter is determined. You have no experience upon the subject; I have.' Would that proposition, on your part, be unreasonable to him?"

"Most assuredly not."

"The same principle will apply, if possible, with a greater force to the subject of experimental religion. Mr. Sweet permit me to ask you if you have ever been a Christian?"

"Never."

"Have you ever read the Bible through and through?"

"Yes."

"Have you not read with a critical spirit, more to find fault with it than to embrace its doctrines and to obey its precepts?"

"I rather think that has been the character of my investigations."

"Millions once believed as you now do, and yet have been induced to try the experiment for themselves, and have found the religion of Christ, or

experimental religion, a blessed verity. Living and dying, they have attested its truth and have been monuments of its power. Again, I ask you if there is not argument in all this to induce reasonable men to make the experiment for themselves. If you have any objection to all this, please state it; for I desire to be candid and true."

"Well, I must confess I do not. I never saw it in this light before. No one ever approached me as you have; your fairness and the spirit you manifest wins me. You have been so candid and fair with me, that I ought to meet you in the same spirit. How shall I make the experiment? What shall I do?"

I replied: "I will come at once to the point, and be as practical as I can. It is as much your privilege as mine to know whether these things are so or not. Take the Bible and read it twice at least each day; not to find fault with it, but to learn what it teaches. Many object to the Bible, because its teachings are against them and their conduct. When you learn what it teaches, treat it as you would the teachings of any other book. Abandon whatever it forbids, and do sincerely whatever it commands, as far as you can. It is said, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.' Pray twice each day in secret for Divine guidance and help, that you may be led into all truth. Do this for two weeks, and if at the expiration of that time, there is no change in your views and feelings on this subject, I will confess



that I am entirely mistaken. If you find there is no such thing as experimental religion, then you have demonstrated a proposition that has never been demonstrated before, and you will be none the worse for having made it. Mr. Sweet, I ask you lovingly, will you make this experiment? It shall be a matter between us. I will never reveal the agreement between us until you authorize me to do so, or until you do it yourself." His face became almost as pale as though he were dead; he trembled from head to foot, and for a time made no reply. With great agitation he said:

"As you have approached me so kindly, and dealt with me so fairly, how can I do otherwise? I will. And now, in view of this, I will communicate to you that which I never mentioned to any one. In my belief, I have been an infidel for many years. I denied the doctrine of future punishment on the ground that there was more evidence against it than there was for it; and yet I now confess that I have always had my doubts about the truth of my position, and these doubts have made me a very unhappy man. I have traveled all over this Western world; for months at a time I have hunted in these Western wilds, with the hope that I might find a rest for my mind in the excitements of the chase, which I had not found in other pursuits of life. I have yearned for something better and more permanent. For a number of years past this unrest has been my constant companion and has preyed upon my mind, until my health is somewhat impaired and my business



affairs are going into confusion. If there is in experimental religion that which you claim for it, I would give the world to possess it; but it seems to me that it is beyond my reach." He pressed my hand as he held it, and looking sorrowfully in my face, said, "I am glad that I met you." I invited him to come to the meeting at night. He thought he would. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, but I saw nothing of him. I gave an invitation for persons to come to the altar for prayer, and to my great surprise Mr. Sweet came forward, and as he kneeled, put his arms around me and said: "O, pray for me, I am such a sinner. The first prayer I made, and the first chapter I read, broke my heart." For a long time I kneeled beside him; but he found no comfort that night.

The next morning the meeting began at nine o'clock. Mr. Sweet was there. Every seat in the house was filled with penitent seekers of salvation. Seven gray-headed men kneeled side by side and sought and found Christ. About all that I could do for a time was to stand and weep over the broken-hearted seekers of salvation. Mr. Sweet kneeled, facing the congregation. Deep agony was pictured in his face. For a long time he sought, apparently in vain. I remained with him, determined not to leave him until the victory was gained; for I saw that it was not far away. Soon he paused, astonished at something that had taken place; looked upward and then around; laid his hands on his head, and then upon his breast; at last he arose and exclaimed: "I have found it; I

have found it; I have found it! Experimental religion is true! You, who know me, are aware that I would not make this profession to save my right arm if it were not so." The scene was indescribable. His infidel friends followed his example. His son, the boy who carried me over the stream, was powerfully converted; and with his father united with the Church. Mr. Sweet had the largest library of any man in that part of the country, composed mainly of standard infidel works. That day he made a bonfire of them, and said that they should not poison other minds as they had poisoned his. From that hour until he died he was loyal to Christ and to the profession which he had made. His son became one of the prominent citizens of St. Louis, and is probably living yet, an example of that religion which he experienced in the days of his youth.

The entire Catholic population became aroused and alarmed to such an extent that they sent to Cincinnati for Archbishop Purcell to come up, and, if possible, arrest the work and save the members of his Church. He came, but a number of them were converted. The work extended for nine miles around in the country, and resulted in the building up of another congregation and the erection of a church some miles away. It is now called the Burdsall Chapel, and has been for many years a flourishing society. From one who had lived in the neighborhood—the Rev. E. Burdsall, a member of the Cincinnati Conference, who has investigated the matter—I learn that thirteen persons, as a result of that

meeting became ministers of the gospel. The one so wonderfully convicted and converted at the first meeting, was, the last time I heard of him, a successful minister in the State of Indiana, and the others have gone out in the vineyard of the Lord proclaiming the truth as it is in Jesus. During six days of the meeting in that little log-house, one hundred and forty-five united with the Church, and many went into other Christian Churches. One hundred and seventy-five souls were converted in all. David Swing, of Chicago, was one of the number. Dr. John Miley, professor in Drew Theological Seminary, who was well acquainted with the place, says: "It is the most remarkable revival of modern times." It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. To Him be all the glory.

This year there was great excitement over the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in consequence of slavery; but the revival spirit still continued, and in the latter part of the year I had a powerful revival at the Ross appointment. I never suffered anything to divert me from the work to which I had been called. I spent part of my time in Williamsburg with my relatives, Dr. Pease and his family. The doctor was not a Christian, and excused himself on account of the conduct of unworthy members of the Church; but his quiet, faithful wife remained true to Christ. At times he would speak in tones of the severest condemnation of the conduct of the members of the Church. I bore this as best I could, and finally

said to him: "These people whom you condemn are my friends. If they were here to speak for themselves, I would not say a word; it is my duty, as a Christian, to defend them in their absence." "That," said he, "is right." After a long pause he continued: "I am going to the country to see a patient. I think he needs also a spiritual physician. Will you go with me?" I agreed to do so. Little was spoken on the way to the place. He prescribed for his patient, and then left him to me. I talked and prayed for him, which proved to him a great blessing. This did not add anything to the doctor's good-nature. When we reached home, as we sat at the table, he spoke more unkindly than ever; until I said: "Doctor, the reason for all this is found in the fact that you are wrong from head to foot, soul and body; and when you get right, you will have a higher opinion of humanity." That I should speak thus at his own table was a surprise to him; but this ended his complaints against Church members, and he took especial pains afterward to treat me with marked kindness.

There was a camp-meeting near Williamsburg, and Mrs. Pease desired to go. The doctor did n't believe in camp-meeting, and would not attend; but requested that I should take care of their tent, and supply his place as best I could. My cousin was greatly pleased at the arrangement. He sent our goods out, and when we arrived at the place he had a most beautiful tent, with every convenience, prepared. By night it was ready for occupancy. The doctor was there in the evening to see how we

were doing, and said that he might be out again. So interested did he become he scarcely missed one meeting. He had the largest practice in that country; but, despite this, he was faithful and punctual upon all the services of the camp-meeting, was delighted with it, and spoke no unkind words of the services.

At the close of the camp-meeting I had finished my work, and was compelled to leave a home which had become very precious to me. My horse was brought to the step, and the doctor extended his hand, and said:

"Mr. Fee, you do not know how sorry we are that you are leaving us, and you will never know what a blessing you have been to my family. I am not a Christian."

I thanked him for all his kindness to me, and I said:

"Doctor, perhaps I shall never see you again; but it pains me to leave you out of Christ and on the road to hell."

We both wept in silence. Four weeks afterward I received a letter from Mr. Clarke, who remained upon the charge, commencing thus: "I write this at the request of Dr. Pease, who has been at the point of death. He was given up to die; but, after a long struggle, was to-day powerfully converted, and is the happiest man I ever saw. He said, 'Write at once to Brother Fee, and thank him for his persistent prayers and efforts for my salvation.'" The doctor became one of the most prominent members of that Church, lived for many

years, and died in the faith. The Wests, the Petersons, the Sinks family, the Salts, the Cains, the Smiths, and the Dudleys, stood by and helped, and were to me a blessing, as they were to the Church. I always loved Williamsburg and its people. Four hundred and fifty souls were added to the Church during the year, and I think more than five hundred were converted. I wonder that God should lead me thus; but his ways are past finding out.

Our Annual Conference was to be held at Marietta. I went to Cincinnati, and there took a steamer to Marietta. Bishops Soule and Waugh presided over the Conference. I was received into full connection, and became a member of the Conference. Bishop Soule ordained me a deacon. I shall never forget the impressions on my soul as the bishop consecrated me to this office. The Conference was one of great interest to me. I heard a sermon of wonderful power by Granville Moody against "Universalism." When the appointments were read and the Conference closed, about seventy-five of the preachers took a small boat for Cincinnati. The river was very low, and we often ran aground; sometimes for twelve hours we remained fast in the sand or on a rock, and we all worked with might and main to get her off.

### CHAPTER III.

EATON CIRCUIT—ZANESVILLE. 1845-1847.

AT the close of the Conference at Marietta I was appointed by Bishop Soule as junior preacher on the Eaton Circuit, with William H. Raper as presiding elder, and William Routledge as preacher in charge. As Brother Raper had been my first presiding elder, and my father's intimate friend, and as he always treated me with the affection of a father, I was delighted to be under his jurisdiction again. My second presiding elder was Michael Marlay, a man of distinguished ability and of a kind and loving heart. I was only reconciled to leaving him from the fact that I was going to a district over which Brother Raper presided. Brother Routledge was an Englishman, conscientious, able, and true in his ministration. He was my loving friend, and was always true in his relationship to me.

About the 1st of October, 1844, I traveled on horseback from Felicity, Ohio, to Eaton, the county seat of Preble County. It was a long, lonesome ride. On that journey I saw the first railway train I ever beheld. I reached my field of labor a total stranger. I put up at the residence of Judge Jacob Chambers, who for fifty years has been my personal friend. George W. Maley and my college classmate, Moses Smith, were the preachers the year be-



fore. A Presidential election was at hand, and party spirit ran high, and there was much bitterness of feeling. The circuit had ten appointments to be filled in four weeks, with a membership of less than four hundred. It was in a beautiful section of country, and was a desirable appointment.

I began a protracted meeting at Johnsville during the week of the Presidential election. Here there was a new church, worth twenty-five hundred dollars, built by fifteen members, male and female, and dedicated free from debt. The Camlins were the leading members of that society. We met severe opposition during our meeting. One lady, the daughter of a Virginia congressman, made sport of our exercises; but the Spirit of God reached her heart, and she fell upon the floor powerless, and for two hours was scarcely able to speak. After this, great fear fell upon those who would have treated religion with contempt. A number were converted, and the society was greatly strengthened and blessed.

West Alexandria, Sugar Valley, Camden, Enterprise, and Summerville, were the principal preaching-places. The work seemed small to me. I had an earnest desire to be progressive; but I found little of the same spirit on the charge. To me the members seemed to be asleep, and it was difficult to arouse them. At first I felt lonely, as I was among total strangers. There was one point called Eidson's. They said to me: "When you get to Eidson's you will be at home." Brother Eidson I found

to be a noble man. When I rode up to his house, he met me at the gate, and opening it, said:

"Alight; I will take your horse. I never allow any preacher, young or old, to put his own horse away."

He conducted me to the house, and, pointing to a room, said:

"In this room John P. Durbin first studied grammar, and I love it for his sake, and want you to do the same."

His wife and sons came in, and in half an hour I was perfectly at home.

After the Presidential election there remained much bitterness. The Church was divided, and the prospect of doing good in Eaton was very meager. I was requested by the preacher in charge, early in the year, to hold a revival-meeting in Eaton. This was opposed by many, on the ground that it was a very busy time in the year, and that we never could do any good until the existing difficulties were settled. I took the ground that the best way to settle the difficulties was to have a revival of religion; and while it was a busy season of the year, it was also our duty to be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I found the prospective meeting was not greatly desired. A prominent lady said to me:

"We have a very respectable Church, and all our members are very respectable people; but I fear that if you have a revival, you will get into the Church some who are not respectable."

The remark shocked me. I said:

"Madam, that chills every drop of blood in my veins."

We began a meeting, and continued for almost a week. Those who were involved in the difficulties thought that we could not succeed until their matters were settled. I prayed day and night, and fasted as well. For three days and nights I scarcely ate or slept. I was the guest of Judge Chambers. His devoted wife pitied me, and declared I would be sick, and that I ought not to take the burden of the Church upon my heart in that way. She asked me to go to my room, and abandon the effort. I did go to my room, but in the deepest agony. After praying, I lay down to rest. At last I had the impression that if I would pray once more, my prayer would be answered. I arose and prayed that God would, that very night, revive his work gloriously. I had wonderful peace. I went out and told the members of the Church that God had answered my prayer, and that a revival would begin that night; but they thought me fanatical. I went to the church feeling assured that the victory for which I prayed, awaited me. I took for my text the words, "But we preach Christ crucified." I only preached twenty minutes; at the expiration of that time I invited persons to come forward to the altar. Forty came at once, and ten professed conversion.

The judge believed that God was with us of a truth. Indifference and skepticism disappeared. The people were drawn more closely together in the bonds of Christian love than they had been for years. One who had prophesied that there would be no revival until certain wrongs were righted, saw that he was mistaken. The light of the Holy

Spirit revealed to him the dangerous position which he occupied.

The end of the week came, and there was no abatement in the work. Public attention was drawn to the persons who were supposed to be prominent in the difficulties which had divided the Church for years. They were men of firm and resolute temperament, and were not likely to surrender to any influence. On Sabbath morning at four o'clock, I was surprised by the announcement that a gentleman wished to see me in the parlor. I was delighted to find that it was Mr. F., who was more involved than any other man in the difficulty. He had withdrawn from the Church sometime before. He said:

"I am miserable beyond description. I must return to the Church, or I am ruined. I desire to have the difference between Judge Chambers and myself reconciled. I want the reconciliation to take place in public, and then, if there is no objection, I want to return to the Church this morning."

At nine o'clock there was to be an experience-meeting. The church was well filled, and the power of God was manifest. All hearts were moved and melted. At the close I gave the brother, Mr. F., who had visited me in the morning, the opportunity of making a brief statement. He said:

"I am here to settle this difficulty for ever. Let the past be buried. If I have injured Mr. C., I ask his forgiveness, and I certainly forgive him.

And now, Judge, I am willing to meet you half-way."

The Judge exclaimed: "Brother F., I am willing to meet you all the way!" And, rushing to where Mr. F. was, he threw his arms around him, and came within the altar, and, kneeling before the congregation with their arms still around each other, they wept and rejoiced. The effect was indescribable. Sinners felt that nothing but the power of God could produce such a result. Mr. F. was joyfully received into the Church, and the work went on gloriously.

During the meeting a number of prominent persons united with the Church; among whom might be named Josiah Campbell and wife; Mrs. J. S. Hawkins, the wife of that distinguished lawyer, Sevier Hawkins, one of the prominent men of the State of Ohio; Mr. McCabe, and others.

One night I approached a prominent citizen named Chrisman, who appeared to be excited. He told me he was not a Christian, but that he felt the need of becoming one. As I pressed the subject upon his earnest attention, and besought him not to defer it, he said:

"I am not going to be a Methodist. I shall unite with the Lutheran Church."

I replied: "I do not ask you to join the Methodists; my object is to lead you to Christ. Now, as you have made up your mind to unite with the Lutheran Church, do it as soon as you can. Delays are dangerous."

I exhorted him more earnestly to follow the

convictions of his mind in the matter as he had expressed them to me.

The next evening he came forward with his wife, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. I said to him at the close of the service:

"This is unexpected to me."

"Well," said he, "I supposed when you were pressing the subject of religion upon me so earnestly, that if I told you I would unite with some other Church, you would let me alone. When you exhorted me as you did to go to another Church, I was confident that you were perfectly sincere; and the result was that my wife and I embraced the first opportunity to unite with your Church."

Mr. Chrisman lived for many years, an exemplary and devoted member of the Church, and died in the faith of the gospel.

There was one prominent citizen who had the idea that he would not be responsible for his conduct, until he united with some Church, and took upon himself, publicly, the obligations of religion. He was a peculiar man, and I knew not how to approach him. One day a member of the Church advocated very nearly the same doctrine. The gentleman was present, fortunately, and this gave me the opportunity of combating this matter in his hearing, but in a very indirect manner, it is true. The member of the Church abandoned the idea in a short time; but I still continued to refer to the subject, until the Church member was almost offended, and I had to explain to him the reason I did it. The argument convinced the man

of his error, and he and his wife united with the Church, and became two of the most prominent members. We ought to study the peculiar dispositions of men, that we may know how to approach them, and lead them to Jesus.

During this revival, Frederick Merrick, so long the honored president of the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, was with me almost one week. Here a friendship was renewed between us, which, on his part, continued until he died, and mine for him will live forever.

We next held a revival-meeting at Sugar Valley, about eight miles from Eaton. There was some interest, and great good was done, and an influence was exerted upon adjoining societies which was of lasting benefit. Here I was the guest of John C. Deem and his wife, who was the daughter of Moses Crume, one of the pioneer preachers of Ohio. For almost fifty years they have been embalmed in my memory, and I have loved them as I seldom love any persons. Jesse Simonson, with John Wall and Brother Elliot, stood by me as a band of loyal men, ready for every good word and work.

From there I went to Macedonia Church. I held meetings for a week, and a blessed revival followed. Nathan Hornady, a man of great power, was a local preacher in this place. Up to this time my labors had been incessant, and more than I could well endure. My colleague, believing that God had called me specially to revival work, placed almost every meeting under my personal super-



vision. This, I believe, was too much for me, and became so great a trial that, at times, I was tempted to think that he was not a man of true sympathy, or he would not do this. I soon found that he honestly believed it to be his duty to place me in the front of this revival work, and, as an obedient son in the gospel, I yielded, though, I must admit, with much reluctance.

Somerville, Butler County, Ohio, was the next place assigned me by my colleague. It was a village of several hundred inhabitants, in a wealthy section of country. It was, morally, under Presbyterian influence. There was a Baptist Church, and also a small Methodist Church, few in numbers, feeble in their influence, and greatly discouraged. They appeared to have no hope of anything better.

I was so fatigued in body and depressed in spirit when I began the meeting, that I felt unequal to the task. I had no prospect whatever of any ministerial help, nor of any human help from any quarter. The principal man in the Church, a steward and class-leader, had been for years a United States marine and a sailor. He had fought the Lord's battle in that place almost alone for years. The society was just alive, and that was all. Three or four other members, who were very timid and were not in any sense progressive Christians, stood by him. When I reached the village on Saturday morning, my heart was deeply depressed. I went to see Mr. L., the leader and steward. He called me lieutenant. "Well, Lieu-

tenant," he said, "I understand you come here to hold a meeting?"

I answered, "Brother Routledge has sent me here for that purpose."

He very bluntly and roughly replied:

"I am surprised that he should send such a stripling as you to such a place as this. I thought he had more sense than to do that. Why, you can't do anything here! I know this place! Some of the ablest preachers in the country have been here, and were not successful, and it would be perfect vanity in you to suppose you can succeed where they have failed. The people will not sustain you. Mr. H., the pastor of the largest Church in this place will not permit you to succeed. Every young man who comes here is frightened away by him."

"How does he do this?" I asked.

"You will find out," said he. "Why, if the apostles were to make an effort here they would fail!"

Thus he continued for some time. I had little if any hope, at the beginning; but Mr. L. brought me to a state of desperation. I felt as if my heart would break. I made a final remark that I had no hope but in God; and went to the place where I was to be entertained without, as I remember, one spark of hope or ray of light. With me it was "the hour of darkness." I thought, "O, the cruelty of my colleague, and the still greater cruelty of this leader and steward, who had shivered my last hope of doing any good!" I went into my room, and locked the door. I had no resource but God.

I looked to him. I laid my bleeding, open heart at his feet, and asked for his pity—the pity and the help, which had been denied me by those from whom I had the right to expect it. I was wondering whether God had abandoned me or not, when there came a rap at the door. I opened it, and a noble-looking man met me. There was sympathy in his face and manner, which impressed me favorably at once. Said he:

“My name is P. I am an elder in the Presbyterian Church. I have been pleased to learn that you are about to commence a meeting in the Methodist Church for the promotion of a revival. I learn that you are a young man. We greatly need a revival in this town, as we have not had one for many years. I have been concerned about you, and have made your meeting and your work a matter of much prayer. I lay upon my bed last night, and prayed until I fell asleep. I am not a believer in dreams; but I had a dream last night which deeply impressed me, and at the risk of being regarded as superstitious, I must relate it to you. As you are a young man, it might encourage you; for you have a fearful task before you. I dreamed that, in looking over our village, I saw a flock of doves flying over and around the town. I thought they would alight on the Presbyterian church, but the members were quarreling and fighting. They then hovered over the Baptist church, and seemed disposed to settle there; but the Baptists were fighting also, and the doves were driven away. Then they circled around the town

until they spied the little Methodist church, and as they have not life enough even to fight, the doves settled down upon the roof and remained there. I counted them, and there were just fifty-two, and it was impressed upon my mind that you would have a revival at your meeting and that you would have fifty-two converts. I know not what you may think of this; but I have given you my dream, and I pray that God may bless you, young man, in the work in which you have engaged, and that you may be a blessing to the Churches of Somerville."

Dream as it was, it strangely inspired me with the belief that, after all, God sent it, and that good was to be done. It was really an uplift to me. I felt a courage that I had not realized before. I was now leaning upon Divine power more than upon human. I was nothing; my sufficiency was of God. I went to the church. There was, unexpectedly, a large congregation. My sailor brother was there, and a friend came and whispered to me that the minister, alluded to as the terror of all young men, was present; but I had now more of the fear of God before my eyes and less fear of man than ever before. I preached on the text, "O Lord, revive thy work!" God gave me unusual freedom. I made up my mind that, whatever might occur, I would be respectful in my deportment, loving in my disposition, and true to Christ. I said:

"I am informed that Rev. Mr. H. is in the congregation. It will afford me great pleasure to

have him come forward and conclude the services in any manner he may deem best."

He shook his head significantly. I saw that everybody in the congregation was interested, and was surprised at my boldness. I repeated the same invitation the second time. Again he shook his head. I paused a moment, then repeated with great earnestness: "It would afford me great pleasure, indeed, if the Rev. Mr. H., who is present, would come forward and conclude the services."

I paused and waited. The color came to his face. He arose with much embarrassment, came forward, and I greeted him, expressing my pleasure in having him present. I asked him to exhort. He did so, and before I was aware I responded "Amen" to his remarks, with a loud voice, which startled him, and the congregation laughed. He then said, "Let us pray." It was said that he made the most remarkable prayer that he was ever known to make. I responded frequently "Amen" to his petitions; for the Spirit of the Lord was in my soul, and I had no more fear of this man than I would have had of a child. His prayer did me good. I shook him heartily by the hand and said, "God bless you," and thanked him for coming. We parted, and I never saw him again.

On Saturday night I had a full house, which was regarded as a miracle. It went out that the little preacher, as I was called, had, by gentle methods, obtained a victory over the distinguished

Mr. H. How much truth there was in this, I do not know; but they came out to see the young preacher. The next morning we had love-feast. Persons from surrounding societies were there, and we had "the shout of a king in the camp." A number were frightened at this, and ran out of the house. At eleven o'clock the house would not contain the people, and at night scores went away for want of room. God enabled me to make an appeal to the unconverted as well as to the back-slidden. At the close of the discourse I invited seekers to come forward to the altar, and forty at least came and bowed before the Lord. Not a member of the Church approached; not a voice was raised to point them to the Savior. In this great work I was alone. I had a right to expect better things, but endeavored to bear the trials for Christ's sake.

The next day we had meeting and the interest was continued; but nobody sympathized apparently with the penitents. At night there must have been fifty forward for prayer, but I was alone. Tuesday and Tuesday night witnessed the like scene, and yet I was alone. Not a soul had been converted, and no special confession had fallen from any of the members of the Church. The class-leader seemed to be struck with some powerful conviction, but was silent. Wednesday morning came. I had been sick most of the time, and went from my bed to nearly every service expecting that I would break down by the effort. There was this morning a larger congregation than ever. The crisis



had come. My mind was made up that I could not and would not withdraw. Fifty souls were seeking Christ, and no interest, apparently, on the part of the members of that Church to do anything at all. I finally arose and said :

“When I came to this place, nothing but discouragement met me. Prophecies of only failure were made. I was told that nobody would be converted. Now more than fifty persons have been seeking Christ at the altar of prayer, and not one soul has been converted. I must now tell you in all faith and honesty that I believe it is simply because you have utterly refused to co-operate with me in this work. I am almost broken down in health, and my physicians have advised me to go home and rest. I can bear this strain no longer. ‘And now if you will deal kindly and truly with my Master, tell me; and if not tell me, that I may turn to the right or to the left.’ If you do not co-operate with me, I believe that the blood of these souls, should they be lost, will be found upon the skirts of some of you. If you are going to stand by me in this, let me know it by your saying so personally. If not, I will leave you this afternoon, and the responsibility will be upon you. I now give the invitation to those who are willing to pledge themselves to stand by me and help me as far as they can, to say so publicly.”

The first one who arose was the steward and class-leader. He was shaking from head to foot. Tears were streaming down his face. He said :

“Lieutenant, I am a coward ! When you came



here I was well-nigh overboard, and the cry went up, 'A man overboard! A man overboard!' You sent the lifeboat after me, and took me up, and brought me on deck, and rolled me over and over until I was brought back to life; and now, here I am, ready for duty. I will scrub the decks or keep a light in the binnacle, or do anything you ask of me."

A Quaker brother arose and said: "William, I will help thee." Then others followed until every member pledged himself or herself to stand by me. I invited the seekers forward, and twenty came, the entire number being converted to God.

In the meantime the wicked were not idle. A man made a bet of ten dollars that he would go to the altar and profess religion, and arise and shout, and make the people believe that he was a genuine convert. In order to fortify his courage, he drank whisky until he was intoxicated, and in this condition came forward. I knew he was drunk, and treated him kindly. In a few moments he arose, and said he was converted. I got a chair, set him down in it, and told him to remain there until the meeting closed. He soon sobered up, and begged to be let out; but I would not gratify him. He was the most mortified man I ever saw. How long it humbled him I can not tell.

One night, while I was exhorting as I believe I never exhorted before or since, the door was opened and two birds flew into the room and circled round and round, until finally they circled over my head for what seemed to be a long

time, until the congregation, who were somewhat superstitious, believed that I was about to die. As I was then describing heaven, the effect was wonderful. Some said that the house was shaking, and crawled under it to ascertain, if possible, the cause. Where the members sat, there was but little shaking; it was all back where the sinners sat. All there was about it, as I believe, may be thus explained: in their excitement they clung to the seats in front of them, and as they were shaking from head to foot, the seat shook also. I told the brethren so, but they never believed it.

At the close of the services on Friday night, "fifty-two" persons professed conversion, and the same number had united with the Church. I held meeting for several days after this, but could obtain no more converts; so the dream of the Presbyterian elder as to the number was literally fulfilled.

On the first Sabbath morning after this meeting closed, the love-feast was held. A man sent for me to come to the door. He informed me that he lived in the bounds of another charge; that he was a renter on the farm of a Methodist; that he himself had been a member of the Methodist Church; but that a difficulty had arisen between his landlord and himself, and in anger he drew an ax upon him; that he was arraigned for this, tried by the Church, and expelled. He made the most humble confession, promised amendment, and begged admittance into the love-feast. I believe if Jesus had been keep-

ing the door He would have said, "Come in;" and I admitted him. He soon arose, made a public confession; promised amendment, and asked to be admitted into the Church on probation. I told him that I would receive his application, and present it to the preacher in charge, which I did.

In four weeks after the meeting closed, I revisited the place, and this man informed me that he had removed into a neighborhood near Jackson's school-house, where there had never been a church edifice; that a little society had existed, but it had disbanded. He begged me to come and preach some Sabbath afternoon; that a large congregation was sure to be out to hear me. I declined to go. Four weeks afterwards he came again with the same request, and I then promised to preach to them on my next round. So at the appointed time I went, and found a very large and splendid-looking congregation in the woods. They had made every necessary preparation for such a meeting.

Just a week before this, a prominent young man and his cousin, a young lady, were crossing the Miami River on horseback when they got into deep water and were drowned. This made a deep impression upon the minds of the community, most of whom were worldly and thought little on the subject of religion. A committee of the most prominent citizens waited upon me at the close of my sermon and begged of me to preach again at night. I did so, and a strange solemnity rested upon the congregation. At the close of the service the same committee requested me to hold meeting the next

morning at nine o'clock. I consented, and although it was a busy time of the year, a large congregation was present. This committee were not members of any Church, and it occurred to me while preaching in the morning that probably there were persons present who had once been members, and who might desire the organization of a society. I named the matter, and fourteen persons at once presented themselves. I then said:

"If there should be others who desire to unite with the Church on probation, we invite them to come forward."

Eighteen others came forward, making thirty-two in all.

We had meeting again at night, on Tuesday and Tuesday night, and on Wednesday and Wednesday night, and then we closed. A society of seventy-five members, the richest country society I had ever known, was organized, and regular preaching provided for them. A subscription was started and money raised, as I understand, to the amount of four thousand dollars. A new church was built and occupied as a place of worship for many years. It was called Simonson's Chapel, after a devoted local preacher who took great interest in the enterprise. Of course, this gave me great joy. I never knew the number of converts; but most of them found peace. I afterward baptized adults and children to the number of seventy in one day.

The only charge I ever had preferred against me during my ministrations was at the close of this year. It was presented to my presiding elder.

The charge was that I had invaded the complainant's territory by forming a society within his boundaries. He had been there two years, and had never thought of preaching to these neglected people. He did not press the matter, however, and I heard no more about it.

The man who was instrumental in influencing me to preach in the neighborhood I never again saw nor heard of after the meeting.

A quarterly-meeting was held at an appointment called the Township House. This was a new appointment, and had a strange history. Two prominent men lived in the neighborhood who were sportsmen, and spent most of their time in horse-racing and kindred amusements. A few years previous to this one of them, Mr. D—n, had occasion to make a journey on horseback through Indiana and Illinois. At the close of the first day he called at the residence of Judge Latta, father of Dr. Samuel A. Latta, formerly of the Ohio Conference. When they were about to retire to bed that night, Judge Latta said to Mr. D—n:

"It is my regular custom to have family worship morning and evening. Should it be your pleasure to remain during the service, I shall be greatly pleased. Should you desire to retire to bed, I will not regard it as discourteous."

"I will certainly remain," said Mr. D.

The judge sang a hymn, read a chapter from the Bible, and then offered an earnest and appropriate prayer. After the usual petitions offered at such times, he prayed fervently for the stranger

who was tarrying with them for the night, for his wife and family, whom he had left behind, and for Mr. D., that God would take care of him, and prosper him in his business; and, above all, he prayed that if he was not a Christian, he might become one.

Mr. D. then retired to his room, but not to sleep for a long time. He said to himself:

“What does this mean? I never saw this man before. He must have some selfish object in praying for me as he has done.”

It was late in the night before he slept. When he awoke in the morning he was most kindly greeted. The family was again called around the altar. The judge prayed more earnestly than he had done the night before for his strange guest, and implored for him Divine direction and care, until he should be restored to his home; that, if they met no more upon earth, they should meet in a better land.

Immediately after breakfast his horse was brought to the door. He offered money to settle the bill, asking what the charge was.

“The charge is,” replied the judge, “that, as you return on your way home, you will call again and spend another night with us. I shall not receive one cent of your money. God bless you and be with you, is my prayer!

This amazed Mr. D. It was unlike anything he had ever met before. Indeed, he knew very little about Christian people, and meeting selfishness, as he did, on all sides, every day of his life,



he was unprepared for such unselfishness as the judge displayed. All that day the judge and his prayer and his loving spirit were before him. He discussed it again and again; thought it over that night and the next night, and the next, and during the entire journey. The impression grew deeper and deeper each day that the judge possessed something which he did not—something which he would have if it were possible. He returned home a changed man. He was yearning after a better life.

He mounted his horse after he had rested a little while, and rode to Eaton, some eight or ten miles, to see if he could not find a preacher who would come and preach the gospel in his neighborhood, and show him the path of life. Joseph McDowell and Asbury Lowrey agreed to preach at the Township House. They held a two or three days' meeting. Mr. D. was happily converted, and his wife also found Christ. A number of others in the neighborhood embraced the Savior, and a small society was formed. Mr. D. was in a short time appointed leader of the class and steward of the circuit. He was a man of noble and generous spirit; and while the habits of his former life were apparent wherever you found him, none doubted the genuineness of his conversion or his loyalty to Christ.

At the quarterly-meeting, William H. Raper, presiding elder, was present. Mr. H. N., the former associate of Mr. D., was a sportsman of great notoriety and of wide influence. His wife had united with the little society, but he stood aloof. While



he was disposed to treat his wife with courtesy, at the same time he treated the subject of religion and religious people and ministers with anything but that respect which was due. He spoke disparagingly of ministers and of their mannerism. That they would visit his house, and become the priest of his family; ask a blessing at his table without being invited; pray in his family, and the like, was with him a standing complaint. I had heard all this, and I told Mr. Raper. We were invited to dine at his house during the meeting. When we came to the table he looked at Mr. Raper and myself, and apparently waited for a move on our part. A number of others were seated at the table. His wife was much embarrassed, and he no less so. We all were embarrassed, and sat silent for at least one minute. Mr. H.'s face at last became almost crimson, and, with great reluctance, evidently, he said:

"Mr. Raper, will you ask a blessing?"

Mr. Raper politely said, "With your permission," and said grace. Mr. H. was evidently defeated, and keenly felt the rebuke which was given him. Before the close of the meal he made out to say:

"I am glad, Mr. Raper, that you and your young friend, Mr. Fee, are here. I have a tenant on my farm—a poor drunken wretch. I can do nothing to effect his reformation, and, as I understand that Methodist ministers have wonderful success in treating hard cases, I hope you will take this man in hands, and make something of him."

From the tone of his voice and his general manner, there was a large amount of contempt of religion displayed. Mr. Raper looked indignant, but said not a word. I loved him as a father. I could endure the insult myself, but to have *him* insulted was more than I could endure. I said:

"Mr. H., a few weeks ago, for the first time, I visited the museum in Cincinnati. I had often heard of the works of that distinguished sculptor, Mr. Powers; especially the 'Infernal Regions,' as they were called, and which was now the greatest attraction in the museum. I gazed at this work of art with speechless wonder. Just before I left, a tall man from Indiana, more than six feet high, came to look upon the scene. His pantaloons were in the top of his boots; his hair was unkempt; and, in a word, he was a remarkable backwoods specimen. He had with him a large dog, which he called Bull. Two or three young men determined to have some fun with the Indianian. An electrical machine was in operation, and, after a number had taken a light shock, they proposed that he should try it, so as to be able to report his experience to his friends on his return home. At first he declined their invitation; but they persevered until at last their importunities overcame his timidity, and he said they might try it on 'Bull,' and if it was all right, he might be induced to take a shock himself. They at once agreed to this, and, taking hold of the dog, they brought him forward, and turned on the electrical current. There was a fearful yelp, and his master, the In-

dianian, was well-nigh frightened out of his senses."

"Where is the moral of that?" asked Mr. H.

Said I: "Mr. H., while you are presenting your tenant for treatment, would it not be well for you to take a shock also?"

He saw the point. They all saw it, and Brother Raper clapped his hands, and the whole matter was received with great applause. Mr. H. confessed that he deserved the rebuke, and he was never known to repeat his discourtesy or abuse, which he had used toward the ministry. I fervently hope that Mr. H. received the grace which he felt was so much needed by his tenant.

My labors during the fall and winter were excessive. I had fearful premonitions of failing health, but I attended to my work, and went when I was scarcely able to sit upon my horse or to stand in the pulpit.

One Sabbath morning, while I was the guest of John C. Deem, I nerved myself to go to an appointment many miles away. Brother Deem helped me to mount my horse; but before I started I became so ill that I had to be lifted down from the saddle and carried to my bed. Brother Deem mounted my horse, and filled the appointment himself. Before he left, he directed that they should bring his brother-in-law, one of the most noted physicians in the county. He came as soon as possible, and, after examining me carefully, pronounced my case serious. I suffered intense pain; and for days and nights I lay in agony. Through

the skill of my physician and the careful nursing of Brother Deem and his devoted wife, the disease was arrested, and in about eight days I was able to ride to Eaton, some eight miles distant, and, as directed, called at once at the house of Doctor Crume. I walked into the room, and the doctor and his wife met me most cordially. Before I had been there two minutes I took a relapse, and was carried, almost fainting, to my bed, where I remained for another week, with many fears on the part of my friends that I would not recover; but again, by the best of care, the disease was arrested and I had good prospects of returning health. The doctor decided that I should leave the circuit as soon as I was able, and go to my father's in Felicity, and rest for a time. The people generally feared that I would never return, and begged my physician to allow me to preach once before I left. He agreed to this on condition that I would preach only ten minutes.

Pale and feeble as I was, I stood before that audience, and spoke as I believed a dying man would speak; when strength came to me and I preached for thirty-five minutes with a zeal that was of the Lord; and I suffered no harm from it. The next day I bade farewell to my friends, very doubtful as to my return. I felt that I must make the trip to save my life. My money was well-nigh exhausted, and I had not enough to take me to my home. I said not a word about this to any one, as I would not allow myself, if I could possibly avoid it, to borrow money from my friends. I had to

travel some fifty miles by stage-coach to reach Cincinnati. I went to the stage office to pay my fare, and was told it was paid to Cincinnati, and that I could take dinner in Hamilton. I learned, furthermore, that my bill was paid in Hamilton. It was arranged that I should stop at the Dennison House in Cincinnati, and remain three days before going further. I remained there the allotted time, called for my bill, but found that it was paid. I next went on to the steamer which was to carry me near my home up the river. My bill was paid there also, and all the way to my father's house. The entire journey never cost me one cent, and I never could find out the generous friend or friends who did me this kindness.

When I arrived at my father's, a revival meeting was in progress in my native town; and in spite of myself, I was soon engaged in it. My health improved from the hour I left Eaton.

In two weeks I returned to my work. A new church had been built some four miles south of Eaton on the Cincinnati pike. The church was called "Antioch." During my absence my colleague appointed a meeting there. It had been in progress four days when I reached the circuit. In anticipation of my coming, an appointment was made for me at Antioch on the evening of my arrival. The brethren met me at the coach, and I was most cordially received.

They sang a few verses, and I kneeled in prayer, preparatory to preaching. There had been no special signs of a revival thus far, and I

supposed it would require a long time before any good would be done. I had not prayed one minute until there came, suddenly and unexpectedly upon the congregation, a remarkable religious interest. Sinners began to weep and cry aloud for mercy, Christians were rejoicing, and my voice was drowned. There was no preaching that night, no exhortation, or singing. About forty were pleading for mercy, in various parts of the congregation. Soon ten were converted, and a large number united with the Church. The meeting continued for a week.

A very respectable and prominent man kept a hotel in the neighborhood. This man's wife was happily converted, and he himself was brought under deep conviction. He came to the altar and prayed for mercy until late in the night. He was licensed to sell liquor; and, believing that his business was in the way of his salvation, I told him so. He said he could become converted and continue the business. Said I:

"If the Lord will let you into his kingdom I have no right to object. But I believe he will not."

The next night he was forward again for prayer, and was one of the most miserable men I ever saw. He cried out bitterly until near eleven o'clock at night:

"What shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?"

I answered: "Give up the liquor business. Take out your bar, and trust in God for results."



Before midnight he surrendered, and God at once converted him. He took me by the arm and said: "You must go home with me and stay all night."

I went. A number of persons who had arrived late at night, were awaiting his return. Before retiring, he went to the bar and told the clerk to close it forever, and never sell another drop of liquor. Then he brought down a new Bible, walked into the parlor where his guests were seated, and said:

"My friends, I was converted to-night. I have ceased to sell liquor, and I am resolved to lead a new life. The young minister is here, and I want him to dedicate my house to God. We are going to have prayers. I shall be happy to have you remain if you will; but if you would rather not do so, you can retire."

They all remained. There were Quakers, and Presbyterians, and Methodists, and others, who were not known as the followers of the Lord Jesus, kneeling together. There were many tears and many "Amens." When we arose, they all gathered about their host, and offered him hearty congratulations upon the change which had taken place. John Campbell—for this was his name—from that hour became a consistent Christian, and made more money in the next six months than he had ever made in all his life before. After I left the circuit I received a letter from his brother, saying: "My dear brother John is no more. He died in the arms of Jesus, and passed to his rest in



heaven." More than fifty souls were converted at this meeting; and that Church stood for forty years, exerting a great influence upon that whole region of country.

#### CAMDEN APPOINTMENT.

There had been a blessed revival of religion at Camden, previous to my coming. Judge Hall, of that place, was a noble Christian, and did much to preserve the fruits of the labors of the ministers who preceded us. Among those who had made application for admission into the Church the year before, was a young man about whose sincerity and integrity there were many doubts. He stood out his probation; but for a time the majority of the Official Board refused to recommend him as a suitable person to be received into the Church. He was very anxious about it, and Judge Hall, in the spirit of Christ, labored with all his power for a recommendation for this young man, and succeeded. He was accordingly received into full membership. Only a few days afterwards, on Sunday night, a store was robbed and a considerable amount of valuables were missing. This young man was missing also. Believing that he would go to Cincinnati, they pursued, and found him with the stolen goods in his possession. He was arraigned, tried, and convicted. Those who had opposed his coming into the Church, now reproached Judge Hall most bitterly, saying:

"If it had not been for you, this awful disgrace would not have befallen the Church."

The judge meekly replied: "If we had rejected him as you proposed, and he had stolen these goods, he would have said: 'I was driven to despair, and in my desperation I committed the deed.' That would have disgraced the Church; but as it is, she stands without a stain upon her garments."

At our third quarterly-meeting, a committee visited us, representing, as they claimed, a number of persons who were anxious to have me preach at Fair Haven. That whole country was occupied by Seceders, as they were called, many of whom were said to be very ultra in their Calvinistic views. On this account, these gentlemen claimed that they had ceased altogether to attend religious service. There was no other organization in the place and never had been; and they were very anxious for preaching. There had never been any Methodist preaching in the village, and I was appointed by the Quarterly Conference to introduce Methodism there.

I visited the place at the time appointed, and met with a most cordial reception; but was surprised to learn that most of those who were active in getting me there, were Universalists. This was not by any means pleasant news; but I determined to preach Christ to them just as I would preach to anybody else. They had a claim upon me, and I felt that I would sin against God if I did not preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. Never did I attract so much attention as I did upon my entrance into that place. I began my

meeting on Saturday, and had a most respectable hearing, as I had on Saturday night and on Sabbath morning and Sabbath night. A number were deeply impressed, and sought the Savior and found him. A society of thirty-five members, as I now recollect, was organized.

Much prejudice was removed, and a number of the Seceders were very anxious that I should preach in their Church. This was opposed by others, and a very serious division among them was threatened. A committee waited on me and stated the case, and said that they were happy to inform me that I was invited by a majority of the Board of Trustees, to hold service in their church, providing I would sing David's Psalms. I replied:

"Gentlemen, this is certainly unexpected to me, and I am grateful to you for your interest in the matter. I am perfectly willing to sing the Psalms of David; but it was not my intention to produce division among you in coming here, and I would be the last man to do anything that would have the least influence in destroying the peaceful harmony of your Church."

This was received with great favor by both parties, and gave me an influence which I could not have obtained otherwise. I have always entertained the highest regard for that denomination.

Fifty years have passed since then, and Fair Haven has become a prosperous circuit. It is my desire to visit it again before I die.

## A STANDING DIFFICULTY.

For years a local preacher and a class-leader disagreed about some trivial matter. For years they did not fellowship each other. Their friends became involved in their quarrel, and the entire charge suffered in consequence. Several efforts had been made to settle the difficulty, but in vain. Many appeals were made to me, as a mutual friend, to arbitrate the matter between them. The parties themselves were very anxious to have me do so. I consented at last, and with much diffidence began my work. I met them on the camp-meeting ground, where they and others had met to make preparations for the annual camp-meeting. I said to the parties:

“Let us go to the woods.”

When we reached a secluded place, I asked them to kneel with me in prayer, and I prayed earnestly that this difficulty might be settled and they again become friends. I told them of the injury which was being done by this unfortunate affair, and the fearful responsibility which was upon them. I said to the local preacher:

“Brother W., will you state this case just as you understand it, as fairly as possible?”

He did so in a very candid manner. Addressing his opponent, I said:

“Brother P., will you state your case fairly, just as you understand it, with your matters of grievance, whatever they may be?”

He, with equal fairness, presented his case. I

had requested them not to interrupt each other during these statements.

"Now," said I, pleasantly, "I ask each of you one question. Brother W., do you believe Brother P. to be an honest, truthful man? And that he would not willfully tell a falsehood?"

He said, "I do."

"Brother P., do you believe that Brother W. is an honest man? And that he would not tell, willfully, a known falsehood?"

Said he, "I believe he would not."

Then said I: "Brother W., you have stated your grievances; Brother P. has stated his. You have agreed to regard each other as honest and truthful men. If this be true, is there anything between you which ought to keep you apart, and which will justify you in involving almost an entire charge in a personal difficulty?"

They both said with some hesitancy, "There is not."

"Are you mutually willing, before God, to settle this difficulty here and now, to the best of your ability?"

Each of them replied, "We are."

I said, "Let us pray."

We knelt down where we were, on the leaves which covered the earth. I prayed, and then asked Brother W. to pray. After clearing his throat a good while, he began. His prayer was not very fervent. Then I called on Brother P., and he had but little spirit of prayer. I then prayed again and called on each of them to pray

again. They did so and were melted into tears. We arose.

"Now," said I, "brethren, suppose you shake hands with each other and bury this difficulty forever."

Brother W. extended his hand to Brother P., who received it, and each of them looked away from the other. Said I:

"That will never do! Look each other in the face, and, with a 'God bless you!' give each other a hearty shake."

They did so, and in a little while, their arms were around each other, and they were wonderfully blessed. When we returned to the camp-ground, there was rejoicing among the officials of the meeting. This reconciliation was made a great blessing to many people. I heard no more of the difficulty.

#### A VISIT TO THE JAIL.

The sheriff sent for me one day, to come to his office. He said:

"There are two young men in jail, from Brown County, Ohio, who claim to be the sons of respectable, pious parents. They heard your name mentioned and said they knew you. Will you visit them?"

I said, "Yes."

In a moment I recognized them as the sons of pious parents. They knew me, and were rejoiced to see me. Counterfeit money was found upon their persons, which, they told me, they had received from some parties near Cincinnati; that

they were not experts, and did not know counterfeit money from genuine. I believed this.

A brother of one of them was a young man of great promise, and I had taken a deep interest in him. He was not a Christian, but was favorably disposed to religion. They begged me to write to this brother, which I did. I then visited a lawyer and requested him, as a personal favor, to see that justice was done them. In a few days the brother arrived. His heart was almost broken. Said he:

"I was making a reputation, and flattered myself that I would be somebody in the world. Now my hopes are blasted."

I answered: "No, that is not true. You stand or fall upon your own merits."

I did all I could for him; introduced him among my friends, who greatly sympathized with him. I pitied the boys. They had a preliminary trial, and as the mayor was satisfied of their innocence, they were discharged. The young man was overwhelmed with joy, and offered me money, which I refused. He was deeply moved because I would not receive it. Afterwards a sum of money was sent me from some quarter; but he would not admit that he sent it, and I never knew who did. For many years afterwards he remained my faithful and devoted friend, and the boys became honored citizens of the county.

At one of my meetings, a young man, seventeen years of age, was deeply convicted of sin. We endeavored to bring him to Christ, but he was stubborn and unyielding. Some time afterwards



I learned that he was sick, and visited him. It was his last sickness. When I entered the room he exclaimed :

“O Doctor, I am lost; lost forever! There is no mercy for me! Give me morphine, and put me out of my misery! I can not die with the awful conviction that I am lost! Let me go unconscious into the future world!”

Many had prayed for him. I labored and prayed for two hours that day, but in vain. I could do no more. In silence I sat and wept. His pious mother was a picture of despair. She sat in perfect silence until I abandoned the effort; then, with clasped hands, she kneeled at his bedside, and, looking upward with a sad and imploring expression upon her face, such as I never had beheld before, she prayed that God would save her son. The son confessed his rebellion against God, and with deep contrition for sin, he labored to present himself to God; but did this without hope of mercy, believing that he was lost. His mother pleaded for him most eloquently until his agony ceased, and with a smile upon his face, he said:

“O mother, your boy is saved!”

For fifteen hours afterwards he rejoiced with exceeding joy, and then closed his eyes on earth to open them in heaven—a monument of his mother’s love and prayer.

There was an appointment on the circuit called Pleasant Hill, of about fifteen or twenty members. It had week-day preaching, but was in no sense aggressive. I preached earnestly, and labored to

produce a better state of things; but without the least evidence of success. I held no revival-meeting there. I came to my last appointment at this place more discouraged than ever before. So far I had no evidence whatever that I had been a blessing in any sense to a member of that little Church, or to any person in that community. I was so embarrassed that I forgot the points of my sermon, and could not even remember the text which I had selected. Hoping that it would come to me, I had the congregation sing several hymns; but in vain. In utter desperation I resolved to open the Bible, and to speak upon the first words upon which my eyes rested. "Show me a token for good," was the first sentence I saw. In a moment a train of thought was suggested to me, and I spoke for half an hour with more freedom than usual; but saw no evidence that any good was done. I hastily closed the services, with more mortification that I had ever experienced. Mounting my horse, I rode away without my dinner, rather than encounter the people among whom I had labored without any success. I recorded in my Journal, "Pleasant Hill a perfect failure." I had none but bitter memories when I thought of it.

Ten years passed away. I was stationed at Ninth Street, Cincinnati. One day, as I stood upon the steps, gazing upon the street, I saw a noble-looking man coming toward me. He hurriedly ascended the steps, and came to where I was. Grasping my hand, he said:

"Are you not the pastor of this Church?"

I said, "Yes."

"Is your name Fee?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"You traveled Eaton Circuit and preached at Pleasant Hill, did you not?"

I replied that I did.

"Do you remember the last time you preached there, and the text?"

"Yes."

"Were you not greatly discouraged that day?"

"I was never more so."

"There were only fifteen persons in the congregation that day," said he. "All were Christians but myself. I have been anxious to see you ever since. Your sermon reached my heart. In three weeks I was converted, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In six months I was appointed a class-leader. Soon after I was licensed to exhort, and at the close of the year licensed to preach. I was recommended to the Indiana Annual Conference for reception on trial, and was received, and have been a traveling preacher ever since. I have been greatly blessed during my ministration of eight years. Three hundred souls were converted last year under my ministration, and in all, more than one thousand, since I began. I wanted to see you once more, and to tell you, discouraged as you had been, and little as you might think of it, through an unworthy son of the gospel you were preaching the gospel of Christ successfully in the State of Indiana."

I have learned that this minister rests from his

labors, and "his works do follow him." He has a son standing upon the walls of Zion, preaching the gospel which his father had so faithfully proclaimed. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

During the latter part of the year I was compelled to walk a great deal, but I did it cheerfully. One day I walked to the residence of Esquire Kelley, who had a delightful family. While I rested there, I became much interested in George W. Kelley, his son. He was a member of the Church, but in a lukewarm state. One morning we went to Twin Creek, in the vicinity, to fish. We sat upon a large rock. I looked at him, and felt strangely impressed to speak to him. Said I:

"I am afraid that you are not succeeding very well in religion."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"I feel so impressed," said I.

He replied: "I am not. The cause of this no human being knows, and never will know."

Said I: "God has called you to preach, and you are fighting against it; and that is the cause of your present religious condition."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I have had bitter experience on that subject, and know what it means; and I pity every one who is suffering as I once suffered."

After a little while he said, "It is true."

I then besought him not to be disobedient to the heavenly calling, but to leave his case with God and the Church; improve his mind and heart, at all events, and prepare himself for usefulness.

This he, with much reluctance, consented to do, and the Lord greatly blessed him.

So intensely interested on the subject were we that our fishing-poles had fallen into the stream and floated away; but George W. Kelley, on that rock on which we sat and talked and prayed, gave himself to God and his Church as he had never done before. He became a very successful traveling preacher, filled some of our best stations, and was instrumental in leading many souls to Christ. A little more than four years since I saw him for the last time. He said:

"Do you remember anything about our fishing in Twin Creek?"

I replied, "Yes."

"Did we catch any fish that day?"

I answered, "No, unless you are one."

He said, "I am indebted to that interview which we had while sitting on the rock by the creek, for the many years I have spent in the Christian ministry;" and with a warm grasp of the hand, he bade me good-bye. The next news I heard was, that Brother Kelley had passed to his rest in heaven. He died in Cumminsville, Cincinnati, May 5, 1892, and his death was greatly regretted by the thousands who knew him.

My work on Eaton Circuit closed with that camp-meeting. I was treated by the people universally with the greatest affection. My return to the charge was earnestly requested. A messenger was sent to the Conference to confer with Bishop Hamline, and, if possible, secure my ap-

pointment. J. S. Hawkins, Esq., speaker of the House of Representative, Ohio, gave me a home at his house. He, with his wife, treated me with almost parental affection. Mrs. Hawkins, during the time, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and became a devoted Christian. In a short time after her conversion she died, beloved by all who knew her. Her disconsolate husband clung to me afterwards in his bereavement with greatest affection. Their kindness I shall never forget. Nor can I forget such men as Judge Jacob Chambers, who yet lives, a most intelligent observer of the times, a man of broad views, a Christian with unswerving convictions, and an unrelenting opponent of the evils of the day. Nor can I forget Jonas Allbright, nor William, his son, who for so many years has been the able editor of the *Eaton Register*, and a most exemplary member of the Church. I might speak of Josiah Campbell and his wife; of Judge Campbell; of Dr. Crume, my physician, and his noble wife; of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; of Mr. and Mrs. Van Doren, and a host of others, whose names are embalmed in my affection.

It was a great trial for me to think of leaving such a people, and going to another part of the State. About three hundred and fifty, at least, had been converted to God, and as many had united with the Church. My relations with other denominations also were pleasant.

I returned to Eaton again, after an absence of nearly fifty years. In their beautiful cemetery I saw the graves of loved and cherished friends.

But few were left to greet me as they had done fifty years before.

The Ohio Conference met in Cincinnati, September 3, 1845. I attended it, with no idea as to my future field of labor. I had made a record quite satisfactory to the charge and to my presiding elder. But I found much to write against myself. The Conference promised to be one of great excitement. The Methodist Episcopal Church was now practically divided, as was claimed. Most of the Churches on slave territory, under what was called the "Plan of Separation," declared their intention to secede. They held a public meeting in Louisville, Kentucky. Bishop Soule, the senior bishop of the Church, attended that meeting, and announced his intention to affiliate with the Southern Conferences. It was noised abroad that he was to be present at the Conference, and if invited to do so, would feel at liberty to preside over its deliberations, and exercise his episcopal authority as heretofore. It was well understood that if this was attempted, the Conference would take decided action against it.

Conference convened in Ninth Street Church. I was present at the first session. The members of the Conference were generally present, also a large number of strangers, among whom were many distinguished ministers of the Southern States. They doubtless came in the interest of the seceders, and, if possible, to protect them against any unfavorable criticisms which might be made upon their recent convention at Louisville.



The Conference opened in the usual way, Bishop Hamline presiding. During the first day's proceedings, Bishop Soule came into the church where the Conference was holding its session; was duly recognized, and introduced to the Conference. He was seated by the side of Bishop Hamline, and treated with the greatest courtesy. The next morning the crisis came. Bishop Hamline, evidently wishing to test the right of Bishop Soule to preside, invited him to occupy the chair. Bishop Soule took the chair, and called for the reading of the Minutes. The brethren present were ready, and when the journal was approved, several prominent ministers sprang to their feet. Jacob Young and Uriah Heath promptly introduced a paper stating that, as the Southern preachers have virtually seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America, in order to form a separate ecclesiastical organization,—therefore,

*“Resolved, That though the Conferences composing the Methodist Episcopal Church will treat the bishops of the Church South with due courtesy and respect, yet it would be, in the estimation of this Conference, inexpedient and highly improper for them to preside in said Conferences.”*

It was a time of intense excitement. I never saw the like before or since. In order to relieve Bishop Hamline of the embarrassment of putting the question, the venerable David Young was called to the chair to put the motion; but, owing to the great excitement which prevailed, he was found unequal to the task, and Jacob Young was asked

to preside. He, too, was unable to do it. Next, if I remember, James Quinn was asked to preside, and he declined. Then, Bishop Hamline, resuming the chair, in a very calm, deliberate manner, said:

“As the responsibility rests upon me, as the regular president of the Conference, I will put the motion.”

Without further debate the vote was taken. It was a rising vote. Only seven of those two hundred members voted to retain Bishop Soule in the chair. I voted with the majority, as I could not do otherwise. Two of Bishop Soule's sons had been my college friends, Joseph and William. I regarded the bishop as one of the greatest ministers in the Methodist Church, and loved him for his personal virtues and his kindness to me. He had ordained me deacon. It was the heaviest cross to vote against him I ever bore; but I did bear it, and I believe now that I performed my duty.

During the Conference, lasting nearly two weeks, Moses Smith and myself were the guests of Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States. At that time he was prominently named as a candidate for the Presidency. No Methodist of the United States was more honored or more beloved than was he. He was a devoted member of Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati. When at home he would uniformly be found at his class and prayer-meeting. In Washington City the same could be said of him. He was not ashamed

of his religion or his Church. Toward Brother Smith and myself he acted like a father. We loved that noble man, and rejoiced to be honored with his friendship. He said to us, before the vote was taken that day:

“Remember, you must be sure to be at dinner to-day,” telling us the hour. “I have invited a number of distinguished ministers, many of whom you know, and I am certain you will be pleased to meet them all.”

When Conference adjourned, we had nothing to do but to repair at once to the residence of the honored judge, and meet these distinguished men. I had never before met so many prominent divines. I remember many of them: Joseph S. Tomlinson, Henry B. Bascom, Burr H. McCown, H. H. Kavanaugh (afterwards Bishop,) Richard Tydings, Jonathan Stamper, Joseph A. Waterman, William H. Raper, Michael Marlay, Edmund W. Schon, Joseph M. Trimble, George W. Maley, William Burke, John F. Wright, Charles Elliott, Dr. Samuel A. Latta, Leroy Swormstedt, Bishop Soule, Bishop Hamline, and others whose names I do not remember.

They were pictures of sorrow. There was scarcely a smile upon the faces of those distinguished ministers. For a time they sat in silence. No one was disposed to break the spell. To me it was a fearful trial to gaze into the faces of men whom I had honored and loved, and to feel the chilling influence of the spirit which estranged them; but I was trying to follow Christ and imitate his Spirit, and by keeping my eyes on him,

he sustained me, and I triumphed over the temptations which beset me with fearful power. At last Mr. Raper and Mr. Kavanaugh began to talk about the War of 1812, in which Mr. Raper was a distinguished officer. This broke the spell which rested upon the assembly, and some of the ministers engaged in formal conversation all around the room. The judge, who had been very much embarrassed at first, was greatly relieved. He conducted us to the dining-room, where a grand entertainment greeted us. After dinner an hour was spent very pleasantly by those who were present, when they parted never to meet again as they had met in other years. The sad memories of that day, I fear, will never leave me in this world.

As I had been educated in Kentucky, and knew nearly all these distinguished men, several of them approached and invited me most cordially to unite with the Southern Church. No one was so eager as was my former preceptor, Henry B. Bascom, afterwards bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. I had the greatest admiration for him, but I hated human slavery. I told him so, and said:

"Professor, much as I love you, and many others who are with you, I am a Northern man with Northern principles, and can never unite my destiny with this Church."

He replied: "All right. If you ever want a friend just call on me, wherever you are, and you will find me to be true."

I never saw him again.

I never spent two weeks more pleasantly than I did at Judge McLean's home. Almost every day I was introduced to different persons from different parts of the United States, who were greatly distinguished in the various vocations of life. They were very anxious that the judge should give his consent to become a Presidential candidate. He met all their advances, as far as I observed, pleasantly; but he did not commit himself in any way. He said to Brother Smith and myself, one evening:

"As you know, I was appointed Postmaster-General of the United States, under the Administration of John Quincy Adams. During my term of service in that department it was determined by the friends of Mr. Adams to have him become a candidate for a second term. I was officially approached and requested to use the patronage of my department in promoting his re-election. This I refused to do on the ground that it was demoralizing and corrupting in its influence upon the General Government and upon the people. This brought upon me a great deal of criticism from the friends of Mr. Adams. As you know, Mr. Adams was defeated, and General Andrew Jackson was elected to the Presidency. When his Cabinet was formed, I supposed that I would be removed; I thought of nothing else, and was greatly surprised when my name was announced to the Senate as Postmaster-General of the United States. As I did not seek nor shun the office, I acquiesced in the appointment. It was not very

long until I learned that the friends of General Jackson were laboring for his election for a second term; and, inasmuch as I had declined to use the patronage of the Post-office Department to secure the re-election of Mr. Adams, they supposed that I was unfriendly to his Administration. Prominent friends of General Jackson informed me that he would be a candidate for a second term, and they desired me to use the patronage of the Post-office Department under my charge to secure his renomination and election to the Presidency. This I at once refused to do, because it was wrong in principle, and would be ruinous in its effect upon the Government. General Jackson sent for me soon after, and desired to know if such was the fact. I frankly admitted that it was. He then desired to know all my reasons for the position I had taken. I told him frankly that with me it was a matter of principle; that I refused to do so under the Administration of Mr. Adams, and I would not do it under any Administration; that I had not asked him for a reappointment, and had no desire to hold the office to his disadvantage. I was ready to retire from it; but I would not do that which I could not do conscientiously. The General was much excited and angry, and I supposed that, of course, I would receive my dismissal from the Post-office Department; but I did not. The first news I had of General Jackson, after this, was notice of my nomination as one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

"This," said the judge, "is a simple, truthful history of this transaction, about which so much has been said in political circles. Since that time I have never for one moment regretted my course. You will doubtless live to see the full demonstration of the wisdom of my decision."

#### A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

On Sabbath morning, Judge McLean said to me: "I never miss a class-meeting if I can attend it, in the city of Washington or elsewhere. It is a necessity of my religious life; and I am always blessed in this means of grace more especially than any other. Some years since, with an associate justice, in one of the towns of Northern Ohio, I was spending a Sabbath at one of the hotels. I asked the landlord if there was any religious meeting in the village that day. At first he said, 'No,' and then said, 'I am mistaken; there is a Dutch blacksmith who holds, every Sabbath, what he calls a class-meeting. He is a Methodist, a class-leader, and I think an honest, sincere man.' The meeting was held in a private room. I decided to attend, and proposed to my friend, the judge, to accompany me. He said: 'I am not a professor of religion, but I will.' When we entered the room we saw a few persons, perhaps a dozen or more. A plain man, with a hymn-book in his hand, was about to commence the service. We were 'the observed of all observers.' The leader waited and waited for some time. He was evidently embarrassed. At last he arose and said in



his broken German: 'I dink it is dime to commence class-meeding. Dose who are nod members of der Medodist Shurch will please redire.' My friend was about to leave, but at my request he remained. The class-leader again said: 'All who are nod Medodist will now please redire.' Again the judge was about to leave, but I constrained him to remain. The leader then opened the services with a hymn, and made a fervent prayer. God was with him, and my friend was deeply impressed. After he had given, in a simple, artless way, his own experience, he called on the others, who were present, to speak; reserving my friend and myself to the last. He first approached the judge and said: 'I believe you are a shudge of der courd. Now, vat you dink about dis ding of religion?' 'I think,' he replied, 'that it is a good thing. I believe in it. I am sorry that I am not as good a Christian as I believe you to be, and I want you to pray for me that I may become a good, earnest Christian.' To this he said: 'Amen. God bless you, Shudge!' His courage had risen wonderfully. He now approached me and said: 'Well, Shudge, vat you dink about dis religion?' I said: 'My brother, it is the best thing in the world. I was converted many years ago at the mourners' bench in Lebanon, Ohio, and joined the Methodist Church. From then until now I have loved the Church, and especially the class-room. Your meeting has been a great blessing to me, and I shall never forget it. God bless you, my brother! May we meet in

heaven!" He fervently responded, "Amen!" with the tears coursing down his cheeks. My friend, the judge, said he had never had so profound an impression made upon him by any religious service as that held by the German class-leader."

I shall never forget Judge McLean and his excellent wife. They have both gone to their reward.

After a protracted session, the Conference closed. The appointments were announced. I was appointed to Putnam Station, now a part of the city of Zanesville. I did not dream of such an appointment. James B. Finley, who knew me, said that my appointment was an absolute necessity. The charge was run down, and unless some very zealous, earnest work was done, it would cease to be a station. It was my first station. I was preacher in charge for the first time, and trembled at the thought.

I made a brief visit to my parents, then returned to Eaton by way of Cincinnati. I left Eaton and traveled a day and a night in an old-fashioned coach. I reached Zanesville on Saturday morning, weary and sick, to commence my labors in a new charge and among a strange people.

James B. Finley was presiding elder. William Langarl was my predecessor. He preached the doctrine of the Second Advent. He was a good, pious man, but was swallowed up in the mazes of this subject. The effect of this upon the charge was very injurious. George C. Crum was sta-

tioned at Second Street, and John Miley at Seventh Street, Zanesville, and beyond these I had no acquaintances in that place as far as I knew. I was so depressed in spirit on my first Sabbath that, while sitting in my room, I said: "O, if I could see a friend!" Just then some one came to the door; I opened it and there stood a college friend, Samuel D. Clayton. He said:

"O, Brother Fee, I pity you! You have a hard field of labor!"

"What!" said I. "You, a Methodist?"

With his eyes full of tears he responded: "Yes, I am a Methodist exhorter."

"Why," said I, "I was afraid when I saw you last that you would go to the bad!"

"No," said he, "I am living in Zanesville, and am enjoying religion."

I was greatly blessed by his coming.

In the afternoon there was an experience-meeting, and many spoke in an edifying manner. At last a girl, whom I supposed to be about fifteen years of age, arose and said that she had been a Christian for six years, and spoke with such power that everybody in the congregation was moved. The very moment I beheld her, I was impressed that she was, some time, to be my wife. I afterwards heard her name again and again; though I did not then know that she was eminently qualified to be a minister's wife.

A short time afterwards I met the young lady on the street, and was introduced to her by the very name of the one who had been so cor-

dially recommended as being so suitable for a minister's wife. For one year I never mentioned this to a human being.

At once I began my work of visiting from house to house. I called the Official Board together. A large number of delinquents were reported. The state of the charge was discouraging ; but I devoted all my energies to my work, preparing and preaching plain, pointed sermons to the hearts and consciences of the members of the Church. In a short time there was a general religious interest manifested in the prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and especially in the increased attendance upon the preaching of the Word.

Attendance upon class-meeting was then a condition of membership. All the delinquents whom I visited, but seventeen, promised to attend the class-meeting. I was instructed to visit the seventeen delinquents and inform them that, unless they would return to duty, charges of negligence would be brought against them, and they would be tried and possibly lose their membership. This was a very serious matter for me. Being a young minister, I knew nothing but obedience to the order and to the Discipline of the Church.

I visited the delinquents one by one, talking to them and praying with them. To my surprise they promised to reform—all save one—and they were soon found in their appropriate places. One of them, a prominent and respectable lady, the wife of a local preacher and the daughter of a

preacher, did not agree to attend the class-meeting. This I deeply regretted, and begged to know the reason, if it were proper for her to give it.

She then told me that she had a family of small children; the meeting was held at night, and there was no one with whom she could leave them; that the Church required of her that which it was impossible for her to do.

"If I had some one to take care of my children," said she, "I would go at once."

I said: "I will find some one to take care of them while you are gone; so be ready to go to class on next Thursday night."

Said she, "Who will it be?"

I replied, "When the time comes you will see."

I went myself. Said I, "I come to take care of your children." I was then a young man.

She said, "That will never do!"

Said I, "It must do!" and persisted until she agreed to attend the class-meeting. I felt that I was doing a good work, and so that excellent lady saved her membership in the Church. She is there to-day.

I succeeded in my work of bringing back delinquents to duty, beyond my expectations. There were evident signs of a better state of things; but soon a serious trouble arose. For years there had been a serious disagreement concerning music in the Church. At the beginning of the year but few were singing, and an almost universal complaint was made on the subject. How to adjust

the matter, I did not know. I made it a subject of prayer. I could not agree with either party. In this emergency I examined the Discipline of the Church, and found that the entire responsibility rested upon the pastor of the Church. I saw that the Discipline provided for just such a state of things as we had. It made provision for good singing. It was the duty of the preacher in charge to appoint one or two to lead the singing and to instruct the congregation in music.

Without consultation with any one, I appointed two brethren to lead singing, both of whom understood the science of music and were well qualified for the position. They accepted the appointment, and on the next Sabbath morning they were sitting together, and several other singers with them, who were there on their own responsibility. The singing that morning was simply wonderful. A large part of the congregation joined, and sung most earnestly and impressively. The oldest member who was present left the congregation. At the close I made a kind of statement to the effect that I had done simply what the Discipline required me to do. I had no right, as I saw it then, to appoint a choir. Our seats were free, and I could not appropriate any part of the church for a certain number of the congregation. Those who sat together, did so by common consent. I said that my object was to promote the Word of God, and to "glorify his name," and not to work to the pleasure of any member of the Church.

I was a stranger, a young man, inexperienced,

and scarcely knew where to go for counsel. A very sad state of things was the result. I was misrepresented and abused as I had never been before. I was called a proud college fop, and other epithets were used which I need not mention. In a word, I was publicly and privately abused by those who were opposed to good singing. They said they never subscribed to that part of the Discipline, and never would. The leading spirit in the opposition said he would give one dollar a head for all the members who were received under my ministry while I was pastor.

As near as I could learn, about forty persons proposed to secede from the Church. This was a great trial to me. Some of these had become members of the Church before I was born. I believed they were honest and sincere, and yet the responsibility was upon me, and I must meet it. I was exhorted by several preachers to prefer charges against those who had aspersed my good name; but this I refused to do. I made up my mind that I would endeavor to maintain a Christlike spirit; that I would not return "evil for evil;" that "I would pray for those who persecuted me, and despitefully used me;" and, wherever I had the opportunity, I would endeavor to treat them with all possible courtesy and kindness.

I prayed night and day for them, and labored with more zeal than I had done before for the promotion of God's work. Jesus in his work was unselfish. He endured all things for me. The chief leader of this difficulty would rise up before me



whenever I prayed, and seemed to stand between me and success. Reading my Bible one day, I chanced upon these words, "Pray for your enemies." It deeply impressed me, and I knew that I must either obtain the victory over this enemy, or I would be defeated, and perhaps ruined. I wrestled, like Jacob, until the victory came, and he was out of my way as much as if he had been dead. I loved him with a wonderful love. After that there was no obstacle in the way of my success.

One day, a lady, who was my principal opponent among the women, came to the house where I was boarding, and informed the family that she had come to reprove me sharply, and to give me the correction which my mother had evidently failed to give me. With a lady in her company she came to my room. I received her most kindly. She began by saying:

"I am not afraid of preachers, and I am going to tell you what I think of you, and reprove you in a way that probably you have never been reprov'd, and you will have to endure it."

She continued in this strain for some time. At the conclusion, I replied:

"My sister, I should be very sorry if you were afraid of me. If you find more fault with me than I find with myself, you will have a large contract on hand. I know I need correction and reproof, and as you have come here to reprove me, I trust it will be made a blessing to me, and, for fear that I might receive it in the wrong spirit and become angry, we ought to have a season of prayer.

You are here as my instructress; we will kneel, and you will lead in an earnest prayer for me, that your labors may be attended with success."

She said, "You pray."

"No," I replied, "you must do the praying."

She said: "I can't pray. I did n't come here to pray. I am not in the spirit of prayer."

I replied, "If any praying is done, you must do it."

She arose from her kneeling position. As she left, she said, "I never saw such a man," and that ended her effort for my reformation. She was soon one of my warmest friends.

God began to bless my preaching in an unusual manner. The difficulty about the singing was dying away. The one who was the most active in the opposition was almost alone, and after a time became silent. Two years afterwards he asked my pardon; for the reason that persons had lied to him, and he had unfortunately believed them. I told him that I had pardoned him long ago; that my difficulties were written in the sand; that they had been washed out long since, and I loved him as a father in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus. To the day of his death we were the best of friends.

So I found that, in the end, a man may believe the Lord. "He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

A great revival began, and in a few weeks more than one hundred were converted to God, and more than that number united with the Church. Our congregations were large, and the house was

crowded. The Church had improved one hundred per cent in almost every particular.

At this time I was exceedingly timid. I was afraid to preach outside of my own pulpit, although I was often invited. I had the humblest views of my pulpit ability. Our quarterly-meetings were occasions of great interest at that time. Our presiding elder, James B. Finley, determined to cure me of my diffidence, if he could.

A quarterly-meeting was held in two of the churches of Zanesville. I was appointed to preach on Monday morning at nine o'clock, and the members of Seventh Street and Putnam Station were invited to be present. I begged to be excused; but my petitions were treated with almost cruel opposition, and I found that I must endure the trial. The congregation was a remarkably intelligent one. Among the ministers were Finley, Miley, David Young, and Samuel J. Cox,—all of them men of distinguished ability. As they all sat before me, with the exception of Finley, I was unable to look up, so embarrassed was I. I felt like sinking down in the pulpit; but I prayed, and God gave me some relief. There was a crowded house. I was a stranger, with none but God upon whom I could lean. For a time I spoke with great embarrassment, and felt that I must have help, or I must sit down. The old saying, "God never fails those who trust him," came to my relief. My courage rose. Light, peace, power, and love came to me. I now could look the congregation in the face, and those emi-

nent ministers, whose presence I feared as much as I feared death, were as the rest of the congregation. The people all over the house were overwhelmed and in tears. I sat down wondering at the grace which had crowned the effort. It was pronounced by the members to be one of the best meetings ever held in that church.

I was sent for during the winter to come to Somerset to hold a meeting for a week. I went, and fifty souls were converted. I next held a meeting at Newark and at Cambridge, and my labors were not in vain.

Early in the year James B. Finley was appointed chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary, and David Young appointed in his place as presiding elder. He was a man of great intellectual ability, of much dignity of character, sharp and incisive in all he said and did, and was generally a terror to all young men. I was afraid of him, although he treated me with great kindness whenever I met him.

The last Quarterly-meeting Conference came. A new secretary was appointed. As he was writing the Minutes, he wrote:

*Ques.* "Are there any appeals?"

*Ans.* "None."

*Ques.* "Are there any complaints?"

*Ans.* "None."

Mr. Young, interrupting him, said:

"Now what sense is there in all that? 'Are there any appeals? Are there any complaints?'"

The secretary was frightened, and said: "I

do n't know. I have followed the Minutes of other Conferences."

Mr. Young said: "That is no reason. I want to know what sense there is in it, and what it is for?"

I felt deeply for the terrified secretary, and I said:

"Mr. President, I see no reason, unless to make the president do his duty by asking the usual questions."

He replied: "If the president do n't do his duty, arraign him and try him for it."

I answered: "That would be too large a contract for a young man like me."

He took the pen out of the hands of the secretary, and wrote the Minutes of the Conference himself. When the business of the Conference was all attended to, he was still writing. I waited for some time after, when he exclaimed with some feeling:

"I have been waiting for nearly a half-hour for some one to move an adjournment."

I said: "Mr. President, I was waiting, before I made the motion, for the *secretary* to complete the Minutes."

The color came to his face in a moment.

"Well," said he, smiling, "that's pretty good!"

They all said, and I believed it, that I was "done for" in his estimation, and was confident that I would be removed from the charge. I told the brethren so, and was ready to go. They told Mr. Young how I felt, and he emphatically said:

"Never! *never!* NEVER! Beyond any man of

the Conference, I want his return; and he *shall* return."

I was returned, having a much better time than I had any reason to expect. "It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvelous in my eyes."

The Conference, in the year 1846, was held in Piqua, Ohio. John Miley and myself traveled in a buggy from Zanesville to Lancaster, where we stopped with an old friend, Randolph S. Foster, who was stationed in Lancaster. The next morning we three, in company with R. O. Spencer, presiding elder of the Chillicothe District, started for Piqua in buggies. The second day after this we reached Piqua in the evening, and R. S. Foster preached the opening sermon; one of the ablest of his life.

Bishop Morris presided over the Conference. When examination of character began, he called the name of David Young, to whom I have referred, and asked: "Is there anything against Brother Young?"

The answer was, "No."

He then said: "Brother Young, have you anything to say?"

Brother Young replied: "I am a very unworthy minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. I do n't know whether I have ever done any good; whether I have ever led anybody to Christ." Choking with emotion, he was retiring from the room, when Bishop Morris arose to his feet, and said:

"Well spoken! Brother Young has at least one son in the gospel, and he stands before you."

Having completed my fourth year in the Conference, I was elected and ordained an elder by Bishop Morris, and by the laying on of the hands of a number of elders who have long since gone to their reward. I was returned to Putnam Station, and was most cordially welcomed back by the entire Church.

On my arrival at the charge I first met Miss Sarah Ann Thomas, and the impression again came to my mind that she, one day, would become my wife. I said nothing about this for some time; but after much thought and prayer, to her surprise, I addressed her and was accepted. On the 24th of November, 1846, we were united together in marriage by John Miley, assisted by George C. Crum, at her residence in the town. I believed then, as I have believed ever since, that this union was in harmony with God's will and in answer to prayer. We immediately left on a bridal trip. We visited my relatives, Mr. Levi Rhinehart and his family, and then went to Cincinnati, and from there to Felicity, Ohio, on a visit to my parents.

In due time we returned, and I began my work with renewed energy and zeal. The year was one of much prosperity and peace. I longed for a larger field. At Moxahala, two miles below Zanesville, there was a large distillery and a great number of inhabitants, generally employees of the distillery. I felt that I ought to visit and preach to them, which I did, and much interest was awakened. I held meeting there for several days.



Many were converted, and a class of about thirty-five members was formed. A few years after, the distillery disappeared, and has never since been reinstated.

My pastorate at Putnam was full of interest. Two or three incidents I will mention :

One evening, when a deep revival interest pervaded the congregation, I left the pulpit in order to speak to some persons seeking Christ. When I returned, a number of others had come to the altar, among whom was a large, noble, dignified, intelligent-looking man. He was kneeling with his face toward the congregation and looking upward. I approached him and said :

"My friend, though a stranger, I am glad to see you here."

He replied: "This is the last place I expected to be an hour since. When I came into the congregation this evening, I was a proud Pharisee, thanking God that I was not as other men; that I was not like these poor despised Methodists, whom I regarded with pity. But the Holy Spirit threw his light upon my soul, though 'within there was nothing but rottenness and dead men's bones.' I was educated in the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, but never saw the wickedness of my heart as I see it now, nor felt the necessity of a great change as I feel it now. I hope, sir, I shall have your counsel and your prayers."

I found him to be a man of unusual intelligence, and I took great interest in him. Before the meeting closed he found "the pearl of great

price," and, "as a babe in Christ," he was found at the feet of Jesus, ready to receive the loving attention of the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This gentleman's name was Brown. His wife was an Episcopalian, and her brother was rector of the Episcopal Church in Delaware. She utterly disliked the Methodists, and, when she found that her husband had been at the altar and had made a profession of religion, it was a fearful blow to her pride. Mr. Brown was not present at the service on Sabbath morning, but at the evening service he was there in his ordinary clothes. I preached from the text that night: "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee." Mrs. Brown, having locked up her husband's Sunday clothes so as to prevent him from coming to church in the morning, mistrusted him in the evening. Surmising that he might be at the Methodist Church, she took a seat near the door just as I announced my text. As I spoke of pride and the manner in which human beings are deceived by it, she accosted a lady friend of mine who sat by her side, and exclaimed:

"That is very unkind! Who told him about me? Somebody must have done so or he never would have known it. I think it very unkind for a gentleman to expose a lady as he has exposed me before this whole congregation."

The lady replied: "He does not know you."

"Yes he does," she said.

As I brought my sermon to a close, she said:

"He appears to be a good, honest man, and I

am surprised that a man looking like a gentleman should have exposed a lady as he has exposed me."

Seekers had filled the altar. Mr. Brown was there, kneeling and pointing them to Christ. After a moment's thought, I said :

"Mr. Brown, will you lead us in prayer?"

He responded, and such a prayer I scarcely ever heard. The whole congregation was impressed by it. I had occasion, a moment after, to walk down the aisle ; as I did so, a lady took my arm and said :

"Your name is Mr. Fee?"

I replied that it was.

"I am Mrs. Brown, the wife of the gentleman who has just prayed. Did you ever hear such a prayer in your life? It was the most wonderful prayer I ever heard! I have read the prayer-book through and through, and there is not one to equal it."

Her pride which had been so deeply moved by her husband's confession, was now heightened, if possible, by her husband's prayer.

Mr. Brown was confirmed, and united with the Episcopal Church at Zanesville, where he became a great power for good. Mr. Smallwood, the rector, was so impressed by it that he asked the privilege of preaching one week-day in my pulpit. It was granted. He was pleased with his reception, and said to me:

"Were it not for a canon of our Church, I would be most happy to reciprocate the courtesy

you have extended to me, and invite you to my own pulpit."

Mr. Brown attended our church whenever he could, and his wife was with him and greatly enjoyed the services. His business at length called him to New Orleans, where he spent some months. The cholera was raging while he was there, and one day he was attacked by that fatal disease. It soon became apparent to his physician and himself that he must die. He said to his friend who was with him:

"Mr. B., I am ready; all is peace and joy; I die in a strange land, but I am sure of heaven! Here is my Bible, which has been my constant companion during my Christian life; the truth of which now sustains me. As I am on the brink of death, take it and carry it carefully to my wife, and commend it to her as the widow's guide and comfort. Now, I have one more thing to do, and then I am done. Here is my prayer-book. It has been a great comfort and blessing to me. It has helped me in my devotions. I want you to carry this to Zanesville, see Mr. Fee, and present it to him as the last memento of a dying Christian's love. Tell him I have never forgotten him, for he led me to Christ, and I will look for him and welcome him to the shores of eternal life."

Soon after this he fell asleep, and his body rests in a foreign land. "Peace to his ashes!" Mrs. Brown, in the last days of her life, became a devoted Methodist, and I have no warmer friend than she proved to be.

## A PAINFUL PASTORAL VISIT.

One day I called to see a lady who was a member of my Church. Her husband was a wicked man. She looked very sad, and I thought was greatly discouraged. There was, evidently, some secret in her life which she did not reveal. I said :

“ Shall I pray with you ? ”

She hesitated for a moment, and I remarked :

“ If it is not agreeable, I will defer it. ”

She said, “ Pray ! ”

I kneeled down and prayed. During the prayer I heard a strange, suppressed muttering in the adjoining room, which was closed up. I left, and thought no more about it until that evening, when a brother of the lady, who, was a member of my Church, came with another brother to see me, and said :

“ I suppose you will have to expel me from the Church. ”

I said, “ I have heard nothing against you. ”

“ Have n't you ? ” said he.

“ No. ”

“ Did you not hear what occurred after you left the house of my brother-in-law ? He assaulted and abused my sister shamefully. She is in a critical condition. When my brother and myself saw it, we lost all control over ourselves and beat him almost to death. He had whipped her a number of times before, but we let him alone until now. ”

I expressed my sorrow, when he asked :

“ But, do you not censure us ? ”

I replied: "Yes, I do censure you for not whipping that man before. If she had been my sister I would have whipped him long ago."

Whether I did right in saying this, I do not say. After this wretched man learned what I said, he conducted himself with greater propriety, and was never known again to treat his wife with cruelty. In a few months I was called to his bedside. He was dying in a fit of delirium tremens. My heart became as hard as stone, and my mind as dark as midnight. I tried to pray for him; but I could not. He died as he had lived. I can only leave him with God. The Judge of all the earth will do right.

#### WRECK OF THE ZANESVILLE STEAMER, BELLE ZANE.

Captain Ayers, commander of the Zanesville steamer, *Belle Zane*, gave me the following account of the wreck of that steamer:

"The boiler exploded, killing a number of persons, most of whom were from Zanesville. The boat soon began to sink, and the passengers—some fifteen in number—ran to the hurricane-deck for safety. The deck floated off. If the wind had risen, we all would have been washed away and drowned. We had no means of reaching the shore. We were in a wild region of the Mississippi. No help was in sight. Men and women were frantic with fear. There was only one in all that boat who seemed composed. He was a man past middle age. He sat down, and taking a book from his pocket, began to read. They sus-

pected he must be a religious man, and said: 'If he is, we must ask him to pray.' They asked him if he was a Christian. He said: 'I am. I am a Methodist local preacher.' 'Won't you pray for us?' they asked. 'I will,' he replied. Before he prayed he read the twenty-third Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' etc. His countenance lighted up with an unearthly joy. He then kneeled on the rough platform to which we were clinging, and O, I never heard such a prayer on earth! He prayed for us all, commending us to God. Then with expressions of joy he said: 'We shall be delivered; but I know not how. I feel that God has heard me and our prayer is answered.' In a little while we were seen from the shore. Small boats were sent to our rescue, and we were brought back to our friends and our homes."

#### AN EXPERIENCE IN PREACHING.

There was in my charge a man who claimed a membership in the Church. I never heard of his doing any good. He was the greatest reformer in the town, but was never charged with being exemplary in his own deportment. He was said to be a tale-bearer, a fault-finder, a tattler, and a gossip.

There were signs of a revival. This man was stirred up, and was doing much harm. His foot-prints could be seen almost everywhere. I had been so tried that I determined to endure this no longer without a most effective protest. The next Sabbath I preached a sermon against tale-bearing



and tattling, which I had prepared with great care, solely for the benefit of this man. I drew his picture, described his spirit and conduct so graphically, as I thought, that any one could read it and understand it. I supposed that I would give offense. I had learned that any one who offended him would be in danger of personal violence. The sermon, it was agreed, had hit the mark. Supposing that I would have a personal encounter, I was on the lookout.

I went to a class-meeting, and was invited to lead it. Just after I began, who should come in but this tale-bearer? I prepared myself for a round of personal abuse, if not something worse. I spoke to all the members of the class present, and at the close asked the tale-bearer if he had anything to say. He promptly arose, and said that it had been the happiest day he had spent for eleven years; it was the old gospel, such as he used to hear in Virginia; and that he really was so impressed by the sermon that he could scarcely contain himself. The class was mostly composed of ladies, and addressing them he said:

"Sisters, after hearing such a sermon as that, if you don't give up your tea-parties and quit your gossiping and tale-bearing, I shall think there is no hope for you."

I dismissed the meeting, and never tried afterwards to preach a sermon for any one member of my congregation.

My second year at Putnam charge closed. My pastorate had not been in vain. About two hun-

dred souls had been converted. The membership was largely increased, and their financial ability so improved that they could now support a married man without difficulty. I had reason to thank God and take courage. From that day to this I have been treated with great kindness by the people of Putnam.

The Conference convened in Columbus, Ohio, September, 1, 1847, Bishop E. S. Janes presiding. I had had no interview with my presiding elder. I had been attacked with fever and ague, and my health was much impaired. I went to the Conference, submitting my case to God and the Church, and believing that all would be for the best. I was entertained at the Conference by Peter Hayden, Esq., a contractor at that time in the Ohio Penitentiary, and afterwards one of the most distinguished business men of Columbus. He, with his wife, treated me with all possible courtesy and consideration. Bishop Waugh was also at the Conference, and Thomas E. Bond, of Baltimore, editor of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York City. During his visit here, Dr. Bond preached a sermon of great interest and power.

At the close of the Conference session the appointments were read. I had received no intimation as to my own appointment, and listened until most of the names were gone over. At last the bishop announced: "Guyandotte (West Virginia), William I. Fee." David Reed was now my presiding elder. Never was I more surprised than at this appointment. J. M. Jameson, my presiding elder

on the Zanesville District, which included Putnam, had never said a word to me on the subject.

It required a journey of nearly two hundred miles to reach the extreme part of my charge. I was now a married man, and there was no provision made for my wife. I must leave her at home. Fever and ague threatened to prostrate me. West Virginia, or that portion of it embraced in the Ohio Conference, was in a terrible state of excitement resulting from a division of the Church; and the slavery agitation was then at its height. Some of the preachers had been warned by public meetings to leave, and others had been driven out. Families and societies were rent asunder by the separation of the Southern Conferences. They had voted on the subject of their Church relationship, *pro* and *con*. This bore the bitterest fruit. The question was, whether we could maintain an existence on that soil. The question of slavery would not down. What could I do with such surroundings and such prospects before me?

I rode from Columbus to Zanesville, some sixty miles, in a coach. To my surprise I found Bishop Waugh and Thomas E. Bond in the coach. They knew the hardships of my case, and Bishop Waugh began at once to talk to me in a loving, sympathetic manner: He said:

"If all the facts had been known, you would not have been appointed to that work."

I replied: "Bishop, as I see it, it is God's call, and I go, no matter what awaits me there. I have no bitterness, no unkindness in my heart against

anybody, North, South, East, or West. I can not go there in the bitter spirit which prevails on both sides of the line. I will endeavor to preach Christ crucified, in the spirit of Christ, as well as I can, and leave the rest to him."

He commended this resolution, telling me it would win. He then gave me some advice, and was seconded by Dr. Bond. Said the bishop:

"When I was a young man like yourself, I was sent to Greenbrier Circuit, Virginia, not very far from your work. It was a great disappointment to me. When I reached the place I found it a wilderness. It had just been settled. Rude cabins were my only places of entertainment. I was directed by my presiding elder to go at once to the house of the recording steward. He gave me an excellent account of this man; told me he was the most prominent man on the circuit, and that when I reached his house I would be at home. I had lived in good style previously, and hoped, when I reached the house of the recording steward, I should have a good home, with all the conveniences which I had formerly enjoyed. When I came within a few miles of my destination I began to look for his mansion, but saw nothing inviting. At last I came to a piece of cleared ground on which stood a cabin and a small barn, and there was a garden; beyond these there was nothing inviting. I said: "I will go in and inquire for the steward." I met a shoemaker dressed in home-made clothing. He had a very intelligent countenance and an impressive manner. In reply to my

inquiry he said: 'I am the recording steward.' All my fine expectations were crushed. He looked at me eagerly, and I at him as best I could. At last he said very sorrowfully:

" 'Young man, you are disappointed. You expected something better than this, and perhaps you deserve something a great deal better; but it is the best we have, and you are welcome, thrice welcome. Consider this your home, and before you leave you will feel that it is better than you thought for. And now, young man, I understand the situation. You can let me know of your disappointment as much as you please, but don't let it be known on the circuit. It would mar your prospects, and blight your ministerial life, perhaps. Be good in the spirit of the Master. Be courteous, be very, very cheerful, and you may win in the wilderness souls to Christ who "will sparkle in your crown of rejoicing in the days of the Lord Jesus." ' "

" He assured me of the deepest sympathy and the warmest love of these backwoods people. In twenty-four hours I was at home. I went to my work cheerfully and had a glorious time. It was the first year of my itinerant life, and I look to it with more pleasure than any appointment I have ever received. And now, my brother, I do not see how your appointment could be much worse than it is; but go with the love of a Christian; go in the spirit of Jesus. He has said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' He will stand by you, and give you success."

## CHAPTER IV.

APPOINTMENTS, WEST VIRGINIA—KENTUCKY—  
OHIO. 1847-1851.

BEFORE I left Zanesville the "cloud" had passed, and I was ready for my work. The preachers and the people there alike opposed the appointment, and advised me not to go. The presiding elder, J. M. Jameson, came, deeply afflicted at his own mistake, as he thought, and made all the atonement possible, and said, "Do n't go." I replied:

"Yes, I am going. While I am loyal to you, I must be loyal to the Church, and loyal to God, and my conscience. I can not do otherwise."

My poor wife said, heroically: "Go. I wish I could go with you to your circuit; but go. It is your duty, and I will bear your absence as well as I can."

I learned that I must travel two hundred miles on horseback, most of it through a wild country; and in some places it would be dangerous, for it was infested by robbers. The time of parting came. As I clasped to my heart my young wife, who had left all for my sake and Christ's, I said, "Good-bye," not knowing what would befall me amid the exciting scenes upon which I was about to enter. God alone could give me the comfort

which I needed, and the promise, "Lo, I am with you," was never dearer to me than now.

On my way, when near my charge, I lost my pocket-book, which contained my credentials and ordination parchments as a deacon and an elder, with other valuable papers. I could show no proof that I was a minister, and I knew no one on the charge. The papers were found, however, and returned to me, and I have them now. Every other day, while on the journey, I was attacked with fever, and compelled to lie down under the trees until it passed away, and then resumed my travel. I reached Guyandotte in safety, and was most cordially received by Percival Smith and his brother, D. R. Smith; his brother-in-law, Mr. Davis; Major A. M. Whitney, who kept the hotel; John Chambers, and other true and loyal men.

The situation, while very discouraging, was better than I had anticipated. The circuit was fifty miles wide, and seventy or eighty miles long, having two hundred members. The appointments were about twenty miles apart. The circuit extended along the Ohio River, from Kanawha to the mouth of the Big Sandy River, running up within a few miles of Charleston, now the capital of West Virginia, and thence down the Kanawha River to its mouth. It embraced Guyandotte and Barboursville—the county seat of Cabell County. There was not one church edifice left to us. All had been taken by the Church South. Everything was new and strange. There was a society in Guyandotte, but in Barboursville we had no mem-



bers. The most prominent people on the circuit were members of the Church South, and bitterly opposed to us on account of slavery.

There were very few roads. We traveled on by-paths over the mountains, and along the ravines and creeks. Everything was wild and forbidding. When out of Guyandotte I met with much kindness; but the people were poor. During my two weeks' round on the circuit I never tasted wheat-bread, and drank mountain-tea or spice-tea, instead of tea and coffee. The bread which I ate was baked in the ashes, and while it was the best the people had, and prepared for me cheerfully, it was not adapted to a man well-nigh broken down with fever and ague. Often, when in the wilderness, many miles from a habitation, the chill and fever would come upon me, and, almost delirious, I would hitch my horse, and lie down until it passed off, and then resume my journey.

I found within my circuit at that time four hundred thousand acres of land owned by a company in New York, which had been purchased for twelve and a half cents an acre. There was very little sale for this land at any price.

Nothing was talked about scarcely but Church division. To have come from Ohio branded me at once, in the estimation of many, as a dangerous man. Often my life was imperiled, and I knew not what a day might bring forth; but I never refused to go to any appointment because of threatened danger. I was enabled, by God's help, to maintain the Spirit of my Master, and to "pray

for those who spitefully used me and persecuted me."

Having completed my first round on the circuit, covering a period of two weeks, I prepared the way, as I hoped, for a better state of things. On the second round my congregations largely increased, and appeared to be more hopeful. On my third round I began to understand the habits of the people, and their real condition. Prejudice began to wear away, and many of those who were regarded as our bitter enemies attended the preaching. I found an element in the mountain society for which I soon had the highest admiration. But for them we could not have lived. They held our enemies in subjection. They would have run to our defense at the risk of their own lives. They had no sympathy for the slave oligarchy, the ruling class. They remembered with gratitude that the preachers who had come there were their best friends, and had done all that was done for their betterment. They were the real nobility of West Virginia.

There were scarcely any schools on the circuit. For example, I put up at a house where the proprietor owned five thousand acres of land. There were nine in the family, and yet there was not a book in the house; neither himself, his wife, nor his children could read or write, nor was there one school-house in all that district where his children could be educated. I did what I could to remedy the evil, and I hope not in vain. There was here a class of poor white people whom the slaves

termed "white trash," ready, upon provocation, to take our lives, because, they said, we came to steal their "niggers." A thousand of them together would not have been able to purchase one slave. This class was influenced against us by the politicians. On one occasion a Bible was needed at a county-seat when the oath of office was to be taken. It required a ride of twenty miles before one could be found, to use it in compliance with the State law.

Our first quarterly-meeting was held in Guyandotte. Men and women came from all parts of the country. It was like the gathering of the persecuted Christians in the primitive times.

What power there was in our love-feast! A number of venerable, noble men, sons of the forests, were there, and ready to die for their principles, if need be. Among these was Daniel Spurlock, a prominent man in that part of the State, and brother of two leading ministers who affiliated with the Church South. But Daniel was not to be moved. He was regarded with respect and admiration by all who knew him, and he enjoyed the situation. He used to say the Methodist Church never prospered until it was "kicked out of doors." It was a wonderful benediction to be with him, and to hold service in his house. Then there was Squire Hinchman, a worthy man, educated, sensible, consecrated to God, and ready, if need be, to die for him or for his cause. He ended his life in Libby Prison, a martyr for the faith which he professed and the liberty which he was endeavor-

ing to promote. There were present also Colonel James Carroll, a lineal descendant of Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; James Black, true as steel, and faithful to the last; Captain Jordan, who had a church in his house, and was worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. But time would fail me to tell of scores of others whose names are written in heaven, and ought to be immortal in the annals of our Church.

Following the quarterly-meeting, arrangements were made for the entertainment of my wife. After an absence of four months I returned to Zanesville, soon to leave with her for our first home. On our arrival at my appointment in West Virginia, the first greeting which Mrs. Fee received was from a lady member of the Church, who told her that they had no use for preachers' wives, and that preachers had no business to get married. Mrs. Fee bore this insult in silence, as she has borne all the trials of an itinerant life from that time to this.

Major Whitney, from New York City, the proprietor of the hotel, with his wife, a most hospitable lady, who had been brought up in the State of Maine, entertained me. These people had more liberal ideas than prevailed generally in that country. I had received but little to support myself and wife, and my money was nearly all expended. Because of traveling in the mountains, my garments were almost worn out, and I was not able to clothe myself decently from the salary which I received.

But these people were poor, and did the best they could, and I had no right to complain.

About this time the sectional controversy raged intensely, as it was noised about among our enemies that, at our General Conference the next year, West Virginia would be set off into a separate Conference, and that the policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church was to maintain, at all hazards, an ecclesiastical existence in the State of Virginia. As this impression increased, our enemies grew more bitter, until persecution broke out in a vindictive form.

H. Z. Adams and B. N. Spahr were stationed on the Charleston Circuit, which adjoined Guyandotte. The slaveholders and their friends, to the number of two hundred, called a meeting to be held at Malden, some eight or ten miles above Charleston. This meeting was to be arrayed against what they termed Northern preachers and people. Previous to this there had been but little disturbance in all that region. The meeting was held. H. Z. Adams and B. N. Spahr drove up to the place—a very dangerous operation—and found a large number present, all of whom were full of vindictiveness against the ministers and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were just passing a preamble and resolution to the effect that, whereas, we were Abolitionists, and were about to incite the slaves of West Virginia to an insurrection, and were, besides, citizens of another State, we had no right there; that our very presence threatened the peace and safety of society.

They passed resolutions commanding us to leave the State peaceably at once, and threatened that, if we did not do this, we should be driven out forcibly.

Mr. Adams was a man of stalwart form, about six feet tall, weighing about two hundred pounds, straight as an arrow, and fearless of danger. He begged the privilege of saying a few words in defense of those who were attacked; but they paid no attention to him, and passed the resolution over his head. A minister of another denomination arose and complimented the meeting upon the unanimity with which the resolution was passed. Said he:

“I regard these men as Christians and gentlemen, but they have no business here. Let them go to Ohio where they were born, and where they belong.”

Mr. Adams sprang to his feet, and said:

“Mr. President,—You would not permit me to speak in regard to the preamble and resolutions which were passed; you will now permit me to speak in reply to the minister who has just taken his seat. I am glad, Sir, that he regards us as Christians and gentlemen. I would to God I could reciprocate the compliment. He said to me and to others: ‘You have no business here. Go to Ohio where you belong.’ I do n’t belong to Ohio. I have the honor—if there be any honor in it—to have been born in the Commonwealth of Virginia. If I was not born wealthy, I was born free, and my ancestors, generally, have lived and died here, and



are buried in the soil of Virginia. My father and mother are buried here. My brothers and sisters who live, live here, and those who are dead are interred here. And my wife and my children are buried in the soil of Virginia. And now, before you shall tear me from the place of my birth, and the place which contains the remains of my beloved wife and children, you may cut my throat—as you probably will—and carry my remains to the State of Ohio, but I will never go alive. As to my opinions on the subject of slavery, they are my property. I have said but little on the subject here; but my private opinion is, that the man who will not lift his voice against this traffic that is going on in this country, and in this very neighborhood, in human flesh and blood, is neither a friend to his country nor loyal to his God. You may help yourselves if you can.”

It is said that many of the auditors were in tears. Mr. Adams was the victor in this conflict. They determined that he should preach no longer in his own church in Charleston. When the next Sunday night came, his appointment was announced. A multitude crowded to the church. Many said he would not dare preach; but he declared, “Preach I will, live or die.” When the hour arrived, he arose, and, in a very impressive manner, announced the hymn, No. 462, containing these verses :

“Awed by a mortal’s frown, shall I  
Conceal the Word of God most high?  
How then before thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how thine anger bear?



Yea, let men rage ; since thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wing around my head ;  
Since in all pain thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove."

It was sung with a will, and the spirit of the prayer that followed was in keeping with the spirit of the hymn. He arose and announced his text:

"Now, when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." (Dan. vi, 10.)

Such a sermon, we suppose, was never preached in West Virginia as Mr. Adams preached that night. God was with him, his enemies were awed, and his friends rejoiced. A victory was gained for the Methodist Episcopal Church, its ministers, and its members, and for the cause of truth, which is fresh and green to-day. I had the honor, a short time after this, of uniting in marriage the Rev. Mr. Adams and Miss Elizabeth Chambers, a lady of Guyandotte, who yet lives to mourn the departure of her noble and honored husband.

In December, 1847, there was a great flood in the Ohio River. The river rose rapidly, and was soon over its banks. I was boarding at that time in the hotel. Travelers were delayed by the flood, and the house was well filled with guests. Members of Congress and distinguished statesmen were in the habit of stopping here on their way to

Washington City. When the flood had reached its height, there were six feet of water in the dining-room. Guests and servants alike were compelled to occupy the second story. Some houses were swept away, and we had serious apprehensions that we might share the same fate. One building, between Guyandotte and Cincinnati, was undermined and wrecked, and seventeen persons were drowned. For ten days I did not place my feet upon *terra firma*. All traffic was suspended; but I had a good field for labor in the hotel. The subject of slavery was calmly discussed by members of Congress and others; but the best of feeling prevailed. I found gentlemen of the extreme South very approachable on that subject. To me the existence of slavery was a fearful problem, as it had been almost from the beginning of my religious life.

It had been my habit not to allow myself to be in the company of any stranger in personal conversation for fifteen minutes at a time without introducing the subject of religion. I did this during our ten days' confinement in the hotel, and have every reason to believe that it resulted in permanent good. A gentleman and his wife, from Eastern Virginia, were happily converted.

Among the guests at the hotel was a very quiet, dignified gentleman, recently from England, whose name I ascertained was John B. Pincheon. He had come to West Virginia for the purpose of bettering his fortunes. One day I was conversing with a number of gentlemen of intelligence on

the merits of different poets. A number of persons gathered around us, and were listening with much interest to what was being discussed. Mr. Pincheon sat by and listened most attentively. At last he ventured to say:

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to obtrude my opinion? Young's 'Night Thoughts,' in many respects, surpasses almost every other poem."

Quotations were made from others: from Milton, Gray, Collins, and other eminent poets; but in reply to every one of these, while acknowledging their excellence, he would present some startling quotation from Young, until we were all compelled to admit that he was master of the field in the discussion. He received, with great deference, our congratulations and expressions of appreciation.

I began to study this gentleman's character, and made up my mind, from all I saw and heard, that he must have a history. He was not only a man of intelligence, but of refinement as well. I ventured to approach him, and learned that he was able to repeat from memory, almost all of Young's "Night Thoughts," and a large portion of Milton's "Paradise Lost." He then told me that he had been somewhat unsuccessful in business; had left his family in Europe, but hoped to remove them to the United States. I then said:

"My dear sir, there is an impression upon my mind that if you are not a Christian now, you have been; and if you are not at present a minister of the gospel, you have been, or you feel that you ought to be."

He replied, "I have never indicated this to any one, so far as I know."

"But," said I, "in my inmost soul I feel that such is the case."

He said: "Then sir, to tell you the truth, I am a Wesleyan Methodist, and have been for years a Methodist local preacher. I feel lost without Church relationship. For months I have not labored in the vineyard of the Lord. This has troubled me, and has brought coldness upon my heart."

"My dear brother," said I, "this ought to be known publicly. How long will you remain here?"

"I shall remain," he replied, "until I ascertain what I am to do, and where I am to go."

Said I, "Will you attend our meeting?"

"I will," he answered.

He was present at the very first meeting I held. He offered a remarkable prayer, and made a few eloquent remarks afterwards. All were impressed that he was a good man, and that he possessed marvelous abilities, which would make him very useful in this country. Suffice it to say, I invited him to exhort and preach; and it was not long until the West Virginia Conference was formed, and he became a member of it, and one of the most useful and talented ministers who were ever connected with it. He died not long since, in the land of his adoption, in the faith he had so ably preached to others. He made a noble record, and "though dead, he yet speaketh."

In the month of February, 1848, the bitterness

of our persecution greatly increased. Our enemies were determined that we should, in some way, be driven from that territory. My charge, finding that they would not be able to give me anything like a support, and as there was little prospect of public sentiment changing for the better, proposed to abandon the effort. Several of the leading members came to the conclusion that they might as well surrender, first as last. They notified the proprietor of the hotel that they would not be responsible for my boarding. If he boarded myself and wife and child longer, he must do it at his own risk. It seemed to me that the trials of my life culminated that day. My disease of fever and ague seemed to be almost incurable. I was alone in my room. The fearful depression which preceded an attack of ague was upon me. It appeared to me that I had no friends upon earth or in heaven. I was sincere, I was honest. I had left home, and friends, and kindred, and all earthly good, it seemed to me, for Christ's sake and the gospel's. My money was gone, my friends, as I supposed them to be, had deserted me, and there was not one star of hope to illumine my firmament of darkness.

While thus gloomily pondering the trials of my life, a colored waiter, a slave, came to see me—as she did sometimes—to look after my clothes, and repair them if needed. She said to me :

“Child, how sorry we are for you! We would help you, if we could. You are here suffering for us; and yet, you know, we dare not say one word. We love you next to Jesus Christ.”

She then offered to help me just as far as she could; but I said, "No, leave me."

I felt that my heart would break. I had reached the depths of anguish. I locked the door, and, kneeling before my Bible on a chair, said:

"O, my Father, if there is relief for me, let my eye, as I open the Bible, rest upon some words that will give me relief!"

I opened the Bible at random, and the first words upon which my eye rested were these: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and, verily, thou shalt be fed." (Psa. xxxvii, 3.)

In one moment relief came. The clouds dispersed, the sun of God's presence shone again, and all was light around me. Deliverance had come. I was the victor through Christ. I had not one cent of money, nor a second suit of clothes. I had never been reduced to such a state before; but I was happy, yea, more happy than if I had been worth a million dollars. In an hour the landlord came to my room, and told me what had happened. He made some very severe remarks about my friends having deserted me. He said:

"Do n't be uneasy; I am your friend. I will board you gratis as long as it is your pleasure to serve this people, unworthy as they are of such labor as you have bestowed upon them. This is your home."

That night there was prayer-meeting. At its close I rose and said:

"Unless you positively object, this will be the

commencement of a protracted meeting. If you are against it, say so; if any of you are in favor of it, let me know."

One man, a Mr. Davis, said:

"I want it. I will stand by you, and help you at every cost."

The next morning a note was handed to me, stating that a friend desired me to call at the merchant tailor's. I found that a prominent lady of the society had ordered for me a splendid suit of broadcloth, which she begged me to accept as evidence of her sympathy with me and her interest in the cause for which I was laboring. God had not deserted me.

The next evening came, and a goodly number were present to commence the revival-meeting. Six came forward at once for prayers, and some of them were converted. The work went on every night for several weeks, and I think about seventy found the Savior. Nearly all the white people about the hotel were converted.

I had been the subject of much criticism because I boarded at the hotel; but it was the only place where I could board. The landlord was greatly blessed. His two daughters, a son, and a brother were converted, as was also the clerk of the hotel. The influence of the revival extended all over the town and the surrounding country; and from that day to this, the Church in that city has stood, in the midst of all her trials, unmovable.

One night our enemies determined, in some way



or other, to break up our meeting. In case of disturbance, we had no protection from those who administered the law; for in that place the public authorities were all against us. Some seven persons were bowing at the altar, and the Church had become quiet. The impression came to me that I ought to ask all who had an interest at the throne of grace, to kneel with me, and ask God for his special help. We at once kneeled. I was utterly without hope of human help, and felt that my dependence was upon God alone. I became oblivious to everything around me. I heard nothing, I saw nothing. I only knew that I was praying to God for victory—such a victory as would silence our enemies, and vindicate the cause which we were laboring to promote. The darkness of midnight was around me. Clouds of darkness were over me. I prayed on, until finally it seemed as if my feet were standing upon the clouds that had overshadowed me, and the bright sunshine of God's love and God's Spirit was around me. I came to myself, and repeated, joyfully, "Victory, victory, victory, through Jesus Christ!"

I found, when I arose and turned to the scenes around me, that, all at once, a Divine influence came upon the people. Those around the altar were instantly converted. Many fell in all parts of the house, and were prostrated on the floor. Some ran out of the house, shrieking for mercy. The rowdy element was all gone. They disturbed us no more. So true is it that "God is our stronghold in the day of trouble."

Some time after this, as I was about to go to an appointment in Tazey's Valley, where there was no society, and where I could count upon only four persons in sympathy with me, and the entire community against me, I learned that a mob would beset me on the road. I was warned a number of times not to think of going, as it might cause me serious trouble; but I could not do otherwise than go. I went forward, trusting in God, who had heretofore sustained me in every hour of trial. When I drew near the place where I expected to encounter the mob, I beheld a number of rough-looking persons; but in a walk, I went forward, and as I approached the place, the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I had a wonderful love for my enemies. I went on, praying that God would change their hearts, and that they might lead better a life. They were muttering curses, but no harm came to me, and I reached my appointment and organized a Church of four members. I believe it stands there to-day. God does not despise small things, and we should not.

At one of the appointments, during the coldest night of the year, I occupied an upper room, where nothing but sheets covered the windows. A blizzard arose during the night, the snow drifted in upon my bed, and my feet were badly frosted. It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to arise in the morning. But I mounted my horse and rode some miles down the Kanawha River to the residence of Rev. Mr. Newman, a true man and a noble Christian minister. Here I

lay in bed for some days, while the cold weather continued, and then, with the greatest difficulty, resumed my journey, and at last reached my home.

I continued to labor with all the strength I possessed until the month of June, 1848, when the West Virginia Conference, which had been formed at Pittsburg by the General Conference, was to convene at Wheeling, West Virginia, so known even at this time. This met with most powerful opposition, as it indicated on the part of the Methodist Episcopal Church a disposition to occupy slave territory wherever there was an opening.

I spent my last Sabbath in "West Virginia," away up in the mountains. My text was, "God so loved the world," etc. Towering cliffs were above me as I stood on the banks of a deep ravine, with, perhaps, fifty people around me. I never had greater liberty in preaching. God was there in that dark ravine. I was going to Conference, and did not know what awaited me there. When I concluded the service, a gentleman came to me and said:

"Can you tell me how I can get the *Western Christian Advocate*?"

I told him I was an agent.

Said he, "Will you send for it?"

I answered, "Yes."

He paid me for it, giving me his name, Captain Ballard.

I said, "Where shall I send it?"

He replied, "To Barboursville."

"How far is it from here?"

"Only twenty-seven miles."

"Is that your nearest post-office?"

"It is," he replied; "but I will get it every two weeks; and I am rejoicing at the prospect of receiving the *Western Christian Advocate*. I am the only man who can read in this settlement."

At Spurlock there was a man who had been exceedingly anxious to preach for a number of years. When he came to me, he presented his case again, saying that he had no doubt that it would be the easiest thing in the world for him to preach. I suggested a number of difficulties in his case. Out of ten thousand people, I think no one would select him as a possible clergyman. I told Brother Spurlock about it. Said he:

"I expected it. I will make a suggestion. That man will never be satisfied until he makes the attempt, and I think that will satisfy him. If you are willing to run the risk of curing him by that method, I wish you would."

We agreed that he might try it; and the next Sabbath an appointment was made. All the people in the neighborhood were present. We had a large pitcher of water on the table within his reach. He read one of the most difficult verses in the Scripture. After reading the text and drinking from the pitcher, he cleared his throat, spoke a word or two, and then paused and took a drink from the pitcher; then read a few words, then drank again, until at last he became confused;

and, after standing dumb for a while before the people, he said :

“ Brother Spurlock, do n't you think I 'd better call it a half day and go fishing? If you will conclude the services, I will never trouble you about preaching again.” That was the last of his efforts.

The time came for me to leave this people much sooner than I expected. It was now in my heart to remain and labor on with them, if my health would permit, for Christ's sake. I did not know until then how much I loved the noble men and women who had stood by me in the days of adversity. None were more noble and heroic than John Chambers, of Ohio ; who finally gave me a home in his house, and treated me with as much affection as if I had been his own son. His daughter, Elizabeth, was married to H. Z. Adams, that heroic man of whom I have spoken. Immediately after the marriage, he, with his wife and B. N. Spahr, and myself, wife and child, left on the steamer for Wheeling, where the Conference was to be held with the Pittsburg Conference. Bishop Hamline was to preside.

Our Conference embraced scarcely any field of labor which would give us an adequate support. The better parts of West Virginia were left with the Pittsburg Conference. The preachers who were then in the Virginia territory, taken from the Ohio Conference, were to be members of it. Many of the preachers threatened to refuse appointments under the circumstances. Mr. Adams

and Mr. Spahr were scarcely able to endure the injustice which they believed had been done them.

Almost as soon as I arrived in the city of Wheeling, Bishop Hamline sent for me to come to his room. He knew me well, and asked for a candid statement of the condition of affairs, so far as I knew them. I told him the trouble as I understood it. He asked:

"What do you think about yourself?"

Said I: "Bishop, I am broken down in health and broken up in purse; but if you think it necessary to appoint me to that region again, I will leave myself in your hands."

"A large portion of the Conference are dissatisfied, I learn," he said.

I answered, "Yes."

"Who," said he, "are the most likely to be bold and fearless in their opposition to this new Conference, and whose influence is most likely to control a majority of its members?"

I at once referred to H. Z. Adams; afterwards naming B. N. Spahr, and A. J. Lyda. He said:

"Will you call to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and bring Brother Adams with you?"

I replied, "I will."

In the two Conferences there was not a nobler, braver man than was Brother Adams. The bishop met us most kindly. When I introduced Brother Adams to him, he scanned him most thoroughly, and looking in his face, said:

"Brother Adams, have you as much religion as you had last year?"

"No sir, I have n't," replied Mr. Adams. "But what I have is of a much better quality."

"Is there much religion in the Kanawha Valley?" asked the bishop.

"There is not enough to jingle upon a tombstone," said Mr. Adams.

"I hope you have not been overcome, Brother Adams," said the bishop.

Mr. Adams replied: "I have been very near fighting, Bishop, a number of times. God never made me to stand idly by and see his Church and his people and preachers persecuted! God never made me to stand still and witness such scenes as we have had here, without an effort to make it otherwise. They have persecuted us with mobs, and have threatened our lives; and I can not and I will not endure all this, without claiming and exercising my right of self-defense. If I am allowed to defend myself, and to defend my brethren, in all reason, in this territory, you may send me to any appointment. I will go if it costs me every cent I possess. I will not molest any man; but if any one attempts to assault me, I shall choke him down and take the consequence of it."

I shall never forget the appearance of the bishop while that matchless man stood before him. He said:

"Brother Adams, you have the right of self-defense."

Mr. Adams said: "Bishop, send me to any place on this continent, to any appointment, and I will go and do the best I can."



When Mr. Adams left, the bishop requested me to remain a moment. I did so, when he said :

“Brother Fee, that is the noblest man I ever beheld. I think I never saw a man for whom I have as much admiration. Would he not make a good presiding elder?”

“For this country,” I replied, “he would be the very man to fill the place of David Reed, when his time expires.”

Said he, “I think so.”

The bishop sent him to Guyandotte to fill my place ; and without any request on my part, he transferred me to Ohio ; offering me at the same time, the best appointment in the Conference, if it was thought best for me to stay. This change of my Conference relations was not in any sense my work, but I shall ever believe it to be in the order of God’s providence.

This was the best year of my life. When I was in want, a Baptist physician, two hundred miles away, sent me a pair of boots. One of my own sisters became troubled about me without knowing why, and traveled two hundred miles to see what the matter was. Her husband was a merchant, and she brought from his store the very goods I needed. To make me up a complete outfit, a friend gave me a hat. I received one hundred and twenty-five dollars for my services, and lost a horse worth one hundred dollars ; paid my own traveling expenses, and was able to pay my hotel bills ; just how, I scarcely knew. Brother Adams was a chaplain in the army. He

died a few years since in California. A hero sleeps where he is buried.

The next session of the Ohio Conference was held in Newark, Ohio. Bishop Hamline presided. I made no request as to my next appointment. The Conference closed, and, to my surprise, I was appointed to Augusta Circuit, Kentucky. It was in slave territory, and the same terrible state of excitement which had surrounded me in West Virginia, existed there in all its intensity. It was only six miles distant from my native place, Felicity, Ohio. Within the boundaries of that charge, my ancestors, with my great-grandfather, Thomas Fee, at their head, removed from Pennsylvania, and settled in 1793. My mother was born in Germantown, which was embraced in my circuit. A large number of relatives, on my father's and mother's side, resided within the boundaries of my charge, and hundreds of persons with whom I had been acquainted in other years. Augusta College, my *Alma Mater*, was located at Augusta. Dr. J. S. Tomlinson was then president. He, with the professors, gave me a warm welcome. Many of my relatives seemed rejoiced to see me; but others stood aloof, and had but few words of welcome or kindness with which to greet me. I was from Ohio; that settled the matter with them. The appointment was not unwelcome to me by any means.

We removed to Germantown, more than two hundred miles distant from Wheeling, by water. The Rev. James Savage and his large family gave

me a cordial greeting. His two sons-in-law, Dr. A. Pollock and Dr. Isaac Pollock, with many others, stood by me to the very last. With my wife I arrived on the charge on Saturday, and preached my first sermon on Sabbath. We had our little boy, Edmund Janes, our first-born and the idol of our hearts, with us. The next day he was seized with pneumonia, and in two or three days slept in Jesus. We buried him among strangers, with only strangers to follow him to the grave and to console us in our affliction. We had named him after Bishop Janes who had given me the hardest appointment I had ever received. To demonstrate our love for the bishop we gave our boy his name. Afterwards, I named this to Bishop Janes. He was much affected by it, and remarked :

“If I had known, when I gave you that appointment what it meant, I would never have made it.”

I answered : “I am glad you did not know it. God was in it, and made it the best year of my itinerant life.”

There our little boy will rest until the morning of the resurrection. No murmur escaped our lips. God wonderfully sustained us.

We had five appointments on the charge : Augusta, Mount Zion, Taylor's, West's, and Germantown. John Meek, that noble pioneer preacher, of Ohio, was appointed by the presiding elder, John F. Wright, as my assistant. He did noble service, and was a great blessing to the people and to me.

The people embraced in my charge manifested no disposition to persecute me, with only an exception here and there. The Reformers, otherwise called Disciples, at that time were very numerous in some parts of the work. They were bitterly opposed to experimental religion, as taught by the Methodists.

When I visited Mount Zion Church, just after I entered the pulpit on Sabbath, a paper was handed to me: "Dear Sir,—Should you attempt to occupy this pulpit to-day or hereafter, you will be removed by law." This was signed by the trustee of the Methodist Church, South. I put it in my pocket and paid no attention to it; and continued to preach there until the close of the year.

My first revival-meeting was at Germantown. I endeavored to keep myself in the love of God, and to maintain at all times the spirit of Christ. I did not enter into the bitter feeling which prevailed in regard to the division of the Church. In a few days a blessed revival of religion began. Many sought Christ and found him to the joy of their hearts. The convictions were deep and powerful. The principal families in the town were represented in this work of grace. Parents asked their slaves to come around the altar and pray for their young masters and misses. A young married man and his wife were found at the mourners' bench. They were connected with the principal Methodist families. The wife was soon converted, but the husband lingered in anguish

for days. He had been my college-mate. I said to him :

"James, there must be some special obstacle in the way, is there not?"

He said, "I know of nothing."

"Are you willing to renounce all your sins?" I asked.

"I am, as far as I know," he replied.

"Are there any enemies," I inquired, "whom you are not willing to forgive, as you hope to be forgiven?"

He said, "None."

"Is there any duty which comes up before you, which you are unwilling to discharge?"

He made no reply. Said I :

"God helping you, are you willing to pray in your family?"

"I am," he replied, "if God will convert me."

"Then," said I, "you regard it a duty?"

"I do," he answered.

"Then, are you willing to pray in your family, to the best of your ability, whether God converts you or not?"

He answered firmly, "I am, and I will."

He was instantly and wonderfully converted, and soon became a useful class-leader. He has gone to his reward, and one of his sons is now a prominent traveling preacher in the State of Kentucky, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This son wrote to me recently, and subscribed himself, "Your Grandson in the Gospel."

A man attended our services, but treated

them almost with contempt. Day after day he would manifest his want of respect, in some way or other, for the work in which we were engaged. I felt it my duty to approach him personally and converse with him. Said I:

"You are a believer in the Bible?"

"I am," he replied.

"Are you a Christian?"

"I am not."

"Do you desire to be?"

"I do not."

"Sir, permit me to ask you, Do you ever intend to be a Christian?"

"I do not, sir."

"Do you believe there is a heaven and a hell?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that wicked people who entertain the views you have, will be saved?"

"I do not."

"And yet you are going, and thoroughly determined to go, to perdition?"

"I am."

"Is your mind fully made up?"

"It is."

I then looked him in the face, and said:

"If that is your purpose, as you express it, I have no objection to your going there. God will permit you to do so. Heaven will have no place for a man of your character and disposition. You would be miserable if you were there."

He turned deadly pale and was silent. I left him.

The next meeting he was present, and seemed to be serious. The meeting following, he was found among the seekers for salvation, and was powerfully converted.

About this time, a very prominent citizen, a Baptist, and the owner of forty slaves, approached me. He rudely attacked me:

"Mr. Fee, you have no business here! Go back to Ohio where you belong. You have no right to be an Abolitionist."

I replied very kindly, and yet fearlessly: "Mr. B., I am a citizen of the United States. I was born within a few miles of this place. My mother was born within a few hundreds yards of the place upon which we now stand. I claim the liberty of speech and the rights of conscience. I have the right to be an Abolitionist in sentiment, or any thing else I please, in a free country like this. How are you, sir, going to prescribe just what I shall do, and what I shall think? If you are willing to avow such a sentiment as that, let me know it now."

He was silent, and I went on:

"If I entertained the most ultra sentiments of any man on earth, how are you going to help it? I hold myself responsible to the laws and constitution of the State of Kentucky. If I violate them, punish me."

He became very humble, and said:

"Fee, what are your views on the subject of slavery?"

I replied, "It would have been well, sir, if you



had asked me that question first, before you met me so roughly."

He said, "I suppose it would."

I gave him my views, and he then declared,

"Why, you are no Abolitionist! Any man has a right to be opposed to slavery. I thought that you believed in raising an insurrection among the slaves."

"Never," I replied. "My principles are peaceable and constitutional, and in harmony with the religion which I preach. I have no private sentiments on the subject of slavery. I believe it to be evil, and only evil."

Said he: "I am very happy I met you, and I am not afraid of you. When do you preach here again? I must come out and hear you."

I said, "I shall be pleased to see you, or anybody else, in the congregation."

After that, he was present every time I preached, and treated me with every possible courtesy and kindness.

One of those converted at this meeting became a minister of the gospel. Some who had united with the Church South, returned to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the summer the cholera broke out in that section of country. There were several sudden deaths. I was attacked with the disease; but by prompt treatment, my life was saved. Among others, a large, portly, colored local preacher was attacked. There was great concern about him. He was worth fifteen hundred dollars, and he had

a high opinion of himself. The physician was doing his utmost to save him. He ascribed this zeal to the amount of money which was invested in him, more than to the value of his life. He would take no medicine, and the physician sent for me, and begged me to use my influence to induce him to take the required remedy. But he refused; said he was not sick, and it did not matter much whether he lived or died. He was in danger every moment of going into a collapse. After talking and praying with him, he took the medicine and was barely saved. His legal owner was an Abolitionist in sentiment, and, by his will, made this man and every slave he had free.

One day I heard a woman scream in a most frightful manner. Two men in a buggy had her babe, one year old, in their arms. They were driving toward Maysville. They had bought her child, and were taking it to Missouri. She ran after them with all her might, and screamed until I heard her voice no longer. No wonder that Mr. Jefferson said, "I tremble when I remember that God is just." Public opinion bitterly denounced the conduct of these men.

I also held revival-meetings at Taylor's appointment, and at Mount Zion Church. At both places the meetings were successful. A series of meetings at Augusta resulted in a great revival of religion among my old friends. Many of the students were converted, and united with the Church. I had the pleasure of introducing several of the students into the Christian ministry.

It was charged by the public press of Kentucky, and many who were prominent in Church and State, that the Augusta College was an Abolition institution; that its talented president was one of the most influential Abolitionists in the land; and that it was run in the interest of anti-slavery principles. A memorial was drawn up, requesting the Kentucky Legislature to repeal the charter of the institution on that ground. Everything that hatred and vindictiveness could do was done to poison the minds of the legislators of the State. Suffice it to say, these efforts were successful. The charter was repealed, and an institution which had done more good than any other in the State was branded with infamy, as far as could be done, and it virtually ceased to be a college. I was with Dr. Tomlinson in his room when the news arrived. He calmly remarked: "This is another nail driven into the coffin of slavery, the defenders of which will be satisfied with nothing less than the submission of the Government to the dictates of the vilest system of oppression upon which the sun ever looked."

Up to this time our ministers had respected what was called "The Plan of Separation." Personally, I never believed in it, and determined never to respect it. If there was any call for me to go beyond the limits assigned by "The Plan of Separation," I would go; allowing members of the Church South to invade our territory, at the request of the people in the North, if they saw proper to do so.

At our third quarterly-meeting, held by John F. Wright, of Cincinnati, the presiding elder, two gentlemen from the interior of Kentucky, Harrison County, were present. They claimed to represent some eight persons who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and had, for more than four years, refused to affiliate with the Church South, one of the members being a local elder. They desired to be recognized as members of the Church with which they first united, and which they had never left. They stated that they had been persecuted and abused for four years past. Under the circumstances, they determined to await results, believing that the time of deliverance would come.

The local elder had been very ill, and it was thought that he could live but a little while. He sent an earnest request that he might be recognized, and that the little band might be taken under the wing of the Augusta Circuit. They begged me to visit them just as soon as I could investigate the case, and, if possible, take them into my charge.

The Quarterly Conference unanimously voted that I should, as soon as possible, visit them, and take such course as I might deem best. As the appointment was fifty miles distant, a prominent gentleman present agreed to accompany me, as they feared that I might be in danger if I went alone. We fixed the time, and the two gentlemen, Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Rose, left, with unbounded gratitude, for the section they had named. These

men appeared to be honest and true, and I had faith in them. Some said, however, that it was only a trap set for me; and if I visited the place I would be seized, as others had been, and treated with cruelty. I believed it to be my duty to go, and run all risks, and I never hesitated a moment.

A short time after this, some sixty slaves escaped in a body from Lexington, Kentucky, and attempted to go to Ohio. Some of them endeavored to pass through my circuit; but were all caught and returned to slavery. The excitement was intense. As long as I was in the region of country where I was known, there was no danger; but in a strange part of the country I was liable to an arrest. My friends begged me not to think of going. The gentleman who proposed to accompany me, at the last moment declined, but loaned me his horse, and gave me some directions—such as he was able to give. I was to make the trip in one day. I determined not to halt at any hotel on the way, for this might lead me into difficulty. I would take the public road, and go at once to the place.

I left as the day dawned. It was a very warm day. I fed my horse, and ate my lunch in the woods by the roadside. Five o'clock in the afternoon came, and I was exceedingly weak and hungry; but I had not been molested. I had reached a point in the vicinity of the place, as I supposed, but could hear nothing of these two men. All my inquiries were in vain. I traveled on, however, in what I supposed to be the direction in which

they lived. I met a man, perhaps an hour afterwards, who informed me that two such men lived in the woods about two or three miles distant, giving me such direction as would enable me to reach their residence. I traveled on a mile and a half at least, when, in the distance, I beheld two men sitting on a fence, and looking toward me. As I rode up, they scanned me eagerly. When I drew near them, they sprang from the fence and ran to where I was, and, one on each side of my horse, caught me by my arms. It was Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Rose. Tears of joy were streaming down their faces, and they exclaimed:

"O, you have come; you have come! Our enemies said you dared not, and yet here you are."

They now saw that I was overcome by fatigue, and one of them led the horse by the bridle, and the other ran to let the people know that I was coming. Soon we reached the house of the man who was with me. He lived in a cabin, in front of which was a beautiful grove of young sugar-trees. I was almost ready to faint from fatigue and hunger. He lifted me off my horse, and buckled the bridle around a beautiful sugar-tree, and then almost carried me into the house. The lady of the house approached me, saying:

"Dear young man, you look as if you were almost fainting. They have prepared a place for you to lie down."

I lay down, while she ran into the kitchen to prepare my supper.

She returned, and said,

"And all this for us poor people here!"

"O!" I said, "I have only done my duty; say no more."

What a supper we had! I felt as if the Lord Jesus was there, and I was repaid for the long journey I had taken. They treated me royally.

At nine o'clock the next morning there was a love-feast, the first that had been held for many years in that neighborhood. It was in a new hewed-log house, which had not yet been occupied by Mr. Rose, the owner. At nine o'clock a large number were present, and they were overjoyed to see me. I read the twenty-third Psalm, and then announced the hymn,—

"And are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face?  
Glory and praise to Jesus give,  
For his redeeming grace."

When I concluded, the feeling became so intense, and the rejoicing so great, although no prayer had been offered, that my voice was drowned; and, amid the shouts and rejoicing of this happy people, a number of sinners were brought under conviction, and were converted.

At eleven o'clock we assembled in a grove near by, where a rude pulpit and seats had been constructed for the accommodation of the congregation. I suppose that one thousand people were present. I preached upon the subject of "Christ Crucified," and the Lord evidently was with us. At three o'clock in the afternoon I held another



meeting, and organized a Church of thirty-seven members, formally receiving them as a part of Augusta Circuit under my pastoral charge. I was requested that day to administer the ordinance of baptism to children, which I did. The first presented to me was a boy. When I said, "Name this child," they said, "William Fee." This greatly surprised and embarrassed me. The next was named "Ingram Fee." I baptized that day twenty in all, and I think about one dozen of them bore my humble name.

I visited the local elder that evening. He was lying in his bed, and when I took him by the hand, he said:

"You are welcome. God bless you! Have you organized the society?"

"I have."

"Is it recognized as a society of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Augusta Circuit? Am I recognized as a local elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States of America?"

I answered, "You are."

"Then," said he, "I die contented."

He shouted and praised God until he could no longer speak. A few days after this, in holy triumph, he closed his eyes on earth to open them in heaven. Thus died Mr. Geoghegan, a noble specimen of an intelligent gentleman, a Christian, and a hero. He had been an infidel until 1801. He told me that he was induced, out of mere curiosity, to attend the celebrated Cane Ridge Camp-meeting, at which there must have

been twenty thousand people present. As he came into the audience, he beheld members of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, and Methodist Churches around the communion-table. They were all in tears. They were celebrating the death and suffering of their Savior. "I had opposed Christianity before," he said, "because of the division and bitterness of the Churches. But this scene was to me very weakening. I knew I could not endure it if I remained. Hundreds of people were falling as if they were dead, in all directions. I knew that I could not endure the scene any longer, and, to save myself, I must return home. With great difficulty I mounted my horse. My strength was giving way. I rode about one-eighth of a mile, when I suddenly fell from my horse, unable to move. There I remained until I renounced my infidelity, and was happily converted to God. For forty-four years I have been a minister of the gospel."

Four weeks after this I visited this people again, and on Sabbath morning at eleven o'clock preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Geoghegan. It was preached to nearly two thousand people. A number of the members of my charge were with me at this appointment. A great revival spirit pervaded the meeting, and a society of thirty-seven was increased to seventy-five, as I remember. The Conference year closed, and this society, with other places around it, was constituted a new charge, and I. Beall appointed to it. From this place the work spread in almost every direction.

I was afterwards invited to return to see those people; but thirty-nine years passed before I had the privilege. At the request of Amos Shinkle, of Covington, Kentucky, I finally paid them a visit. The Covington District was holding a district-meeting there, with Charles J. Howes as presiding elder. When I reached the place, there was nothing familiar about it. There was a large church, which I was told cost four thousand dollars, and a membership of at least three hundred, occupying the place where I had preached thirty-nine years before. Soon after my arrival, two gray-headed men approached me, and said :

"You don't remember us, but we remember you. We were both named for you on the day you baptized us, and we are now stewards of this Church. Will you walk with us out into the cemetery?"

When just inside, with one on each side of me, we walked to two graves. Said one :

"This is the grave of my father; and here, by his side, rests my mother. They entertained you when you came, a stranger, weary and faint, to their house."

On one headstone was inscribed, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" On the other, "I am the resurrection and the life!" Then we walked to another place, where the remains of Mr. Rose and his wife lay, side by side. There were appropriate inscriptions on the headstones. We stood by their graves, and remembered that "They rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

Then Mr. Wheeler took me by the arm, and led me to a beautiful building painted white, by a beautiful grove, on an elevated piece of ground. Said he:

“Do you remember this?”

I said, “No.”

“This,” said he, “is the grove you saw when it consisted of only small trees; when you were entertained at our house. You see that tree, straight as an arrow, with the top off, and those large branches? That is the tree to which you hitched your horse when you were nearly fainting, and had to be helped into the house. When father was dying, some years ago, after taking his leave of mother and all of his children, he said to me: ‘Now, my son, there is one more charge I will name. You remember that tree where Mr. Fee hitched his horse? I want you to take good care of it, and if you ever have the opportunity, show it to Brother Fee, and tell him that that is a monument of my gratitude to him, and of the loving remembrance in which we hold him for his self-sacrificing labors for us when our friends seemed to have forsaken us.’ This was his last charge, when he died.”

This tree, as far as I know, stands there to-day, a living monument of the love of those to whom it was my privilege to preach.

#### MEMORIES OF AUGUSTA AND ITS COLLEGE.

About the time I entered the college, I became familiar with the character and history of several

persons mentioned in this narrative. A Mr. V. had been, for many years, the janitor of the institution. All about the college were familiar with him. He was poor, but had a 'spotless reputation. He was not only honest, but was regarded as a true Christian. He was respected and loved as men seldom are. He was very useful in the Church, and the pastor and steward confided in him fully.

One day Dr. Bascom missed his pocket-book, which contained valuable papers and a considerable amount of money. He supposed that he had left it in his room; and as this was in charge of the janitor, it became quite evident that the janitor must have found it. He was approached, but utterly denied it, and scorned such an imputation. He was arrested, as I remember; but the evidence was only circumstantial, and he was acquitted. The matter came before the Church, and such was now the prejudice against him that he lost his enviable standing. He was dismissed from the college, and was almost friendless. He would still visit the Church services, all the while protesting his innocence, and saying that God would vindicate him sooner or later. His heart was almost broken. His case was a pitiable one, but God did not forsake him.

A short time after this, Commencement-day arrived. A number of young men received the honors of the institution. Brilliant graduating addresses were made. A Mr. A., from a distant State, especially distinguished himself, and re-

ceived the plaudits of the vast concourse of people present. The same evening he left on a steamer for his distant home. Some hours afterwards he was seen on the hurricane-deck of the steamer, walking backward and forward, hurriedly. A few moments after this the boiler exploded, and he was seen no more. A trunk was left on the boat, which was not claimed by any one. After remaining there for days—for the boat went on its course—the officers of the boat unlocked it and examined its contents. It was Mr. A's. trunk. In it was found a pocket-book, which, on examination, proved to be the one lost by Dr. Bascom. They not only found the papers unharmed, but the very money which he had lost. It was at once sent to Augusta.

The reader may imagine the overwhelming joy which filled the hearts of Mr. V. and his wife, and the universal joy it gave all who knew him, to learn that no stain rested upon his unblemished reputation. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." He was at once restored to his position in the college and his standing in the Church. He was a member of my pastoral charge. I had known him for years, and he not only had my confidence, but my warmest Christian love. He could never speak of this trial without weeping profusely, and magnifying the grace of God which had sustained him in the trial, and delivered him from it so strangely.

The young man found a watery grave, and his remains were never recovered. These facts I have

stated frankly, because they were familiar to me and to hundreds of others. Never be hasty in condemning any man, more especially one whose life is blameless, and who has always stood above reproach. God will vindicate the innocent, if the community should denounce and condemn them.

#### A THRILLING INCIDENT IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

After I became a member of the Senior class, we sat, during the morning prayer, immediately in front of the rostrum. One morning, Dr. Bascom led the devotions, and made a prayer of wonderful power. A young man from Louisiana was sitting by my side. He was the son of General R., widely known in the South and universally respected. We kneeled together during the prayer, and the young man prayed most fervently. This surprised me, for he was very wicked. Only a few days before, he had had a very serious altercation with a young man from Virginia. They had mutually threatened each other. The Virginian was also present, sitting within a few feet of us.

When we arose from our kneeling position, as quick as thought, they faced each other with drawn pistols. Both pistols failed to go off. They were drawn within three feet of their foreheads. We at once seized them and took the pistols away. They then drew bowie-knives—most frightful-looking weapons—and each sought to take the life of the other. These were taken away, and they clinched, when a bitter fight ensued.

So enraged were these young men that they



had to be guarded for several days, lest they carry out their deadly purpose. They finally quieted down, however.

Shortly after this a revival of religion broke out, and these young men attended. Young R. became deeply convicted of sin. He sought for pardon for days, but in vain. One night, about two o'clock, he left his room, convinced that he must be reconciled to his deadly enemy. He aroused the Virginian, and said to him :

"W., I have been a great sinner. I have asked God's pardon, and now ask yours. Will you grant it?"

The Virginian exclaimed, "O yes!"

They threw their arms around each other, and R. was powerfully converted. The last I heard of him he was preaching the gospel in Louisiana. There is mercy for the chief of sinners.

#### WEST UNION CIRCUIT, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO.

At the Conference session in 1849, the bishop appointed me to West Union Circuit, Adams County, Ohio. My last three charges were in three different States—Virginia, Kentucky, and Ohio. I was truly a traveling preacher. I removed to West Union, the county-seat of Adams County, from Germantown, Kentucky, my former residence. It was only thirty-three miles away—a short move. We found a pleasant parsonage, and a kind reception. John F. Wright was my presiding elder. This delighted me, for he was a father to us. In his character he was the very

personification of love. When I looked at his pure, sweet face, I always thought of St. John the divine. He was in deep sympathy with me in all my work.

West Union contained, at that time, about four hundred inhabitants. It was one of the oldest circuits in Ohio. Here had been James Quinn, James B. Finley, Benj. Lakin, Henry B. Bascom, William H. Raper, Michael Marlay, R. S. Foster (now bishop), J. W. Clarke, and many other heroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose sacrifices and labors are interwoven with the history of Ohio. To enter into the labors of these men was to me a great cross; and yet it was an honor more than I deserved.

There were seven appointments on the circuit to be filled in two weeks. I had no horse, having lost mine; and as I was not able to buy another, I was compelled to walk to most of my appointments. Occasionally a friend would loan me a horse. The country was hilly and the roads bad for the most part; but I did not have the spirit of complaint, for I had left the "border war" behind me, and there was here no strife, no bitterness. A German Methodist Episcopal Church was located on the circuit. This was a great blessing to me. I was delighted with my appointment, and began at once to visit places and labor for a revival of religion at every appointment on the circuit.

Soon after my arrival I received a letter from my presiding elder, stating that Bishop Morris had determined to send four missionaries to California,

and that he had selected me as one of them. It was in the beginning of the gold excitement. I was requested to take the matter under consideration, and to decide as soon as I could whether I would accept the appointment. I was still suffering from the effects of ague at times. I was unable to get it out of my system. After consulting physicians and my friends, it was their unanimous opinion that I would not be able to endure this work. I greatly regretted then, and ever since, the necessity of declining that appointment; for I had been, and am still, a missionary in spirit. It was my ambition to go to some distant point and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Having dismissed the subject as far as I could, I began my work in earnest. One day I said to Mrs. Fee:

"My work is important; I must commence at once. We must get acquainted with this people. Although you may regard it as out of order or a breach of etiquette, if you are willing, we will call on the people whether they call on us or not."

She timidly consented. We intended to commence with one of the families of our charge. When we called at their door, as I thought, I found that we had mistaken the house. The lady who met us, however, was most cordial, recognized us, and thanked us for coming, and invited us into the parlor. We were pleased to accept the invitation. She said she had heard me preach on the previous Sabbath, and, although not a Christian, she was greatly pleased and impressed, and would like to

attend our services while I was there. We at once became friends. A short time after this she was converted, and in less than one year died of cholera, in great peace, and went to her reward. She always attributed her conversion to God to our call as the instrument.

We continued to visit, and were everywhere received with greatest kindness, and treated with much consideration. This brought us at once into sympathy with our entire congregation and many others. We found many of the families of pioneer Methodists of Southern Ohio, though somewhat broken, still residing in West Union and the vicinity.

I became very anxious to witness a revival of religion in West Union. It was the county-seat, and the influences were rather adverse to the prosperity of religion. A young lawyer, whom I had known some years before, and who was the son of a prominent pioneer Methodist preacher, resided in the town. He was not a member of any Church, and was an unmerciful critic. He professed to be moral in his character and conduct, and I supposed him to be a model of morality. One day I stepped into one of the county offices, and was startled to behold the young lawyer and a number of others sitting around a table with cards in their hands and piles of money before them, violating not only the statutes of Ohio, but the rules of common morality. Their surprise was complete and their mortification excessive. The young lawyer said to me,

“You are surprised.

"I am," I replied.

"You seem stunned."

"I suppose I do, for I am stunned."

"Why, you look awful," he exclaimed.

"I feel so," I answered.

Smiling, he said, "I would like to know why?"

I replied: "When I see the son of an old and honored Methodist minister, the son of a devoted, godly mother, who but recently sat by her bedside as she was dying, and, as I learn, when she kissed him for the last time and said, 'My son, my only son, will you promise your dying mother to be a Christian and meet her in heaven?' and with a firm and resolute voice, but with a breaking heart he said, 'Dear mother, I will'—this is what appalls me, when I see him engaged in such an exercise as this."

I said this in a tearful, loving spirit, and the tears came to his eyes and to the eyes of the men who sat with him around the table. I left them, supposing that I had incurred their displeasure, probably to the end of life. But I had done my duty as I understood it.

Soon after this our quarterly-meeting was to be held, and many adverse influences arose to prevent its success. An invitation to a public ball was sent me. It was presented in person by the clerk of the principal hotel in the town, the proprietor of which was a Jew. He evidently intended to show his contempt for the Christian religion, and to break the force of the revival effort which I was about to make, and, if possible, create

a sensation and make all the money he could out of it. I said to him,

"So far as I know, I shall accept your invitation and be present."

He looked very much surprised, and politely left the room. The landlord had been busy circulating the fact that he invited the preacher, and was waiting for the amusement it would bring; but when the clerk reported to him that I had, very seriously and politely, accepted the invitation without a word, he did not know how to take it. In a few days the clerk returned, and said,

"Did I understand you formally to accept the invitation extended to you?"

"Most certainly," I replied.

"Then you will attend?"

"As far as I know, I will be there," was my answer.

He evidently was surprised and troubled. At last he said,

"You know, I suppose, the nature of a ball."

"O yes," I replied.

"What would you do?" he asked.

I said: "You know that I am a minister, and the invitation is addressed to me as such. Certainly the proprietor would not expect me to act otherwise than as becomes the profession which I follow."

He left, but returned soon after, greatly perplexed, as was the proprietor, who disclaimed any intention to insult me, and tried to turn the whole matter into a joke, and desired me so to consider it.

I told him I could not do that. He then begged almost piteously for me not to come. I replied that if the invitation was formally withdrawn, I would, of course, not go. He was only too glad to withdraw it.

The news went all over the town and country; not to my injury, but to the injury of the landlord. The people were indignant, and those who expected to participate in the dance declined to attend. It was found that not one of the ladies in the town would be present. But they secured the promise of some eight young ladies on the river, who accepted invitations. A week or two after this, I held a meeting in the neighborhood in which those young ladies lived, and every one of them was converted and united with the Church. Word was sent at once that Fee had played the mischief, and that these ladies would not attend the ball. Some time after this the landlord broke up, and was sold out under the hammer, and had to quit the business.

#### A REVIVAL IN WEST UNION.

A quarterly-meeting was held in West Union. We were praying and looking for success. I did all I could to make it such. I depended upon God, without whose help I had no hope. It began in the Spirit of Christ, and soon a great revival influence pervaded the town.

The prominent young lawyer, the son of the Methodist minister, with whom I had so faithfully conversed a short time before, was one of the first



subjects of the work. He had made, previously, a most gentlemanly apology to me, and had expressed his determination to abandon card-playing forever. Two of his nieces were happily converted to God. A large number of others found Christ, and there was great joy in West Union.

The young lawyer was distinguished in his profession, became a judge of the court, and finally a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He died a few years since, lamented by all who knew him. His end was peaceful.

During the revival a very prominent young lady was seeking Christ. She received great comfort, but was not satisfied, inasmuch as she had not been blessed as others who were seeking, with her, the pearl of great price. A German lady was kneeling by her, and told her that she was like a little child whose mother had given it a piece of bread, and because it was not as large as the pieces given the other children, would not receive it. "Now," said she, "if God only gives you one piece of the 'Bread of Life,' it is more than you deserve, and you ought to be grateful for it, and then ask for more." She did this, and was wonderfully blessed. The next year the cholera swept that town, and she was one of its first victims. With only two hours' warning, she died a most triumphant death.

An educated German, a young man who had left Bavaria but a few months before, and whose father was a minister and a chaplain to the king

at Bavaria, was also powerfully converted. He was called to preach, and was a most able minister among the German Methodists for many years.

#### MEETING AT DUNCANSVILLE.

My next meeting was held at Duncansville. This region was inhabited mostly by emigrants from Ireland. They were educated and refined people. Many of them had been Methodists in the old country, and were most exemplary and useful Christians. They labored with me in the meeting most effectually.

William McNeiland was the most prominent member at that place. He was an exhorter. He had four sons and two daughters who were unconverted. I expressed the hope that they would be converted during the meeting. He said:

"I hope so; unless it be Sam, my oldest son. He does not need conversion. He never disobeyed me, nor told me a falsehood, nor committed any sins, so far as I know, and he does not need it."

I replied: "Brother McNeiland, there are sins of the heart as well as of the life, and I doubt not your son, blameless as he is, has committed numerous sins against God, which never came to the light."

"You may think so," he replied; "but I believe you are entirely mistaken."

The very first to come to the altar for prayer was Sam, all broken up. He believed himself not only a sinner, but a lost sinner, and wept and prayed for mercy. His father was astounded.

Sam had been blameless all his life, and now he wept and prayed as if he were the greatest sinner in the world. Almost every one who heard the plaintive cries of this young man was moved to tears.

In about one hour after having confessed his numerous sins, and having surrendered himself fully to God, he was converted. His brothers and sister also found Jesus, and the happiest family in that country was Brother McNeiland's. Sam became a model Christian, and his life was a beautiful one. In one year from that time God took him, and I preached his funeral sermon to a large congregation. The partiality of parents for children often covers up the sins they have committed; their children are no exception to the masses of humanity. "Ye must be born again," applies to them as well as to others.

James, another son, was soon called of God to preach, and has been a traveling minister for a number of years; an honor to his father, and a blessing to the Church.

#### STONE CHAPEL.

My next meeting was at Stone Chapel. The society was made up of very good people; but, unfortunately, division had crept in, and for years they had seemed to be a spiritless organization. God began to work in the hearts of sinners early in the meeting; but many of the members of the Church stood aloof. I saw the difficulty, and told them, honestly, that these difficulties must be re-

moved before we could expect signal answer to prayer. I said :

“Let everybody kneel humbly before the Lord. I will not ask anybody to pray vocally; let each, in silence, present his own case and the case of others before God, and we must not rise until God answers.”

It was a most solemn hour. Whispers of prayer were heard in every part of the congregation. Confessions were being audibly made. They began to pray aloud for God’s blessing and forgiving grace, and his blessing upon the congregation. At last, almost every one, with clasped hands, was looking heavenward.

At this moment I called upon Brother McNeiland to pray. The prayer was wonderful. He was talking with God, and praying for himself and for all; and for the immediate descent of the Holy Spirit. Soon a strange influence fell upon the congregation. It was like an electric shock. He and almost everybody instantly arose to their feet, and began to pray to God aloud. Those who had stood aloof for years from each other, were now embracing each other in the arms of Christian love and affection. Every seeker at the altar, at the same instant, was converted. One lady, holding her child about a year old in her arms, threw it into the lap of her mother, seven or eight feet distant, who caught it, when she too began to praise the Lord, and threw the child into the arms of another lady. It was not injured. The influence of this meeting was felt all over the circuit.

## QUINN'S CHAPEL ON GIFT RIDGE.

This was the place of my next revival-meeting. For years the society here had been well-nigh demoralized by internal divisions. It was a very hard field, and gave little promise of any good being done. I labored almost one week without any apparent success. The first to manifest any signs of penitence was a poor boy, ten years of age. He kneeled at the altar and professed conversion. This only excited ridicule and contempt among many whose names were recorded on the Church-book; they felt disgraced. The next evening the boy returned, and brought with him a brother, older than himself, aged twelve, and at once led him forward to the altar. He, too, was converted. The next evening the two brothers brought with them an older brother, fourteen years of age. He, too, came to the altar and found Christ. The next night the three brought their oldest brother, who was sixteen years of age, and he was converted.

No others, up to this time, were forward; but the congregation was deeply impressed. The next night the brothers brought two sisters, older than themselves, and they came forward for prayer; and, after a time, were happily converted. The interest deepened. The following night, which was Saturday, they brought their father and mother with them, and led them to the altar. Their six children gathered about them to pray for them until they were converted; and these eight persons, like Noah and his family, were in the "ark of safety." The next morning it was my privilege to

baptize them all, as they kneeled around the altar. The scene was one of strange impressiveness. We had a blessed revival at this place.

#### DRENNAN APPOINTMENT.

There were only twenty members at this appointment. For twenty years they had stood by the cause. This society was made up of noble families, but their children were unsaved. They worshiped in a small hewed-log edifice, that had never been daubed, and in the winter time the cold was insufferable. For months I had prayed for a revival at this appointment, and finally believed that God had answered my prayers, and at the first meeting I told them so, perhaps unwisely.

The first day everything was hopeful; but on the next day it began to grow cold, and when Monday morning came we found it next to impossible to endure the cold. On this account the members gathered around me, and told me that we must abandon the meeting. I, however, held a brief service, and then came one of the greatest trials of my ministerial life.

I was as confident that God had answered my prayers, and that there would be, at this meeting, a great revival of religion, as I was that God had converted me; and if the meeting closed, as suggested, my prayers and my faith would be in vain. To my mind it appeared to involve the genuineness of my conversion and the truth of the Christian religion. There was, for the moment, an eclipse of my faith. I could not think of one promise;

there was not one ray of hope. I had just told the people that in all I had said to them, I was honest and sincere, and that I was in a position that I never occupied before, and which was to me the profound distress of my life. I saw no promise. There appeared to be no basis for hope. I was about to pronounce the benediction, when I felt a strange resistance, and I said, "I can trust God without a promise;" and the thought struck me that if one soul would agree to seek God that day, I would hold the meeting during the week, if my life was spared, no matter what it cost or what might be involved. I then gave the invitation. One young lady—the most promising young lady in the neighborhood—arose and came forward; another followed, and others, until eight young ladies stood upon the floor and expressed their determination to seek God. They and two others united with the Church on probation. The effect was phenomenal.

Mr. Drennan, the leading member of the society, arose, and with the deepest emotion, said: "This church is too cold to hold meeting, but I have a large parlor, newly-furnished. It will hold as many people as this church. Four of my daughters have joined the Church to-day, and I invite you all to hold meeting in my parlor. I believe that God will convert my children."

That night ten were converted, four of whom were his daughters. A great revival pervaded the entire community, and many were brought to Christ. My faith was vindicated, and from then



until now I glorify God, who has always been true and faithful to his promises.

A few months after this, Judge Collings, the judge of the Court of Common Pleas in that district, removed to the neighborhood. Although not a Christian, he became deeply impressed with the need of Christ, and urged the members of the congregation at that point to build a new church, which they did. On the day of the dedication of the church, Judge Collings and his family united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was afterwards licensed to preach, and became a power for good through all that region of country. He died some years since, leaving behind him a noble Christian family, who reverence his memory, and, with thousands of others, thank God that they had before them such an example. His son Henry, a most noble man, occupied his father's place on the bench, commanding the respect of all who knew him. "The time of our extremity is God's opportunity."

I held revival-meeting at Bentonville and at Connell's appointment. At both places we had great revivals. Although my labors were abundant, and I was often weak in body as I walked up and down the hills and vales, I was very happy. The Rev. John Welch, an Englishman, assisted me. He was a promising young man, and was quite useful. He afterwards joined one of the Indiana Conferences.

At the close of the year I had nothing to regret. I had done what I could, as I saw it.

## ANOTHER DEATH IN MY FAMILY.

Our dear little boy, Charles Francis, our only living child, became very ill. All that united power could do was done to save his life. Loving friends were with us, and their tears of sympathy and the grace of God enabled us to resign our darling child to Him who gave him. In a short time he died. We were among strangers. No relative was present with us. My father resided some fifty miles distant. Mrs. Fee and myself, one bright morning, took his remains in a carriage to Maysville, Kentucky. We then traveled on steamer to Chilo. We took him in a carriage from the river to my father's house, and gave them the first knowledge that our little boy was no more. We buried him in Hopewell Cemetery, among my kindred and friends. We then visited our friends in Zanesville.

Several hundred souls were converted at West Union appointment. The next year the cholera swept the village, and almost one-fourth of its inhabitants died. Many of the subjects of the revival of the previous year were among them, and these all died in the faith.

The Conference for 1850 met in Chillicothe, Bishop Janes presiding. I was appointed to Ripley Station, on the Ohio River, succeeding Jonathan F. Conrey. John F. Wright was presiding elder. I was quite well acquainted with the people, and our appointment met with universal favor. I began my labors under the most favorable auspices. It was then one of our strongest charges, made up of the very best class of citizens. There

were Archibald Leggett, Esq., John Walkington, John Benington, Father Easton, John T. Madox, Colonel Grantham, Campbell Howard, John Allen, A. Bell Chambers, David Gaddis, Sam. Gaddis, A. J. Stivers, William Gaddis, Rev. J. R. Crozier, J. S. Beasley, Jesse Bloom, A. Bloom, A. Hensley, Harvey Palmer, Peter Shaw, and many others, whom I have not space to mention.

The Church had risen from poverty and obscurity to great prominence. At first, there were only two or three Methodists in the town. John Walkington, a young man in his teens, landed there from England. He was a stranger, and in loneliness walked the streets. A plain man was driving a cart along the street, and singing, "O how happy are they who their Savior obey," etc. Young Walkington recognized the song; and as he had been a Methodist in England, and had longed for the fellowship of God's children, he ran after the cart, and climbed upon it, and sat by the side of Father Mitchell, who was driving it. The young man said,

"Are you a Methodist?"

Father Mitchell replied, "Yes; and there are but one or two other Methodists in town."

"I am a Methodist," said the young man.

Father Mitchell took him in his arms, and invited him to his house; and that night they had a prayer-meeting, and God wonderfully blessed them. This was the beginning of good days. Frederick Butler was on the circuit, and held a meeting there, assisted by Thomas Lynch, who

died a few years ago in Indiana. Brother Lynch was a powerful exhorter, and his exhortations moved all who heard him. Brother Butler was a plain, godly man. He prayed that God would convert some citizen who had a stable, in order that his horse might have accommodation as well as himself. A number of houses were open to him. From then until now Methodism has had a home in Ripley. It has one of the largest church edifices in Southern Ohio.

A prominent member at this time was Jacob Baker, a fellow-student of mine when I was at Augusta College. He was a consecrated young man, and one of the most beautiful singers I ever heard. Bishop Hamline once said that he thought he was one of the sweetest singers out of heaven. Just after his conversion he arose in the congregation and sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," in a manner that strangely impressed the audience. Mr. Baker died during the first year of my pastorate at Ripley. I was with him as he entered the "valley and shadow of death." He said to his sister, "Sing."

"What shall we sing?" she asked.

He replied, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

They were unable to sing, and he sang most of the hymn alone, in strains that excelled anything I ever heard; and then fell asleep in Jesus, honored and loved by thousands.

In the year 1851, at the Conference held in Springfield, I was returned to Ripley. This year, William Simmons was my presiding elder. He

had received me into the Church, and I loved and honored him as a father. In his personal appearance, he resembled General Washington. He was a noble man, good and true; and his influence is felt from Detroit and the lakes to the Ohio River. We were blessed with great revivals both years. An unusual number of persons, who had been exemplary in their deportment, but had not been converted, found Christ during my pastorate, and became active and useful Christians. In all respects, this was one of the most pleasant appointments we ever received.

During my second year, the "spirit-rappings," so-called, were introduced into Ripley, and it was, perhaps, about the first place in Ohio where they had any footing. In a few months the followers of this delusion became very numerous. They took the position that these manifestations were justified by and taught in the Bible. Many of them ceased to attend the meetings of their respective Churches, and ceased to observe the ordinances of religion. They spent the Sabbaths in listening to the responses of the pretended spirits. As the delusion was in its infancy, the ministers feared to attack it; we would be plowing in unbroken soil. As it was making fearful strides, and threatening the destruction of our Churches, and as no minister in the town would preach on the subject, I felt it my duty to do so; or, at any rate, to defend the Bible against the imputations that were made upon it. I announced that I would preach on the subject on Sunday night.

I had spent about six weeks in preparation. My sermon was written, and, for the most part, read to the audience. It was, I presume, the first sermon ever preached on Spiritualism in the West. Of course, I did it at a great disadvantage. I held an audience, more crowded than any one I ever addressed, for two hours and a half. All the ministers in the town and all classes of people were present. Women sat with their children in their arms upon the floor, and listened all that time. Twelve mediums sat in front of me, in a row. The spirits had given notice previously, that if I attempted to attack the delusion, there would be a kind of spiritual mob, and that the Bible would be mysteriously taken out of my hands, and that I would be thrown out of the pulpit by invisible agents; and scores of people believed it, to such an extent had this delusion taken hold of the people.

I based my remarks, not upon the declarations of its enemies, but upon the oral and written professions of its friends. This I announced at the beginning. The mediums were on the *qui vive*, and were prepared for the exhibition of some marvelous demonstrations.

I remarked, very calmly, that it was claimed by the friends of spiritualism, that strange phenomena had appeared in Ripley; that these were produced by departed and other spirits; that they were communicated through persons called "mediums;" and that these mediums were persons through whom good spirits and bad spirits, true spirits and lying spirits, spirits from heaven and spirits from hell,



were constantly making communications to the living. I then exclaimed :

“How awful, to think that a refined and delicate young lady will admit and proclaim that she is, at times, under the influence of a lying spirit, and that she is communicating lies to the living, to the reproach of herself and the living with whom she communicates !”

The mediums were dazed, and knew not what to do ; and that was the only demonstration from the spirits witnessed during my entire sermon. I have it in my possession yet, written out at length, and do not retract one page.

From that hour the power of this delusion was broken, and it seemed to have retained no great hold upon the community. Its influence had been most pernicious. A number of the members of the Methodist Church were requested to leave its communion ; but the great majority remained, and were delivered from the power of the delusion.

I was offered fifty dollars for the manuscript of my discourse ; but though it was requested by hundreds for publication, I refused to publish it. I have no cause now to reverse the opinion with regard to spiritualism, then publicly expressed.

During my pastorate here, Maxwell P. Gaddis, son of Samuel Gaddis, was happily converted, and became an eloquent minister of the gospel. He connected himself, some years before he died, with the Methodist Protestant Church, and, by his eloquence, drew large crowds to his church in Cincinnati. During a part of the Civil War he was a



chaplain in one of the Ohio regiments. I attended his funeral at Wesley Chapel Cincinnati, of which I was then pastor.

I will have cause to speak further of Ripley hereafter.

While traveling from Ripley to West Union on an unfrequented road, night overtook me. A dreadful storm was approaching, and I could not see my hand before me. The lightning revealed for an instant the dismal country through which I was passing. No house was in sight, and I knew not what to do, as every moment I expected the storm to be upon me.

I heard the clatter of a horse's hoof behind me, and soon a man on horseback was beside me. I feared that he might be a highwayman. After traveling a few paces in silence, he said in broken German:

"This is a bad night. Are you going to West Union."

I answered, "Yes."

"You can't get there through this darkness," he said. "You had better go home with me—I live two miles from here—and stay all night."

"My friend," I replied, "I am a Protestant."

"So am I," said he.

"I am a Methodist."

"I, too, am one," said he.

"I am a humble Methodist preacher."

"So am I," he replied. "God bless you!"—and he caught my hand and gave it a hearty shake.

I was royally entertained that night at his

house. Shortly after, I was invited to officiate at the marriage of his daughter. When they stood upon the floor, all the company, who were Germans, began, as I thought, to sob audibly. I paused for a moment, but he said :

“Go on; this is the way we do in Germany.”

I concluded the ceremony, and we had a hearty laugh at each other's expense.

Brother Bloom was a most useful local preacher, and was afterwards a great blessing to me, and all affirmed that I was a great blessing to him. How needless and groundless are most of our fears !

## CHAPTER V.

### HILLSBORO CHARGE. 1852-1854.

THE Ohio Conference was divided in 1852 by the General Conference. By the division I became a member of the Cincinnati Conference, which held its first session that year at Xenia, Ohio, September 22d. Bishop E. S. Janes presided.

My time having expired at Ripley, where I would go next I knew not. William Simmons, my presiding elder, had given me no intimation whatever as to my appointment. I never mentioned the subject to him or to any one else. I supposed that I would go to some obscure circuit, and was contented. The day before the Conference closed, it became necessary for me to leave. I was excused, and just as I was leaving, Brother Simmons came to me and said,

"You know where your appointment is?"

I said, "No."

"Well," said he, "as soon as possible, pack your household goods, and remove to Hillsboro."

I never was more astonished in my life. To be sent to what I regarded as one of the most prominent charges in the Conference, was too much for me, and, for the time, I sank under it and wept. My preaching abilities were such, in my estimation, that I could never meet the demands of the charge. It seemed to me that this appointment

could not be the voice of God, and that some change would be made, and I would go elsewhere. But the next day revealed the fact that the appointment had been made. My hope then was, that the people of Hillsboro would refuse to receive me, and I would be free to go elsewhere. I remarked so to my friend, Joseph M. Trimble. He said:

"There will be no change. It is just the appointment for you and the people."

They had requested the appointment of Cyrus Brooks, one of our best ministers; but, for some reason, this arrangement failed. Personally, they knew nothing of me, and I knew nothing of them. As I pondered over the matter, it grew darker and darker, and I saw in the appointment no hope of success. Mighill Dustin had been the former pastor, and had secured subscriptions, in part, for a new church edifice, which, for that day, would be a costly one.

The next session of the Cincinnati Conference was to be held in Hillsboro, and the new church must be completed and dedicated within a year. This only increased my trouble. There was then a large membership, and the Church occupied a high social position in the town. Finally the impression was made upon my mind that I would not be received, though I had no evidence of this. However, we left Cincinnati one afternoon for Hillsboro. My intention was to go to a hotel, and not trouble anybody for entertainment, and to abide my fate, whatever it might be. I prayed all the way for grace to sustain me in what I believed to be my trial.

When the train stopped at the depot, I noticed a large crowd present. I supposed they were there merely to witness the arrival of the train ; for the arrival of a train was a new thing in Hillsboro. A gentleman approached the conductor, and said :

“Is the Rev. Mr. Fee on the train?”

“I do n’t know the gentleman,” replied the conductor.

He looked around him, and evidently saw no one who looked like a preacher. A moment after I heard the voice of a dear friend, Brother Dustin, the former pastor, in clear, ringing tones, asking for me. Before I answered, he cried out, “There he is!” He came back and took me by the arm, and led me to the platform, where a large number were assembled to welcome me. I was overwhelmed with astonishment. It was a mystery which I could not fathom. Mr. Dustin guided the way to a carriage, and said he would take us to our lodgings.

When we reached the place, the door opened, and whom should we meet but that saintly woman, Mrs. Judge Duvall, whom I have mentioned as one that greeted me at Lynchburg years before? She said, with all the feeling of a mother:

“Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, come in! We shall have a revival this year.”

I was at home. In a week we were domiciled in the beautiful parsonage, with, apparently, more comforts and more friends than we had met previously in any place. I found a strong, stable, vigorous Church, composed of many of the pillars of society. Here were Ex-Governor Trimble and

his family; the venerable Christian Crum, father of Dr. George C. Crum; Philip Stone, father of John W. Stone, of the Cincinnati Conference; Joseph McD. Mathews, president of the Female Seminary; W. W. McReynolds, Dr. A. Baker, and Dr. Robinson, former traveling preachers; J. T. Ayres, Judge Duvall, General Waddell, Hon. Nelson Barrere, Alex. Buntain, Father John Hibben, Professor McKibben, Jacob Sayler; Mrs. Judge Thompson, afterwards Mother of the "Crusade;" Mr. Savage, Mr. Ambrose, John Dill, Joseph Woodrow, Joseph Glasscock, and many others whose names I can not mention now.

I said to my wife, "After this reception, if it costs me my life, I must do all the good possible while I am a pastor in Hillsboro." I prayed night and day that God would help me; for in myself I was entirely helpless. At first the people knew little about me. They approached Dr. Baker, and inquired if he knew anything about the new preacher.

"Yes," he replied; "he was my pastor on the first circuit he ever traveled. He was not much of a preacher, but he did the devil's kingdom more harm than any man who was ever on that circuit."

Strange, to say, this inspired confidence among the people to an unwarrantable extent, as I thought. On my first Sabbath I was badly frightened; but the Holy Spirit was with me. On the succeeding Sabbath, when I was alone, standing in the parsonage lot, God gave me, in answer to prayer, an assurance that we would have a glorious revival of

religion. It came with such power and sweetness to my soul that I could scarcely contain myself. I never lost my faith during all my pastorate there. I told my presiding elder what God had done for me; but he said:

"William, you do n't know this people as well as I do."

I replied: "I am not fanatical. I know the Lord; he will not disappoint me."

"Well," he said, "we shall see. I will hope for the best."

The next Sabbath, God was with me as he had scarcely ever been before. A large congregation was present, and the power of the Spirit soon became apparent. The whole congregation, saints and sinners, seemed to be moved by some strange influence, which no human power could produce. At the close the usual Sabbath collection was taken for the support of the pastor and incidental expenses. These collections had been small and discouraging. The venerable Christian Crum superintended the taking up of the collection. When it was handed to him, he looked at it in astonishment, and held up the basket, which was filled with money, before the congregation. The tears were streaming down his face; for he had borne the heat and burden of the day in other years. He exclaimed: "A revival, a revival, a revival! See! The Spirit of God always severs the cords of selfishness!" And no one knew it better than Father Crum.

The following Saturday and Sunday our quar-



terly-meeting was held. The people were full of hope. The love-feast was a remarkable one. The presiding elder, in the ten o'clock sermon, was never more blest, and the shout of a king was heard in the camp of Israel. I was appointed to preach at night. When I closed, I invited seekers to the altar, and it was crowded. A number were converted, and thus began a religious influence which continued during my pastorate in Hillsboro.

When I first came, the presiding elder informed me that a choir had been conducting the singing for some months; that they had left their place during the time of the pastor's attendance at Conference, which was near the pulpit, and had occupied the gallery in the church without permission; and that it was my duty to order them back into the body of the church. This I most respectfully declined to do; having had such bitter experience on the subject previously. He told me that there were not more than two of the nineteen persons in the choir who were converted, or even members of the Church; and that they would give me nothing but trouble. But I felt it my duty to be quiet for the time, and leave the matter with God.

The next Sunday evening the house was densely crowded. Sinners were crying for mercy, even during the preaching. When I was about to announce the hymn at the commencement, I found that the members of the choir were not in the gallery, and, evidently, they had done just what my presiding elder said they would do; deserted me when I most needed them. There must have been at least

fifty persons forward, seeking Christ. A number were soon converted. Some one threw his arms around me as I was kneeling at the altar, and when I turned round I found it was the leader of the choir; the last man whom I supposed could be converted. He told me that every member of the choir was seeking Christ but one. Perhaps ten were converted that night, and they were among the best young people of Hillsboro. That settled the choir difficulty forever. No one was more rejoiced at this result than my presiding elder.

After this we had the best revival singing by the choir I have ever heard during my fifty years in the pastorate. They sang with the spirit and understanding.

The revival went forward until spring, when it became necessary to tear down the old, time-honored church, in order to make way for the splendid new building which was to take its place. This work began in April, and the new church must be ready for occupancy by September. For four or five months I had labored incessantly, and I needed rest. They gave me two weeks' respite. The night before I was to leave I held our usual prayer-meeting. It was said that everybody had been converted within that region; but that evening we had twenty new seekers at the altar. I remained a week longer and the altar was filled every night. I tore myself away at the end of the week, and took a few days' rest. At the expiration of that time I returned to commence about the hardest effort of my life.

The work among the young men was wonderful. Nearly one hundred were converted, and I began the work of training them, in which I was greatly blest. Out of this band went forth three brilliant and prominent traveling preachers—Allen T. Thompson, R. W. Black, and Wm. H. Mullenix.

#### INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

A very wicked young man began to seek Christ early in our revival. He gave all possible evidence, as far as we could see, of being in earnest. He was the first at the altar, and the last to leave, for six weeks. He aroused the sympathy of the entire congregation. Even now, I remember his piteous pleadings for mercy. One evening he said,

“If there is salvation for me, I will obtain it before I leave this house or die here.”

At twelve o'clock many remained and prayed with him, but he found no relief. He refused to leave. Three o'clock in the morning came, and he was still praying with God as a man would pray for his life. It was four o'clock in the morning, just as the day began to dawn, when, with an utter abandonment, he threw himself upon the mercy of an Almighty Savior, and trusted alone in the merits of Christ for salvation. In a moment the victory was gained and he was conqueror through Christ. He had obtained a consciousness of wonderful salvation, and, in the fullness of his joy, he exclaimed:

“O how cheap, how cheap! Only six weeks

seeking for this, and now I have found an eternal fortune !”

From that time until now his piety has been as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. He has been in the furnace of affliction, but the Son of God has walked with him in the midst of the flames.

Another remarkable case occurred about the same time. I noticed in the congregation, frequently, a prominent young merchant. He was noble and dignified in appearance, and very respectful in his deportment, but I could not understand him as I did most persons.

One evening I was impressed to go and speak to him, and I was treated with great respect. When I said,

“Are you converted?”

He replied, “I am not.”

“Have you never been?”

“No,” said he, “never. I do not need it.”

“You feel yourself a sinner, do you not?”

“No, I do not.”

“Do you pretend to say that, to the best of your knowledge, you have never sinned against God?”

“Yes, that’s just what I intended to say.”

“So you have never sinned against God in your life, so far as you know?”

He referred to his honesty and integrity, and to his respect for the common rules of morality and the claims of Christians, as he understood them.

I had never met a case of this kind before. I

thought and prayed for a moment, and then said to him :

“ Mr. W., I felt impressed to approach you on the subject of religion.”

“ That is all right,” he said.

“ But I now discover that I made a mistake. I ought to have come to you for help, instead of coming to help you. If what you tell me is true, I need your counsel and prayers.”

“ Well, I told you the truth,” he answered.

“ Then,” said I, “ I can only do one thing after presenting my apology for coming to you, and that is, to ask an interest in your prayers. Pray that I may be as good a man as you represent yourself to be. You certainly will not deny this request.”

He replied, “ No sir ; and I will give you my hand as a pledge that I will do so.”

We then parted. When the invitation was given on the next evening for persons to come forward for prayer, to my surprise he was the very first that came. He grasped my hand, and had me kneel at his side, and said :

“ O Mr. Fee, what a sinner I am ! I am an awful sinner. I want you, now, to pray for me.”

He told me that, when about to retire to bed that night, after our interview, he had forgotten his pledge. When he thought of it he said, “ It will never do for me, after making the profession I have, to be false to my word,” and he kneeled down by his bedside to pray for the minister, according to agreement. The very moment he kneeled and was about to commence his prayer,

the folly of what he was doing flashed upon his mind, and he said, "What folly for me to do this!" and with it came the awful conviction that he was a sinner; and he let me go, and began to pray for himself.

That night he found Christ, and united with the Church, of which, for a number of years he was one of the leading members, and a prominent citizen. He died a few years since in the triumph of that religion which he so strangely found.

Mr. Joseph Woodrow, a prominent merchant, a gentleman of high social standing, and respected by all who knew him, was, at this time, about thirty-three years of age. He had been, for years, a member of the Church, and nothing could be said against him as to his outward deportment. He was one of the most timid men I ever knew; conscientious as he well could be. He had never been known to take any public part in the services of religion. He had never had any evidence that he was a child of God. He had earnestly sought salvation until he had come to the conclusion that he never could be converted.

Early in the revival he came forward as a seeker of salvation. From the first I labored with him, and told him that it was within his reach. He, evidently, had an idea that it must be of the most striking and sensational character. I begged him to leave this with God, and waive all for an unconditional surrender of himself to Christ, and then depend upon the mercy of Christ, as though he had done nothing.

He found mercy in this, and his sense of guilt was removed. Peace came to his soul, but no great joy. He was like a little, timid child. I begged of him to confide in me as his pastor, and besought him to commend himself to God as his only help and hope.

For months, almost every morning, he would call at the parsonage and report progress. His timidity was passing away; his faith grew stronger, and his confidence in the ultimate result became fixed. If any unusual trouble arose, he came at once to me, so that for six months we were in almost daily converse. He was now a new man, and only sought to know his duty, and he was ready to perform it at every cost. He became a great power in the Church.

John Hibben, his class-leader, an aged veteran in the service, suddenly died. Mr. Hibben had been for many years the leader of the largest class in Hillsboro. His loss seemed irreparable. I said to Governor Trimble, who was a member of his class, and an uncle of Mr. Woodrow's:

"What shall we do for a leader to supply that good man's place?"

"Appoint Joseph Woodrow," said he; "he will fill the place."

This met with the universal approbation of the class, and I appointed him, to his unutterable surprise.

He said: "I dare not resist what appears to be, not only the voice of the Church, but the voice of God."



And, trembling like a child, he engaged in the work. Perhaps no one in that country ever succeeded better. He became a power in the Church; a leading steward, and a Sabbath-school superintendent. For years he served as treasurer of Highland County. In all the relations of life he had few equals.

In the midst of his life and usefulness, he died one of the most victorious deaths that was ever witnessed in Hillsboro. This case, to me, has been one of the important lessons of my life and labors in the pastorate.

#### A NEW CHURCH EDIFICE.

About the middle of April, it became necessary to remove the time-honored church in which so many souls had been converted, and to erect a more commodious one. We found, in order to build a safe edifice, we must dig down to the solid rock, which was only a few feet from the surface. This we did, and the building now stands upon a firm foundation. To erect the new church, and have it ready for the session of Conference, was a Herculean task. Contractors and all, save Jacob Sayler and myself, said it could not be done. We pushed it with all the energy possible. We prayed and worked. Meanwhile, we were compelled to worship in the court-house; but the temple of justice became a temple of grace, and many souls were converted there.

During all that summer, from early dawn until late at night, I was engaged in supervising the con-

struction of the church, as I was chairman of the Building Committee. The wonder is, that I did not wreck my health; but God sustained me.

About seven months after the revival began, more than two hundred professors of religion were recommended for membership. When the Sabbath morning arrived which was to witness their reception into full membership, an immense audience was present. When the names of the applicants were called, they filled the space in front of the judge's seat and extended around the aisles. I then remarked :

"I now present the applications of two hundred or more persons to be received into the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Most of them were adults. Mrs. Judge Duvall sat in a chair in front of me. Her face was radiant with heavenly joy. I thought of my reception a few months before when she invited me into her house, saying: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, come in! We shall have a revival now." She lifted her hands, looked heavenward, and almost every eye in the house was fixed upon her, as she said: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." On the next Tuesday she fell asleep in Jesus. She died in the Lord, and her works do follow her. It was worth the labors of a lifetime to behold such a scene. During the months that we occupied the court-house the revival continued steadily, and the Church suffered no apparent loss from this cause.

Contrary to almost universal expectation, our church was ready for dedication at the time fixed. Joseph M. Trimble preached the dedication sermon, and was assisted in the services by Dr. Chas. Elliott, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Bishop Baker, who was expected to be present, was detained by illness. The entire indebtedness upon the church, amounting to several thousand dollars, was paid, and we had hundreds of dollars to spare. I am greatly indebted to my dear and cherished friend, Jacob Sayler, for the final success which crowned this enterprise.

The Conference session began September 28, 1853, Bishop Janes presiding. It was opened with the administration of the Lord's Supper, which was an occasion of wonderful power and blessing. Bishops Ames and Simpson, John P. Durbin, D. D., and many other distinguished visitors, were present. The session was one of sweetest harmony.

On Sunday, Bishop Janes preached in the morning, and Bishop Simpson in the afternoon, at three o'clock. Seldom in the history of any Conference was the presence and power of the Holy Ghost more manifest; not only in the public services, but in the business of the Conference, and in the families who entertained the preachers. Almost the entire bar of the court were present to hear Bishop Simpson. They came to me with a petition begging him to preach again before the Conference closed. At first, he said, "I can not do this." But the impression made upon the town was such, and especially upon persons unused to be impressed,

that I again urged the invitation, and the bishop took it under consideration. At three o'clock the next morning he sent a messenger to the parsonage asking me to come over to his room, which I did. He was walking hurriedly backward and forward. He said:

"O I wish that I knew what God would have me do! I have spent a sleepless night. I have heard it said that my special friend, Colonel William Trimble, has stated that if I would stay and preach, he would join the Church. If I thought I could win that man to Christ, I would stay."

"Bishop," said I, "I believe you can."

"You do?"

"Yes."

He then, with the deepest emotion, said, "I will stay, and leave all to God."

It was announced that he would remain, and unanimous joy was expressed. In the evening he preached from the text, "Now the just shall live by faith." It was said to be the sermon of his life. Toward the close, many of the most talented and prominent members of the Conference, as well as visitors, were so filled with enthusiasm that they sprang to their feet in different parts of the house, and waved their hands, exclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest!" Tears and shouts were everywhere. I said to him:

"Bishop, will you open the doors of the Church, and receive whoever may come?"

He arose and gave the invitation in a few words. I saw Colonel Trimble in the gallery, and

wondered what the effect would be upon him. In a moment he sprang to his feet, came down to the audience-room, and up the aisle, and was in the arms of the bishop. His father and mother, his brother Joseph and his sister, Mrs. Thompson, and a host of others gathered around him ; for he had been all his life a subject of prayer. On the Sabbath evening previous, Judge Henry Thompson, his brother-in-law and the husband of Mrs. Eliza Jane Thompson, the originator of the "Crusade," was powerfully converted and promised to give himself to Christ. He also joined the judge, and kneeled at the altar and professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

While they were kneeling at the altar, Governor Trimble sat some distance from them. I approached him and said :

"Governor, you have great interests at stake in this work."

"Indeed I have," he replied.

"Would you be willing to offer up a prayer for your son, and son-in-law, and daughter?"

He said, "I will ; but I must get in a praying circle before I do it."

Climbing over the top of the seats, he kneeled among his kindred and friends, and offered up a most wonderful prayer for their conversion ; while three of his grandsons, who had been converted during the revival, kneeled around him and united their prayers with his for the salvation of souls. The fruits of that sermon and that meeting yet remain.

During the Conference, Dr. John P. Durbin, visited me several times at my house. He was often the visitor of my grandfather and my father, and I used to hear him preach when I was a boy, at old Hopewell Church, near Felicity, Ohio, when he was a professor in Augusta College; and I always loved and admired him. His earlier preaching was signalized by a pathos and impressiveness which did not mark it in later years. All the while he would have my little boy in his arms, and was constantly teaching him some lesson which the child never forgot. Bishop Janes, at times, was also my guest. He was a most lovable and agreeable man.

At this Conference, a committee of five persons was appointed by Bishop Janes, composed of John F. Wright, Charles Elliott, John T. Mitchell, Asbury Lowrey, and W. I. Fee, to consider the propriety of the erection of a college of high order for the education of the colored people in the State of Ohio, and to devise ways and means for the same, and report at the next Conference to be held in Cincinnati.

Hillsboro at that time was a very conservative town, and the appointment of such a committee was offensive to many politicians. When my name was announced as a member of the committee, I was approached by the Whig candidate for governor, residing there, who asked me if I would accept the appointment. I answered, "Yes."

"Then," said he, "we will have but little use for you in this community!"

I frankly informed him that I had not been in the habit of being governed on moral questions by the politicians of the day, and would not be so governed in this case. He was defeated at the ensuing election by a plurality of forty or fifty thousand votes, and this was the last I heard of it.

For spirituality, this Conference was the most wonderful we have ever enjoyed. It was the universal desire of the people in Hillsboro that I should be returned to the charge. The bishop accordingly appointed me, and, after resting for a few days, I began the work of another year.

The revival continued, and I spent much of my time in training the young people. A hundred young men were banded together. The Rev. R. W. Black, of Nebraska, who was one of them, contends that I formed there, in substance, the first Epworth League ever constituted. The Female Seminary, in charge of Dr. J. McD. Mathews, shared largely in the revival influence.

#### A FEMALE COLLEGE PROJECTED.

After looking over the field thoroughly, and the educational wants of Hillsboro and Southern Ohio, I came to the conclusion that a college for the education and training of young ladies was a necessity. It was my privilege, whether wisely or not, to present to the Quarterly Conference a preamble and resolutions for the founding of such an institution. It was unanimously adopted, and I was authorized to proceed at once to solicit subscriptions and donations for that purpose. I



secured, in cash and subscriptions, some eight thousand dollars before the close of the year. The ensuing Conference appointed an agent for the college to prosecute the work. Its struggles are too well known to need any additional statement from me.

This year was in some respects a sad one to us. Our little baby girl, now Mrs. Louise Fee Hedges, of Piqua, Ohio, was attacked with scarlet fever. When she was thought to be dying, and likely to survive but a few hours, our friends urged us to retire and rest as best we could. We did so, expecting every moment that we would be called to see her die. But the morning came, and she lived, and opened her eyes, and recognized us and her brother Willie, nearly four years old. The little fellow threw his arms around her, and kissed her, full of joy.

She was spared to us; but our dear little boy, a few days afterwards, was attacked by the same disease in the most malignant form, and in a few days the angel of death came, and he was with God.

From his very babyhood he appeared to be attracted only by religious persons. He was a beautiful singer, and during a revival, night after night, when not in the arms of his mother, he was held in the arms of ladies who were around the altar, and sang until his voice could be distinctly heard throughout that large church. His countenance, while he was singing, and while he was in religious meetings, would be lighted up with what seemed to be a heavenly light. God gave him, and God

took him. We kissed the rod and said, "Thy will be done."

At the close of the year I magnified the grace which God had given me. Three of the converts, Allen T. Thompson, William H. Mullenix, and R. W. Black, became traveling preachers. Allen Trimble Thompson died in the midst of revival work, in Binghamton, New York. He lives in the memory of the thousands who heard him preach Christ and his cause.

I now supposed that I certainly would be sent to a circuit; and, indeed, I desired this. The Cincinnati Conference held its session in Ninth Street (now Trinity) Church, Cincinnati, September 27, 1854. I served as a member of the Committee on Education, and acted as its secretary. I presented an application to the Conference for the reception of the new Hillsboro Female College under its patronage and control; providing they did not assume any financial responsibility. It was received.

The committee appointed to consider the subject of founding an institution of high order for the education of the colored people of the State, met at Cincinnati, in the Methodist Book Room, on the corner of Eighth and Main Streets, where we discussed the matter fully, and agreed upon a report favoring the immediate establishment of such an institution. I also had the honor of presenting this paper to the Conference. When I read the report of the committee, James B. Finley moved that the report be received and adopted, which was seconded.

He then stated that if the African Methodist Episcopal Church would approve the proposition presented in that paper, such an institution would be speedily founded. It appeared to meet with great favor.

In the year 1892 the Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church held its session in Piqua, Ohio. I was present at the beginning. Bishops Payne and Arnett were presiding, and they invited me to come forward and be introduced to the Conference. I did so, and the bishop took me by the hand, and holding me, said :

“I have the pleasure of holding by the hand the only living link which you will ever see, that binds us to the friends of those who recommended the formation of an institution for the education of the colored people among the Methodists in the State of Ohio. In the year 1854 I heard that such an enterprise would come before the Cincinnati Conference at Cincinnati. I was then in Indiana, and hastened to reach the Conference. I took my seat in the gallery of the church, and just as I did so the man whom I now hold by the hand arose with a paper, and begged leave to report. He then read the action of the committee which had been appointed at Hillsboro to devise a plan for the founding of an institution in the State of Ohio for the education of colored people.

“After the paper was read, I saw that it was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Finley held the floor. When he made an allusion to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, he looked toward the

gallery and saw me, and without another word he left the platform, rushed into the gallery, came to me and said:

“‘Are you a Christian?’

“‘I am trying to be one,’ I replied.

“‘Are you a preacher?’ he asked.

“‘They say I am.’

“‘Can it be that this is Bishop Payne?’

“‘They call me Bishop Payne.’

“Then he took me by the arm, and rushed me down the stairs and up the aisle to the platform. When I was introduced to the Conference, I was received with great applause. I at once assured the Conference that the proposed plan would meet with nothing but distinguished favor from the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

“The man, whose hand I now hold, is the only one of that committee, which deserves the gratitude of the colored people of this country, able to speak as he can speak. I need not tell you that this action resulted in the establishment of the Wilberforce University.”

## CHAPTER VI.

NINTH STREET CHARGE, CINCINNATI. 1854-1856.

WHEN the Cincinnati Conference of 1854 was ready to close, Bishop Scott, who was presiding, announced that the appointments would now be read. I had no idea, whatever, as to my own. I was looking for a circuit, probably in the vicinity of Hillsboro; but the bishop began: "*Cincinnati District*, William Herr, presiding elder; Ninth Street Church, W. I. Fee." If the moon had fallen from its orbit, I would not have been more astonished. I immediately sat down and wept. It was the most prominent appointment in the Conference, and I felt that I had not a single qualification for it. It was worse than Hillsboro had been, and I was slow to learn the lesson that I learned there.

In due time, full of discouragement, I removed to a house on the corner of George and Race Streets, which had been provided by the Church. My salary would be double what it had been; but money had few charms for me, nor had position, in a worldly point of view. With due sympathy my friends gathered around, and gave me a cordial greeting. My position now brought me into the society of many of the prominent ministers and laymen of Ohio.

Cincinnati was the seat of our great publishing interests in the West, as well as the chief city, at

that time. These, with other considerations, made my position a trying one. There was nothing connected with myself which promised success. My congregation was largely made up of mercantile and business men. How to be a blessing to them was a problem I could not solve. I believed that there was no help for me but in God.

Another fact greatly discouraged me: James Caughey—at that time, perhaps, the most successful evangelist in the world—only a few months before had conducted revival services in that church for weeks, but without any marked results. His meetings were held in the month of April—a most unfavorable time. I said to myself: “If Mr. Caughey could not succeed, where is there any hope for one of the least of God’s servants?”

John T. Mitchell, father of Frank G. Mitchell, now stationed in Piqua, Ohio, came to my help. He prayed for me, and consulted with me, as did John Reeves. Bishop D. W. Clark was then editor of the *Ladies' Repository*. He and his wife were untiring in their efforts to sustain me. John S. Perkins opened his house for the entertainment of myself and wife, and became one of the most valued friends I ever had on earth. It was a dark day when he had no words of hope and cheer to offer me. In every position he was true and faithful. He has recently gone to his reward, beloved by all who knew him. There were also members of this charge, Hiram DeCamp, Lambert DeCamp, C. W. McGill, A. S. Butterfield, John Simpkinson, Alfred Simpkinson, J. W. Cotteral, Thomas Morgan, Jathan

Emerson, Daniel Harper; George W. Harper, principal of Woodward High School; Mr. Baldwin, Charles H. Wolff, Lewis W. Wolff, James Adair, Joseph Adair; Mrs. Miranda Vornholz, the successful lady evangelist; Alfonso Edwards, Dr. Woodward; F. W. Howell, now of Dayton, Ohio; William Wartman, William T. Perkins, Adam N. Riddle and wife, and many others who deserve honorable mention, but space will not permit.

At first the congregation was small. The social meetings were kept up, and were very spiritual. The Church was united, but it was a down-town church, and was beginning to fear depletion by the removal of its members to new congregations which had been formed in the suburbs. I saw the situation, and my own helplessness; but the kindness of the people and their prayerful sympathy gave me hope.

In the first part of the year, Dr. Lucien W. Berry, president of the Indiana Asbury University, preached for me. The smallness of the congregation and the apparent want of spirituality attracted his attention. He spoke of it as a most discouraging appointment. This drove me to my knees and to my work. I began my visiting from house to house, in the Church and out of it, leaving no member whom I could find unvisited. I went to the stores, offices, and manufacturing establishments. I visited people without any regard to their social position. I noticed in a short time that this was producing a better state of things. In my humble way I preached plainly, but lovingly.



John Reeves, a central figure in Cincinnati, said to me one day:

"You are the most plain, practical, heart-searching, and loving preacher we have had in this Church since I have been connected with it."

He could not truly say any more. He might have said a great deal less; but this gave me encouragement. In every sermon I aimed at immediate results, and looked for them; and it was not long until conversions followed. There was a marked increase in interest and in numbers.

Charles H. Wolff, at that time a prominent wholesale merchant of Cincinnati, a son-in-law of Leroy Swormstedt, Agent of the Western Book Concern, was superintendent of the Sunday-school. As I was deeply interested in this department of Church-work, I aided Mr. Wolff to the best of my ability. We had the largest number of young men and young ladies in the school of any Church in the city. It was the best organized Sunday-school I had ever known. Few surpassed the superintendent in executive ability. Everything was like clock-work. The school was missionary in its spirit and operations. One day Mr. Swormstedt said to me:

"You were at the party at Mr. Wolff's last night, were you not?"

I replied, "Yes."

"I had great hopes for your success when you came here," said he; "but these parties will soon spoil you as they have spoiled others. Mr. Wolff means well, but his policy is a mistaken one. What did you do last night?"

I replied, "First we had a teachers' meeting for one hour."

"And what then?" he asked.

"We had a prayer-meeting."

"And what then?"

"We had the presence of the Holy Spirit, as we were praying for a revival of God's work in our school and in our Church."

"Well, I suppose for once I was mistaken," rejoined he, and he said no more.

That night Mr. Wolff and myself came to the conclusion, as there was generally a spirit of revival among teachers and scholars, that we ought to make an effort on the next Sabbath, if possible, to inaugurate a service for the immediate conversion of the scholars. In the meantime we determined that we, ourselves, would pray for success, and then urge upon the teachers the necessity for a deeper consecration for their work, and have in view, on each Sabbath, the immediate conversion of those who had been intrusted to their care. At that time Mr. Baldwin had in his class about one hundred young people of Cincinnati. I never knew his equal as a Bible-class teacher.

The next Sabbath came. The school was unusually large, and solemnity pervaded almost every department. I noticed many of the teachers, as they sat in their classes, bathed in tears, and their scholars were weeping also. The lesson was brief that day. I said to Mr. Wolff:

"I want you to consider yourself as a pastor here, and I will aid you as far as I can."

We requested the teachers, in a few words, to speak in regard to their interest in the salvation of their scholars. Many of them did this, and the feeling was greatly deepened. We then invited any who were unsaved, and who felt their need of Christ, and were willing to seek him, to come forward and kneel at the chancel. At least fifty did so. These were generally young men and young women. The scene was wonderful. It was the beginning of a revival interest which continued through my pastorate of two years, and afterwards was manifested in the pastorate of Rev. Charles Ferguson.

The rule was, that any teacher absent for three Sundays in succession, without the best of reasons, should lose his position as teacher. It was thought that to carry out this rule would be fatal; that teachers could not be secured; but we had more applications by one hundred per cent for positions as teachers than we had classes to supply them.

Large numbers now flocked to the school, drawn thither by the revival influence, and were soon converted and began active work. This continued almost every Sunday afternoon. A spirit of enterprise began to manifest itself. The entire congregation shared in the movement, and our lecture-room was soon refitted.

Dr. Berry, of whom I have spoken, came to preach for us at this time. When he beheld the change in the number and spirit of the congregation, he was astonished.

"Why, what has brought this about?" he said.

"I replied, "Attribute it to the Spirit of God which has been poured out upon us."

"I know that," said he; "but what did you do to produce this result?"

I explained the Sabbath-school revival.

"But what methods did you pursue?"

I answered: "It has been my habit since I came to the charge, to visit every day of the week, as far as possible, and shake hands with the people wherever I meet them, and say a few kind words to them if I can, and pray with them; and then they come into the Church and join, and shake hands with me, and say kind words, and encourage me."

This deeply impressed him; and I heard of his repeating it often, in Indiana and elsewhere, as a very successful way to get and keep a congregation.

Our principal revival services were now held on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. One Sabbath evening I shall never forget. One of the most prominent and efficient business men in the Church and in the city was always at his place on Sabbath, but was never seen at prayer-meeting. Meeting me one day, he said:

"I do not believe that we ought to have prayer-meeting during the week, but we ought to have a lecture instead of this, every Wednesday evening. If we had, I, with my family, would be present at every lecture. I am always present, as you see, on Sunday."

After a moment's pause I said, "Brother S., will you permit me to ask you a question?"

He assented.

"I will do it lovingly, and hope I shall have an answer, either yes or no. Do you not, at times, feel condemned for not attending the prayer-meetings, and have you not thought if you could substitute a lecture for the prayer-meeting, that your conscience would feel easier, and that you would be relieved from the responsibility of attending it; and does not all this aversion of prayer-meeting arise from the fact that you are fearful that you might be called on to pray, and are unwilling to do so?"

He said: "I must confess that this is so. I can not pray; and to ask me to do what I have no ability to do, I think is unreasonable."

I replied: "I believe that you speak the truth. Now, I think this whole matter can be adjusted. If you will agree to attend the prayer-meeting with your family on Wednesday evening, I will pledge myself never to call upon you, nor permit any one else to do so if I can avoid it; providing you will take the entire responsibility of not praying upon yourself, or until such time as you may relieve me from my pledge."

Looking greatly pleased, he said: "It's a bargain. I will be out, you may rest assured. I will take my family in a carriage, and be there on next Wednesday evening;" and he was, and was delighted with the meeting. He was present at the second, third, fourth, and fifth prayer-meetings. I noticed, on the last, that he was deeply moved in regard to something; I knew not what. Some of

the members of his family had been forward for prayer that night.

"This is the best prayer-meeting I ever attended," said he. "It is a great cross for me to say what I feel I must say; I can not bear the responsibility any longer. If you think it best for me to lead in prayer, call on me at your discretion, and I will do the best I can."

The next Sabbath morning there was a deep, quiet influence manifested all over the audience. Mr. S. said to me:

"You are going to have a revival. I don't believe in excitement, and I will not be present to-night at the services, because I know it is coming. I intend no disrespect to you, for you are proving a great blessing to me; but I can not endure religious excitement."

I simply said, "Ask the Lord about it," and left him.

The night came on. The audience-room was crowded. Mr. Wilber's female college was largely represented. Bishop Clark was present, and made a wonderful prayer at the opening. After a brief service, I invited those who were seeking Christ to come forward. At least fifty came. A large number of the students of the female college were among them, and many of the most prominent Methodist families in the city were represented. Almost every member of the Official Board had some one there to represent him. There was no noise, but weeping all over the house. A very large number were converted that night, and two

or three of the members of Mr. S's. family. Toward the close I noticed that Mr. S. was there, and evidently not disturbed by the excitement. My attention was arrested by some one clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Glory to God!" At the moment a friend said:

"Do you see that?"

I looked around, and there was Mr. S., in a loud voice exclaiming, "Glory to God!" and clapping his hands in a way to astonish everybody. I said nothing to him until the next day, when he came to me, radiant with delight, and said:

"That was the best meeting last night I ever attended in my life. There was not a particle of excitement about it. Why, what do you think? Mr. P. was in here awhile ago and said that I shouted!"

"Did he say that?" I replied.

"Yes, and others heard him."

"If he did say so, I hope he will not deny it, for it was the truth; you made more noise than anybody in the house."

"Well," said he, "I did not know it."

The next night he rose up before a large congregation, and stated that before, he only had his religion on Sunday, and now he had it every day in the week.

Two of Bishop Clark's daughters were kneeling at the altar that night, and Miss Katharine R. Clark (now Mrs. Mullikin) found the pearl of great price. She is one of the most useful ladies in the city of Cincinnati. Her father and mother, who



were such a blessing to me during my pastorate, and who for so many years blessed the Church by their faithful labors, have passed to their reward. I always loved them, and expect to greet them in endless life.

I endeavored to train these young converts, not only to habits of devotion, but of constant and untiring religious work. William T. Perkins, who was greatly blessed during this revival, has been from then until now one of the most successful and prominent Church workers in Cincinnati. Lewis W. Wolff, who was converted in this revival, has since then been a worker and a pillar in the Church. Dr. M. T. Carey, who then united with the Church, has also since been prominent, as well as J. H. Clemmer, Esq. The converts of this revival were removed to various parts of the country, and many of them have been eminently useful. Several of them became preachers of the gospel.

#### CHRISTLIKE WORK.

I was informed that a Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, was ill, and was greatly concerned about his soul. With young men of my charge I often visited him. One day, while engaged in prayer with him, he was powerfully converted. He spoke of the freedom of the grace of God; and, while he should never again behold the hills and vales of his native country, he was going to a more beautiful land, where disease and death would never come. We ministered to his comfort in

every way possible. He died in great peace. My young men were unremitting in their attention to him while he lived, and did all that could be done after he was dead.

An English gentleman, whose clerk he had been, and who had been prominent in the great "Chartist Movement" in England, noticed the loving attention of these young men, and asked:

"Are they relatives of his?"

"No," I replied.

"They are intimate friends then, are they not?"

"No, they are almost strangers to him."

Said he: "They act like brothers. Who are they?"

I replied, "They are young men connected with my Church, and are in deep sympathy with me in all such work as this."

"Are there many of like mind and spirit in your Church?"

"Very many," I replied.

"Where is that Church?" he inquired.

I gave him the location. Said he:

"I have been living near it. I supposed that Christ had left all the Churches in this city; but if there is such a Church as you represent, and it is above ground, I will find it."

"Come and see," said I.

On the next Sunday he was present with his wife and two lady members of his family. In a few weeks they united with us, rejoicing that they had found a Church that cared for the sick, the suffering, and the poor.

In the year 1855, a fearful mob—the great “Know-Nothing” mob—had possession of the city for three days and nights. Civil authorities were utterly powerless. At least ten thousand men rushed to deeds of violence, past my house, in a body. I had occasion to visit a Brother Anderson, an aged and venerable member of my charge, near Vine Street, across the canal. Just as I was crossing the canal, I met Dr. Asbury Lowrey. The Germans on one side of the canal, and the Americans on the other, began to fire at each other. The bullets whistled all around us, and we were compelled to flee to a place of safety. Many were wounded, and a few were killed. The mob expended its fury at the end of three days, and people resumed their usual occupations.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY EXCITEMENT IN CINCINNATI.

The same year the National Anti-slavery Society held its annual session in the Mechanics' Institute in Cincinnati. It was largely represented by delegates of every shade of opinion, from all parts of the North. I attended it as a spectator. It was at once apparent that infidels were present in large numbers, and were determined to obtain control of the Convention. William H. Burleigh, of New York, Lucy Stone, Fred. Douglass, J. M. Langston, and the Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Ohio, father of the “Anti-slavery Movement,” were prominent.

The Bible was spurned by some of the speakers; the Churches were traduced; Christian min-

isters abused, and all who differed from them, roundly denounced. A malignant spirit seemed to govern the Convention. The Constitution of the United States was pronounced "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." It was evident that those who entertained more conservative ideas must either capture the Convention or withdraw from it.

In this crisis the venerable philanthropist, Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Ohio, arose, and at once secured the respectful attention of the Convention. He stood there as God's loyal servant, a lover and defender of the Bible, and a friend of the Church with all her faults. He also defended the Constitution of the United States, when properly interpreted. This was the first check that these disorganizers received. Their program was defeated.

At once, the world-renowned colored man, Frederick Douglass, arose. The infidel clan supposed, as a matter of course, that he would train in their band, and promote their dangerous scheme; and the conservative party feared as much. Douglass began by saying:

"While I was slave, and after I made my escape from slavery, for some years, I was a believer in the Christian religion. I revered the Church, loved the Bible, and respected the Constitution of the United States. My heart was then filled with love to God, and love for my race as broad as humanity itself; but after mingling with a number of gentlemen connected with the anti-slavery cause,

and hearing their bitter and vindictive speeches, I began to think as I had never thought, and to feel as I had never felt before, and I was soon in harmony with them.

“Slavery was in the Church, and the Church insisted that I should be enslaved, and I denounced the Churches of all denominations. The Bible seemed to favor slavery, and I denounced the Bible as a revelation of God’s word to men. I again read the Constitution of the United States, and I believed that it favored slavery, and I became the foe of the Constitution and of the country of which I was a citizen. Then I thought of God and his providence, and all, to my darkened imagination, seemed to favor slavery; and I became, practically, an atheist. My heart became as cold as an iceberg. The religious fervor which had once inspired me in my addresses left me, and I found myself stripped of almost every qualification for a general reformer. A midnight darkness settled upon me, and I was miserable beyond description, and had no heart to labor for humanity as I had done before. I said to myself, ‘Why is this?’

“I soon found that, in forsaking the Church and denouncing the Bible and the Constitution of the land, I had lost almost everything that was worth having on earth. I went back to the Church, and, with all her faults, I found that she was the best friend I ever had. I returned to prayer, which for a time I had neglected, and to the religious services of the Church, and soon ascertained the source of my former strength. I became satisfied

of the truth of the Bible, and that the Christian religion is the only hope of humanity. I again kneeled at the feet of the 'Crucified;' sought his help and his blessing. The love which I had felt for Christ and humanity in other days returned. The Bible, when properly read and interpreted, is the best charter of human freedom to be found in the world. The Constitution of the United States is the best political document in existence. The word 'slave' is not found in it. It is found in the constitution of the State of Connecticut, where the citizens are black republicans; but there is no such stain upon the Constitution of our country.

"To-day I am loyal, and shall be to the end of my life, to this great charter of American liberty. And now, to my infidel friends, who have so bitterly denounced all these facts, which are the chief element of our power, I desire to state, here in my place, that no man can be, for any length of time, a successful reformer whose heart is not warmed and whose arm is not nerved by the love of the Lord Jesus, who bore the sins and sufferings of humanity in his own body upon the cross. Let us cherish this love, that it may animate our speeches and our writings; let it pervade our Conventions; let it be believed by the great body of anti-slavery men and women in this country, and it will not be long until the chains of every slave will be broken, and human liberty will prevail throughout this continent and throughout the world."

The effect of this speech was electrical. The infidels left the Convention, and then true anti-

slavery men obtained a victory, the effect of which lives to-day.

#### A TRAGIC EVENT.

A slave-woman named Peggy, with an infant child in her arms, who was being carried to the South on a steamer, endeavored to escape, but was caught by her pursuers; and when she found that she was doomed to hopeless slavery, she looked upon her infant child, and determined that it should never share her fate. She slew it, to save it from slavery. The whole country was shocked by this event. She was arrested under the law of Ohio for murder, and tried at the court-house. Some of the ablest lawyers of the West were engaged in the case. They hoped, if she could be convicted, that she might be sent to the penitentiary of Ohio, and thus escape slavery; but she was acquitted.

I shall never forget how she appeared when she was taken back to the boat to be sent South. Hundreds, almost thousands, of colored people followed her there. A mob seemed inevitable; but she was placed on board a steamer in spite of all. She, no doubt, has ere this joined her infant child in another world.

This, with many other events, intensified the feeling which existed between the North and the South, and hastened the terrible war which, for five years, drenched our Nation in blood.

One day a gentleman, distinguished in his profession as a sculptor, a man of intelligence, with a noble, Christian wife and loving children, but who had become the victim of intemperance, came to



my house. I had labored for his salvation, and hoped to succeed. He was not then intoxicated.

"I have called to ask a favor," said he; "I shall not be in the city to-morrow; will you visit my family in the morning, between nine and ten o'clock? My wife will desire to see you at that time. You will then know the reason why I make the request."

I promised him I would. I was just about to go to prayer-meeting, and asked him if he would not walk as far as the corner of Eighth and Race Streets. He did so. When we reached the park he paused at a lamp-post, and, looking me straight in the face, said:

"With all my faults, hitherto, I have been honest; but I have lied to you. I will tell you the truth. When to-morrow comes I shall be in eternity. I will commit suicide before to-morrow morning. I mean it! I supposed my wife would ascertain the fact about that time, and that is the reason I desired you to be present."

I took him by the arm and expostulated with him. He said:

"It is no use; my mind is made up. I am sober;" and in a moment he darted from me, and was out of sight.

I went to the prayer-meeting, stated the man's case, and asked the congregation to kneel with me and pray that God might, in some way, avert the crime, and save this man from his desperate resolution. While we were upon our knees we heard, a square or two away, the report of a pistol. We

remained upon our knees for a time—perhaps fifteen minutes—and while we were still engaged in prayer he came into the room and kneeled down near where I was. We prayed for him, and I believe he was a sincere penitent. The next year he was happily converted and united with the Church. He was saved as a brand out of the fire.

#### A LUDICROUS SCENE IN A PRAYER-MEETING.

At this time prayer-meetings were held in private houses with the very best results. They were usually led by laymen. There was a freedom about them which did not belong to the public prayer-meetings.

It so happened that Colonel C., a Methodist of many years' standing, was appointed to lead one of these meetings. The colonel would sometimes mistrust his brethren. The prayer-meeting was held in a prominent residence with double parlors, which would seat a large number of persons. This evening the meeting was well attended. Colonel C. stood at a table, adjusted his glasses, and announced a favorite hymn, which he began to read; but he paused for a moment, and then sat down. The people knew no cause for this, and a Brother F. begged him to proceed.

He arose again and began to read; but casting his eye toward the other end of the parlor, he again sat down. For some time he remained, and Brother F. approached him and said:

"Colonel, do proceed."

"I will not," he answered, "and I have suffi-

cient reasons for refusing. I have been grossly insulted. A man with dark complexion and with glasses, arose the very moment I arose, and began to do just as I was doing. It was mockery, and I am not going to be the victim of such ridicule in the prayer-meeting. When I arose the second time, he arose also, in the same manner, and acted as I acted, and he did it the third time. It is too much, and nothing will induce me to attempt it again."

Brother F. said: "Colonel, just pause a moment and think. Do you see that large mirror in the other end of the room? It was your own likeness you saw."

How often we are overwhelmed with the sight of our own likenesses, in many respects!

In May, 1856, the General Conference convened in Indianapolis. At the especial request of the Official Board, I attended—the first that I had ever seen. I was almost awed. At once this great body commanded my respect and confidence. I had the highest reverence for the Board of Bishops, as well as the ministers of the Conference. Bishops Waugh, Morris, Janes, Scott, Simpson, Baker, and Ames were all present. There I beheld, for the first time, Peter Cartwright, George Peck, Jesse T. Peck, Freeborn G. Hibbard, and a host of other heroes of Methodism.

When I entered the Conference, that chapter in the Discipline providing for the education and training of children was being read for the first time, by the Rev. F. G. Hibbard. In its favor he made a remarkable address, giving an account of his early conversion, and the manner in which the

Church had neglected him ; and how the consciousness of this neglect and the bitter remembrances had haunted him from that time until now ; and in the most touching manner he read the chapter in our Book of Discipline for the training of the generation of children who were yet to be brought into the Church. Just as he closed, a wonderful baptism of the Holy Spirit came upon the assembly. All the Board of Bishops and the ministers of the Conference, as well as the spectators present, were evidently bathed in tears. God that day set his seal upon the law of the General Conference regarding the religious training of children.

I spent a few days, which to me were the brightest of my life, in listening to the proceedings of the Conference. I was enabled to procure a number of ministers to fill my pulpit during the session. Among these were Dr. John McClintock, John A. Collins, Henry Slicer, Dr. Parks, of New Jersey, and Dr. B. N. Brown, of Baltimore Conference. They preached sermons of great power and influence. The representatives of the British Conference visited Cincinnati, and I spent nearly two days in accompanying them and showing them around the city. To me this was a great privilege, for they were men of remarkable conversational power.

#### THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church held its session in Cincinnati. I was present a number of times. It was

struggling with several perplexing questions. Some of these involved the administration of their bishops, and there was a disposition to handle them without gloves. They indulged in personal contest to an unwarrantable extent. There were a few able debaters, one of whom, Dr. Bias, greatly resembled Dr. J. M. Buckley. A. W. Wayman, the secretary of the Conference, afterwards elected a bishop, was almost cruel in assailing one of the bishops who was supposed to be guilty of maladministration. Dr. Bias leaped to his feet and cried out, addressing Bishop Willis Nazery, who was in the chair:

"Bishop, I charge Brother Wayman with acting the part of Absalom."

Wayman, greatly excited, arose and said: "I want to know what Dr. Bias means in saying that I am acting the part of Absalom."

Dr. Bias replied: "I mean, sir, that he is seeking his father's place before his father is dead."

The insinuation was perfectly understood by the members. They never voted or legislated very intelligently until they were intensely excited. The result of their Conference business was greatly to their credit.

#### LAST INTERVIEW WITH G. W. WALKER.

George W. Walker visited me one day in the city while he was presiding elder of Hillsboro District. As his vote on the slave question had been somewhat criticised, he gave me his reasons for his action on this and other exciting questions which

came before the Conference. The substance of this conversation will be found in his life, published by Maxwell P. Gaddis.

He was greatly interested in the prosperity of the Church and the cause of Christ all over the world. He was noble and dignified in his personal appearance, and commanded attention and respect everywhere. As we sat at the table, I remarked to him :

"Brother Walker, you are older than I am. I almost envy you whenever I see you. You look as if you would be strong and vigorous long after I am moldering in the grave."

He sighed and said: "Brother Fee, like other friends, you do not know me. There are in me the symptoms of failing health; these admonish me that my work on earth will be brief."

I said: "O no, that can not be! I shall be in heaven long before you arrive."

But he replied, "O no, my brother, it will not be so."

He had to conduct a quarterly-meeting at Wilmington, and was compelled to leave immediately after dinner. I accompanied him to the Little Miami Railroad Depot, carrying his satchel. When within ten paces of the train the bell rang, and it started. He exclaimed: "Just too late!" I replied: "O no! Run! I will bring your valise."

He did so. The conductor caught him and helped him on board, and took the valise. As the train moved on, I ran after with his cane. He took it, bowed, and I heard him say, "Good-bye, God

bless you!" and I saw him no more. Two weeks later his labors were ended, and he was with God. A "prince in Israel" fell when he died.

My labor in Ninth Street Station—now Trinity—was one of the most pleasant of my life. The wonderful love the people of that charge manifested toward me almost overwhelmed me. Hundreds had been converted, and the congregation had become large. The spirit of enterprise was among them, and the determination was then formed to build a new church edifice on the site of the old one. In a little more than two years afterwards this was accomplished; and the building now standing is a monument of the enterprise of that noble body of ministers, with Bishop Clark at their head, who did so much to promote Methodism in Cincinnati. It was during my pastorate at this Church that our oldest living son, Joseph Arthur Fee, was born. I never received more loving evidence of appreciation in any charge in the last fifty years, than I received from the members and friends of Ninth Street congregation.

#### STREET PREACHING.

As soon as I entered upon my work in Cincinnati, I regarded with deep interest, the multitudes of people who thronged the streets, especially on the Sabbath. Large numbers of these seldom, if ever, entered any place of worship. The missionary spirit, which had animated me from the commencement of my ministry, was aroused afresh within me.



Evangelical ministers of the city had a meeting each week. It convened in my study, and I was elected secretary. I held this position for two years. It was made my duty to record the substance of the remarks made in all important discussions. The subject of evangelism in the city was almost constantly before the Preachers' Meeting. Its importance engaged the minds and hearts of the ministers then, almost as much as it does now. It was decided to inaugurate a system of street preaching. This was to be extended all over the city, and we were to practice it in the immediate vicinity of our churches.

Dr. Storrs, of the Congregational Church, and myself were appointed to canvass our part of the city. We began on Sunday morning, on the corner of Fifth and Vine Streets. We had no singers with us, and at first found it difficult to secure an audience. Dr. Storrs began to address the few who gathered around us, who were principally boatmen. He frankly confessed that he did not know how to do it. Supposing that he must adapt himself to the condition of his audience, and being an Eastern man, he thought that he must descend very low in order to reach the capacity of these Western men, especially river men. They soon began to laugh, and said they were not the "greenies" he took them for. I knew at once that he had mistaken the character of his audience, but could not remedy it. The few who were not peculiarly anxious to witness the "fun," as they called it, retired. The Doctor became discouraged,

and frankly stated that he had no qualifications whatever for this work; and, as I was a Western man, he handed it over to me. I did the best I could, and before I closed I had quite a congregation. Dr. Storrs, so far as I know, never made another attempt at street preaching. I have kept it up from that day to this, wherever I have had an opportunity. I visited market-houses, hospitals, and prisons. Before I left the city my acquaintance was rather large, and my work was excessive.

One day I made an appointment in Wade Street Market. The singing soon attracted attention. A number of German Methodists were there, and they sang with a will. Just before I began, two men, each armed with a stout hickory club, who had evidently been drinking, took their position near me. One of them had been but recently a member of the City Council, but was now captain of the chain-gang. Evidently, his political standing was not in the ascendant. He introduced himself to me as captain of the chain-gang; told me that he had a Methodist wife; that he respected me, and was there to see fair play; that he knew that threats had been made to break up the meeting. He then introduced me to his companion, whom he indorsed as a man of eminent ability, and capable of protecting me in my work. They both presented their hickory clubs and their stalwart arms, as proof that they were equal to any emergency. I thanked them for their kind intentions; but informed them that I hoped there

would be no need for the intervention of clubs or fists in order to procure protection.

A large crowd was soon present. The toughs of Cincinnati were there, especially those of the West End; but the singing awed them, and I had but little difficulty in securing a respectful hearing.

In the midst of my sermon, a carriage was driven up, and, to my surprise and pleasure, that wonderful preacher, George W. Maley, as quaint as he well could be, the idol of the popular assembly at that time, alighted from the carriage, and made his way to the block where I stood. I knew him at once, and said:

"It affords me great pleasure to see the friend of my boyhood, the friend of my parents and my grandparents, the Rev. George W. Maley, in this audience. You want to hear him, so do I."

Without another word I extended my hand, and with considerable assistance he stood in my place on the block, and began to speak in his inimitable way.

"My friends," said he, "as I was coming along in my chariot from the Home of the Friendless, I heard a voice not unfamiliar nor unmusical. My charioteer called a halt, and I alighted and saw that it was my old friend, W. I. Fee, of Clermont County, who had often fed and curried my horse in the days of his boyhood; and I fed his grandfather and his grandmother, his father and his mother with the Bread of Life. He is a graduate of old Augusta College. I led him in class when he was a timid boy. God has called him to preach,

and hundreds of souls are being led to Christ through his ministration. I am glad to welcome him to Cincinnati, and to commend him to the confidence of everybody."

The gentlemen of the hickory clubs gave many a significant glance toward the roughs who were there to break up the meeting. By this time an immense audience was present. The saloons were around us, and their patrons were in the audience. Mr. Maley cast his eye across the street and soon took in the situation, as he only could do. In his quaint way he said:

"I am not going to preach nor exhort this afternoon, but I am going to hold an auction, and I want you all to get ready to bid. There is going to be a sale this afternoon, of free salvation. Who bids? Make a bid, gentlemen! Free salvation just a-going, going, going! Who bids? Remember gentlemen, it is free; not like the beefsteak, and the porksteak, and the mutton-chops that hang on the hooks, at ten cents a pound; no, not like all that, but free salvation without money and without price. Will nobody bid? You whisky-sellers over there may look askant, but who cares! The gospel will triumph until it will sweep all over the land, and Methodism will take this country in spite of whisky-sellers or the devil."

Turning to me, he inquired, "What is it that will perch upon our banners?"

I replied, "Victory."

"That's the word," said he; and the captain of the chain-gang called out, "I knew Brother

Fee could tell you!" and there was a general laugh.

Then he told of his wonderful conversion, and described the day when the Americans, the Germans, the Irish, the black, the white, the rich, and the poor would all stand together, "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." He then sang his favorite song, as he only could sing:

"And' we will walk around Jerusalem when we arrive at home."

He shook hands with everybody within his reach. The Germans began to shout and the Americans joined them, and there was an old-fashioned revival scene in Wade Street market.

Eternity only will reveal the good done in the meetings held on the streets of Cincinnati, and in the market-houses and on the public landing. Many a one who came to laugh, remained to pray. I never felt that I was doing a more Christ-like work, than I did when I was at these meetings.

#### THE DANGER OF POLITICS.

A gentleman about sixty-five years of age came to my house with a very sad and sorrowful countenance. He said to me:

"I have come to make a confession. I am a member of your Church. I am a ruined man! For many years I have been faithful, but have been mingling recently, in politics. Judge ——, a few days ago, when I expressed my appreciation of his labors on my behalf, set before me a glass of brandy, begging me to drink. I declined, but

he urged me again and again. At last I yielded and became drunk ; for I had been, several years before, subject to fits of drunkenness, and it was like touching a match to a magazine of powder. I have disgraced my wife and children, and disgraced myself, and you can do nothing now but expel me from the Church which I have dishonored, and leave me to my fate."

I returned: "O no! I shall pray and labor for your salvation more earnestly than I have ever done. Brother H., trust the Church. The Lord will have mercy upon your soul, and the Church will receive you. Forsake your politics and trust to God, and the Church will bear with you. I will see the Official Board and report as soon as I can."

I did so. They agreed to bear with and to forgive him. I told him so, and he was greatly rejoiced. When I left him he said :

"Say to the brethren, I thank them, and if they ever hear that I have been intoxicated again, they will understand that I am dead, and that I am damned."

For some time he was faithful, and gave, as we saw it, the strongest assurance that he was saved.

One morning I took up a paper, and the first thing I saw, was the head-line, "An aged man throws himself into the canal." I read the item, and, to my utter horror, I found it was Mr. H. I at once hastened to the house, and there I met the saddest scene upon which my eyes ever looked. There was the victim of rum, whom I had seen so

recently in the house of God, and heard him speak with such confidence of his hopes of heaven. The same judge had again invited and urged him to drink. He was the son of an old Methodist. He ruined this poor man, and he, with his unfortunate victim, now fills a drunkard's grave.

The afternoon of his tragic death he was very low-spirited. He walked across the room toward the clock; for the first time in its history, it had stopped, although it had not run down. He examined it, and said to his wife, "That means a death in our family;" and overwhelmed with this superstitious idea, he met with this terrible fate. Avoid all association with these corrupt city politicians, for "their steps take hold upon hell."

#### AN ACTOR'S FUNERAL.

One of the most noted actors of the Variety Theater on Vine Street, died, and the funeral service was to take place in the guild-hall of the theater, one of the most corrupt and ruinous resorts in the city of Cincinnati. Multitudes, at this time, were thronging to this building. It had no respectability, even among places of amusement. I was invited to officiate at the funeral. Those who waited upon me said:

"Poor fellow! With all his faults, he had many virtues, and we all respected him. He deserves a decent burial."

I agreed to go. The splendid hall was crowded with men and women. I stood at one end of it, where I was able to look into the face of almost



every one in the audience. I doubted then, as I do now, whether there was one virtuous man or woman in that apartment. They all bore the marks of guilt, of sin, and of shame. I was appalled. What could I do? What could I say? It looked to me as if death and hell had given up their dead. Then I asked myself, "What would Jesus do amid such scenes as this?" Then the words of the Savior came to my mind: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I began to speak of the wonderful love of Him who lived, labored, suffered, and died for humanity. An impression was being made, and hearts not often moved, and eyes unused to weeping, gave evidence that the Holy Spirit was working upon that mass of iniquity. As an illustration of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, I mentioned the love of mother; the brightest illustration of the love which earth had to offer. When the thought of mother, home, and heaven were brought up with a vividness which I had never experienced before, the scene in the congregation was indescribable. Men cried aloud and women shrieked until my voice was drowned. I had invited them to Christ, and had told them of his wonderful love, that no matter what society might do or say, there was, for each and all of them, an open door which no man could shut against them.

They took their leave, and the strange procession of attendants moved on to the city of the dead. Few live who stood around that open

grave; but where will they spend eternity? I felt more that day, I believe, of the wonderful love of Jesus for the lost and wretched, and what is regarded as hopeless humanity, than I had ever felt before; and the words, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," never seemed sweeter to me than they did that day.

#### A TRIAL OF MY FAITH.

I was sent for one day to baptize the child of a very poor woman, thought to be dying. When I reached the room I found that the floor was wet, for it had just been mopped. The child lay in a cradle. The lady met me, and said:

"O sir, I did wrong to mop the floor, but I could not help it; there was a horrid stench in the room. An hour ago my husband, who died of smallpox, was carried out. I felt that my child must be baptized or I would go crazy."

It was then in convulsions. I thought of myself, thought of my wife and children, and of the work in which I was engaged, and said, "What shall I do?" A strange impression came to me that I must pray for that woman and child, and baptize it. I did so; and as I kneeled upon that wet floor, I pleaded with God for that sorrowing woman and that dying child. I baptized it in the name of the Trinity. I then went at once to see Dr. C. G. Comegys, who re-vaccinated me and all my family. I changed my clothing and went about my work, feeling that I had done my duty as I saw it; but for doing it I was censured. The

doctor thought I had symptoms of varioloid in a few days, but they were slight. None of my family or friends took the disease.

With all the light I now have, I can not see that I ought to have done otherwise. In five minutes after I left, the disease broke out on the child, and its life was saved.

#### ANOTHER TRIAL OF MY FAITH.

A very respectable lady visited me one day, a wife and mother. She informed me that she was laboring night and day to support herself and children; that her husband was unworthy of her confidence; that he stole the money that she had laid up to pay her rent, and the like, and expended it in the worst places of resort in that city; and that some of his associates were members of my Church, which I found to be true, and, upon an investigation of their cases, they were immediately expelled. This gave great offense.

A few days afterwards the husband visited me, and asked me if his wife had been there, giving me his name.

I replied, "Yes."

"What did she say to you?" he asked.

I had invited him into the parlor, but he refused to enter my house. He had a large hickory cane in his hand, and I knew he meant mischief. I remembered at that moment that there was a large hickory club standing in the hall, which I took in my hand, and walked out in a half-menacing attitude, and faced him, ready to defend my-

self against what I knew to be an attack. I declined to answer his question. He then demanded it as a husband, but I refused to yield. Said he,

“Did you advise her to leave me?”

“All I have to say to that,” I replied, “is, if I were in her place I would not live with you one hour. You are unworthy the respect and love of such a woman as I learn your wife is.”

Then, looking him in the face, with my cane lifted over him, I said:

“Can it be that you are such a scoundrel as you are represented to be?”

He trembled from head to foot, and came down like a whipped spaniel, and said, “Yes, I am.” Then he begged and pleaded with me to persuade his wife to live with him again.

I turned away from him, saying: “I can only commend you to God and your conscience, and you must answer to both for the life you have been living.”

I saw him no more; so that all the threats he had previously made, amounted to nothing.

#### RESULT OF A PASTORAL VISIT.

One afternoon I called at the house of a Mr. Scott, from Ireland. He had been a very decided Wesleyan Methodist in the old country; but, like many others who come to our shores, he failed to identify himself with any denomination in America, and in a few years became indifferent, and was unknown as a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I talked with him, and besought him to return to God. After a time he united with the Church.

He had several daughters that afterwards became members at the Ninth Street Church, and later at Wesley Chapel. One of these daughters is now the wife of a devoted, useful minister. Another daughter is engaged in missionary work, and for years has been a faithful laborer in India. We little know the result of one visit, or one conversation.

My associations in the pastorate in Cincinnati at that time were of the most agreeable character. Among my fellow-ministers might be named Asbury Lowrey, Jonathan F. Conrey, Robert O. Spencer, William S. Morrow, and William Herr, my presiding elder. The friends that I made while there are embalmed in my memory forever.

## CHAPTER VII.

DAYTON. 1856-1858.

AT the earnest request of the presiding elder, Michael Marlay, of Dayton District, and the concurrent request of the Official Board, I was appointed in 1856 to Wesley Chapel, now Grace Church, Dayton, O. Outside of Cincinnati, this was the most prominent charge in the Conference. It was a pewed church, renowned for its wealth and intelligence. I was only reconciled to go because it was an article of faith with me that my appointments were in harmony with God's providence, inasmuch as I did not seek them directly or indirectly, and if mistakes occurred they would not lie at my door.

The Church, I learned, was spiritually at a very low ebb. The retiring pastor favored a formal religion. He told his people that preaching and the sacrament were about all that should claim their serious and earnest attention. He ultimately entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but proved a sad failure. It pains me to make this statement, for our personal relations were of the kindest character. I give it as a note of warning to others who become weary of the special work of a pastor and ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church. To correct the errors of his pastorate gave me some of the hardest work I

have ever done. What to do, and how to do it, were the problems which I tried to solve for many weary months.

Before my appointment was publicly made, M. P. Gaddis, one of the dearest friends I ever had, announced to the people that I was to be their pastor for the ensuing year, and that now they would have a revival of religion. It was a proof of his confidence and affection for me; but I soon found that, while they were looking for a revival of religion, they were looking, not to God, but to me. This was disheartening, and God only knows the struggle which it cost me; but he overruled all for my good and the good of his cause. What the effect was publicly, beyond this, I know not.

I think that I was never more badly frightened in my life than I was when I preached my introductory sermon. My effort appeared so lame, and my embarrassment was so great, that I had seemingly wounded the cause which I was laboring to represent. The people, I think, pitied me and sympathized with me. When the benediction was pronounced, that sainted man, Father Smith, came up the aisle toward me with uplifted hands, saying: "We have 'a weeping Jeremiah' with us once more;" and he praised the Lord for what he felt that day.

Dr. Marlay said to me:

"You have no cause to be ashamed of that sermon. You are not hurt, nor is anybody else hurt. God will be with you, and take care of his cause."

I righted up in a little while, like a ship which



had been driven by the storm among the breakers, and very nearly wrecked, and began my two years' work in Dayton. I found it necessary to give myself much to prayer and examination. I had learned by this time that no two charges are alike; that every new charge involves new responsibilities, and requires a peculiar kind of moral training as a preparation for success. I deeply felt my insufficiency for the work.

About this time I met a former pastor of the charge. He said to me :

"Have you learned the 'ropes?'"

I replied, "No."

"How, then, do you expect to succeed?" he asked.

I answered: "If God does not help me, I am undone. I never have used such appliances, and I never will."

He shook his head significantly, and left me.

In a very short time I had visited most of the members, and, wherever practicable, I prayed with the family. This rather surprised them, and yet was not unwelcome. They were in the midst of a fearful political excitement. Lewis D. Campbell and Clement L. Vallandigham were candidates for Congress. The contest was close, and great bitterness was encountered. Many Church members had been induced to make bets on the result, and the effect of this was most demoralizing.

After the public excitement abated, and society moved on its course, I found that there had been a disturbance in the choir, which still continued. A

committee was appointed by the Official Board to "repair the choir" and make frequent reports. What to do I scarcely knew. Plain, practical, heart-searching sermons were needed, but this must be done with great prudence. It would not be safe to hammer frozen steel. I soon began to preach such sermons. In a few weeks the effect began to appear, and I was approached by leading members of the Church on the subject of my preaching. One party said it would give the people a very bad opinion of the Church, and they would suffer loss on that account. Another said that I ought to be still plainer. A third said:

"This is the plainest preaching I have heard in twenty years in this Church, and it cuts me to the quick; but I must confess that it is the most encouraging preaching I ever heard."

One day I was in a lawyer's office. A number of unconverted persons were there, two of whom were lawyers. One, an official member, began to upbraid me for my preaching. He said:

"You are prejudiced against our Church and its members. You never stop to think how outsiders will be impressed by such preaching as you are giving us. You will never build up a congregation in that way."

I replied that I was impelled by a sense of duty; that I endeavored to do it in the spirit of love; that I was responsible to God for what I was doing, and must leave the matter with him. An influential gentleman present remarked:

"I have been at service every Sabbath since

your new minister came, and as long as he remains I shall be a regular attendant. He is an honest man, and I will stand by him, and shall aid and support him to the extent of my ability."

Another promised to do the same thing.

"You ought to congratulate yourselves that you have a minister who dares to tell you your faults."

This was the last time that this brother reproved me for my preaching. Ever after he was one of my best friends. I endeavored to do my duty in all respects, laboring for the good of all; and especially the poor, who were neglected too much, as they generally are.

The Official Board was composed of an unusual number of prominent and influential citizens, among whom I will name Thomas Parrott, Thomas Brown, Dr. H. G. Carey, J. H. Auchey, J. D. Loomas, Vandaver Moler, Joseph Peters, Thomas Lewis, F. M. Lease, David Schaffer, Valentine Schaffer, Colonel Gillespie, C. C. Keifer, William Parrott, S. M. Sullivan, Dr. Frizzell, Thomas Morrison, Mr. Bell, Dr. Abbey, Mr. Odell, Charles Parrott, Mr. McKinney, Dr. Webster, Dr. Shriver, F. Boyer, David Engle. There were others, whose names I can not recall.

The congregation began to increase; but its recovery from the indifference into which it had fallen was painfully slow. Three young men—Charles Parrott, Frank Leaman, and Brother Mariott—and myself entered into covenant that we would meet on each Saturday evening to pray and to plan for a revival of God's work in our Church.

We received encouragement after holding a number of meetings.

One Saturday evening each of us prayed before we arose from our knees. There was great earnestness. One of the young men remarked after he arose:

"I feel that I ought to pray again, and that God would bless me if I did."

He did so, and was greatly blessed. Then each of us followed, and was blessed in like manner. There came to all of us the impression that God would commence a revival on the next day, and we greatly rejoiced in the prospect. It was the joy of faith.

When Sunday came we were buoyant with hope, and believed it to be a day of salvation. I appointed a general speaking-meeting at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. A large number were present. I told them what God had done for us on Saturday night, and that I had a strong faith to believe that this was to be a day of revival. This declaration astonished them. M. P. Gaddis, who resided in Dayton at that time, was wonderfully anxious for my success; and when I told him in the morning what I expected, he thought me fanatical. He said:

"You do n't know the people of Dayton."

I replied, "I know the Lord."

"Why," said he, "if you were to have a revival you would have no revival singing, and the revival would soon die out without that element."

"Brother Gaddis," said I, "if revival singing is

essential to the revival, and I suppose it is, my faith is that God will convert some revival singer, and that difficulty will then be out of the way."

He said, "We shall see."

Earnest confessions were made, promises of amendment were numerous, and a solemnity rested upon those present. Many who were unused to weep were bathed in tears. I felt in my own soul the power and melting influence of the Holy Spirit. I was impressed that I ought to invite seekers to come forward for prayer. This had not been done for years in that Church. The people were surprised at my boldness; but my faithful young men were all aglow with joy when they heard this announcement. In a few minutes some twenty were at the altar. The effect was marvelous. Among them was a large, noble-looking man from New York, who kneeled with his wife and sought for mercy. For years he had been a backslider. He told me that he had once been active in the Church, and bitterly mourned his departure from God. It was not long until God reclaimed him wonderfully. He sprang to his feet, and told the people what a dear Savior he had found. His wife was also converted; and he began to sing an old-fashioned hymn which astonished everybody. Brother Gad-dis exclaimed aloud:

"There, Brother Fee, God has answered your prayers and honored your faith by giving you a singer."

This meeting was followed by a revival at

which about sixty persons were converted, and my New York singer did heroic service; but it did not take that hold upon the great body of members which I believed was necessary. I could not rest until this was secured, and I labored and prayed for it night and day. I was treated with great kindness by all. My first year closed under the most encouraging auspices. My return was requested with great unanimity. The heart of the entire Church was evidently warmed toward me. They began to understand me better and to appreciate my work. In 1857, Bishop Morris reappointed me to the charge. On my return I met with the most cordial reception, and I began my work full of hope. For two months or more I struggled night and day for a deep and powerful work of revival in that Church. Sometimes I despaired, and then again I would say: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." This burden was upon my soul in all my waking hours, and was sometimes the subject of my dreams. After a long siege of prayer, one night I slept and dreamed that I found myself in the presence of my entire membership. We were marching toward a mountain many miles away. It was covered with shrubbery, in the midst of which was a magnificent building, white as marble, and burnished with gold. We could hear in the distance the most ravishing music. We seemed to be animated with a common purpose to reach it. The road was muddy, and the traveling difficult. I found myself almost in the rear. I struggled to

advance more rapidly until I almost despaired, when something spoke from above and said:

"Have you done what you could?"

"I think I have," I replied.

"Could you not do better?" said the voice.

"I can try," was my reply; and, making a desperate effort, I increased my speed until almost one-half of the membership was behind me. While I was congratulating myself on my progress, the same voice said:

"Have you done what you could?"

I made the same answer, and began to run with all my might, and to pass many who had been in advance of me previously, rejoicing more and more in my progress. The same voice, more forcible than ever, said:

"Have you done what you could?"

"I think I have," was the reply.

"Can not you do better still?"

"I can try," I answered; and, making a last desperate effort, I arose from the earth and began to fly like a bird in a straight line toward the beautiful building on the summit of the mountain, and, after hovering over it for a few moments, and performing a few circles, I alighted at its portals, and stood there with a joy which must have been akin to the joy of heaven. Just then the large procession, with which I had been traveling, began to arrive, and I welcomed them at the portals as they entered. I stood there until every one whom I knew had passed into it, and there was a joy in my soul that I never felt before, and have never felt since.



I awakened, and it seemed that I was in a new world. I walked out on Third Street that morning with a strong faith in God that at last my prayers were not in vain. As I was crossing Main Street, on Third, the answer came with wonderful impressiveness; and it was attended by a solemn awe that made me feel that God was there, and I then and there received an assurance that to me was an absolute certainty. All doubts vanished, and the victory was won, and I was in the arms of my Father. We held a revival which was not only a surprise to my congregation, but to the people of Dayton as well.

The same week I was visited by Rev. John M. Leavitt, a son of Judge Humphrey H. Leavitt, a man of deep piety and devotion to his work. He preached for me on Sabbath morning. I confidentially told him my dream; and, to my astonishment, he related it in his sermon to a large congregation, and the impression made was of marked character. A large number of the members came to me at the close, and said: "Did you see me there? Was I in that procession?"

Jonathan F. Conrey was stationed that year at Raper Chapel. He was deeply solicitous for a revival of religion. He did not sympathize with me in the faith I had expressed, but proposed that we hold meetings together in our respective churches, which we did, and a number were converted, principally in Raper Chapel. At the very first meeting he said:

"All the faith I have is in the faith expressed

by Brother Fee. I can't say that I have any faith of my own."

This fell upon me as it did upon others, like a pall of despair. But in spite of all, good was done. He thought it best for us to separate, and I agreed to it. My faith was not shaken by anything. It was supposed that my congregation would not be moved by any revival spirit; but there was faith in my soul morning and night.

The following Sabbath I preached; and while there was great solemnity, no one was moved. There had never been a revival-meeting held in that audience-room. Some said that it would not do. I replied that at all hazards I would appoint a meeting in the audience-room. They came to me and expostulated; but all they could say had little, if any, effect. The principal opponent of the appointment, who was also the principal man in the Church, said: "You will only be laughed at for it, and we will all be ashamed." But this had no effect. He then went on,—

"I have been in Dayton longer than you have, and I know the people."

I announced a meeting in the audience-room in Wesley Chapel, on Monday evening. To the surprise of almost everybody save myself, when the time came the house was full, and in a little while there was not room for the people. My principal opponent came late, and could only find a resting-place on the stairway; the seats were all taken.

I invited seekers to come to the altar. It was the first time it had ever been done in that room.

The first one to come was a prominent young lady, the daughter of my distinguished opponent. She was soon happily converted, and united with the Church. The altar was filled with seekers. My prayers were answered, my faith was vindicated; and from that hour, as long as I remained in Dayton, I was in the midst of a deep and powerful revival interest, and it began to take the very direction for which I had prayed. It took the deepest hold upon the hearts of the members of the Church, young and old.

The interest now began to spread all over the city. Most of the Churches felt the melting power of the Holy Spirit. Men were being awakened in every direction. This was about the time the "Fulton Street prayer-meeting" was fairly under way in New York City; and from that sprang the idea of daily prayer-meetings, which were held in the principal towns and cities of the United States.

My Church was now the center of this revival influence; and my office, which was in the Church, was visited by scores of penitents, with whom I labored and prayed as best I could. As I endeavored to lead them to Christ, I may here make a general remark that never in all my ministry did I receive such a special spiritual qualification to enable me to lead seeking souls to Christ as I did at this time. I felt as humble and simple-hearted as a child. I only sought to know my duty, and I was willing to do it. In studying the life, work, and spirit of the Lord Jesus, this I had ever done.

As far as I now remember, there was only one Protestant pastor in the city who took no interest in the work, and really opposed it. His religion was one of form; and many of his congregation came to consult me about their souls, and many of them were happily converted to God. Among these was a young lady, Miss A. P., who had been brought up in a prominent Methodist family, and most of her relatives were members of that Church. Her brother was a worldly man, and preferred the formal Church to the Church of his parents, and the young lady was induced to go with him. She was most deeply convicted of sin, and during the revival came to the altar and sought and found the "pearl of great price."

She said to her brother: "I must join some Church now. What would you have me to do?"

He said:

"If you intend to lead a worldly life, without regard to the salvation of your soul, join the Church you have attended; but if you want to save your soul, go to the Church of your father and mother."

She did so, and lived and died in that Church, an ornament to the cause she had espoused.

#### ANOTHER CASE.

A young man, a Mr. L., whose uncle was a bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church, came to my study and sought a private interview. He said:

"I have been confirmed; but I was not con-

verted at the time, nor have I ever been. My pastor does not believe in conversion, and is not in sympathy with the work in which you are engaged. I did not wish to approach him. I want this interview to be a private one, and you must not speak of it to any one unless I give you permission."

I replied, "I will not, without your permission."

He begged me to lock the door and close the window-blinds, so that no one could know that he was there. I did so. I conversed with him, and found that he was deeply penitent; but the pride of his heart stood in his way. We kneeled in prayer, and I prayed for him with all my heart, and then asked him to pray. He said:

"I can't pray. I have no book."

Said I, "Pray without a book."

"I can't," he replied.

"You can say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

After some hesitation he did so, and I said:

"That's a good prayer; repeat it," and he did so, adding several sentences to it, until he laid hold upon the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior, and in a moment he was converted. He sprang to his feet, caught me in his arms, and rejoiced with exceeding joy. He ran to the door to get out on the street; but the key was in my pocket. He wanted to see his father. I told him I would bring his father. Just as I opened the door to go out, a young gentleman from one of the hotels, from Pittsburg, met me. He had visited me that morning just before the other young man, and I had loaned him

Fletcher's "Address to Seekers of Salvation." The very moment I saw him I knew that he had found Christ. He fell upon his knees in the hotel and began to pray without looking in the book, and found salvation in a moment.

I told him to go into the room and rejoice with the other young man who had found Christ. He did so, while I ran for the first young man's father, who came and embraced his son, who was rejoicing in the dear Savior he had found.

That night the first young man arose before one thousand people in Clegg's Hall, and related this story just as I have related it here. The effect was wonderful.

A mere profession of religion and a union with a Church does not necessarily imply a Scriptural change of heart.

#### A BACKSLIDERS' CLASS.

As I became better acquainted with my congregation and their spiritual condition, I found a large number who were once happy Christians, but had lost the evidence of conversion and the joy of salvation. They were unwilling to confess to the public, and to seek that which they had lost. They were not promoters of the revival; they rather hindered it.

To meet this condition of things, I conceived the idea of forming a backsliders' class. While this was certainly a questionable plan, it seemed to meet the case, and I publicly announced it. An hour in the evening was appointed for its formation.

All backsliders who were willing to return to God were invited to become members of this class. None but backsliders were to be there.

At the time appointed I found thirty-seven adult persons present. Some were there of whose departure from God I was not aware; others were known backsliders. I said:

“Let there be the most perfect freedom here. Let each one represent his spiritual condition in his own way. We are here to help one another.”

A class-leader was among the number. He was the first to speak, and told honestly how he had suffered by forsaking God. The others followed one by one, and all promised to lead a new life. I enrolled their names upon a class-book. The class-leader referred to was appointed leader of the class.

The next evening, with their leader at their head, in the presence of a large congregation, they came forward and kneeled as penitents at the altar. I shall not attempt a description of the scene which followed, nor the wonderful manner in which the Lord came back to these “wandering sheep,” nor how others were induced by their example to return also. Most of those who have died since then, if not all, have died in the Lord.

#### A CASE OF BAPTISM.

I found a prominent lady, who had been a member of the Church on probation for some six years, who informed me that she had never been baptized, and desired to receive baptism by immer-



sion. The former minister would not administer it. I said to her:

"So far as I am concerned, I am willing to baptize you by immersion at any time."

She deferred having the ceremony performed, until finally the day was appointed for the baptism. After examination before the audience, she informed me that her views had changed, and she desired to be baptized by sprinkling. I administered the ordinance in compliance with her wishes, and she was ever afterwards satisfied.

#### ANOTHER CASE OF BAPTISM.

A young man was to be baptized on the same day that the lady previously mentioned was baptized. On examination I said to him:

"By what mode do you wish to be baptized?"

He hesitated, and I said:

"By immersion?"

He answered, "No."

"By pouring?" I asked.

He said, "No."

"By sprinkling?"

"No."

Said I, "Do you desire to be baptized in any mode?"

He answered, "Yes." But he could not give the name of the mode which he wished to have used. He wanted to be *wet* all over; and beyond this could tell me nothing. I deferred his case for a week; but during that time he whipped his own mother, and I heard of him no more.

## A MIDNIGHT CALL.

For four months I had been engaged in meetings every night. I thought I would rest one Saturday night. My friends begged me to do this; but a strong impression came to me that some struggling soul would seek help from me that night. I told my family so, and remained in my room waiting until near midnight.

A young lady that was boarding at our house answered to a call that was made. A gentleman whom she met at the door said that a man and his wife were under the deepest conviction at their own house, and were praying for mercy, and they begged me to come and help them if I could. My friend said, "Do n't go;" but I could not hesitate, weak though I was.

I was soon ushered into a fine parlor. There kneeled a husband and wife who had been brought under religious influence, but had never been converted. They were pleading for mercy as one would plead for his life. A large family Bible lay open on a center-table. I looked at it as I stood under the light of the lamp which was above it. It had been sprinkled all over with the tears of these penitents. They had been reading the parable of "The Prodigal Son."

After a short conversation with them, I prayed; but midnight came, and they were not yet saved. I felt like preaching a little sermon on "The Way of Faith; or, What a Sinner should do in Order to be Saved." The motto never seemed so fit to me

as that night. It was written out before me in lines of living light.

In a plain and simple way I offered to them Christ and his salvation by simple faith in the atonement and acceptance of Christ on his own terms. It seemed to me I had won, so vivid was it to me that they must be instantly converted.

Looking toward the husband I saw him spring to his feet and move toward the place where his wife had been kneeling. At the same instant she arose converted, and they embraced each other in sweeter bonds than they had ever known before.

The joy of that scene will be bright upon the pages of my memory forever. A death-bed scene had been the cause of their awakening. An acquaintance, who had been an advocate of the doctrine of Universalism, was suddenly brought to a dying-bed. He felt that it was too late to make amendment for the errors of a misspent life. His agony of soul was fearful. For him there appeared no star of hope. He took a beautiful ring from his finger and gave it to his sorrowing wife, and said, "My wife, farewell forever!" and died.

#### A SEEMING DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

A young man came running to the parsonage and told me that a terrible fight had taken place between two young men. One of them, he said, had been fatally stabbed, and would die in a few minutes.

I ran to the place. The doctors thought the case desperate. I endeavored to lead the young

man to Christ by all the methods of which I was master. He made the most solemn promises, calling God and the angels to witness that he would lead a new life and become a Christian at once whether he lived or died. After prayer he seemed composed and ready for his change, and I left him.

I returned early the next morning. There was no crape on the door. I was admitted to his room, and he greeted me with a loud laugh, saying:

"The doctors were mistaken last night. I shall get well. I have no further use for you. Should I ever need you again, I will send for you."

I left him, and saw him no more.

A very prominent gentleman in Dayton, the husband of a pious wife, a Mr. G., came to the altar a broken-hearted penitent. Great interest was taken in him; but he found no relief that night. The next night he was at the church again, but did not come forward. Every effort to induce him to do so failed. He was angry, and finally left the church in a rage, denouncing all who had taken any interest in him. I was not discouraged, for I had seen such cases before.

Wm. H. Fyffe, who had been assisting me for several days, and was my guest, retired to my home at the close of the meeting. It was quite late. I remarked to him that we would sit up awhile, for I was quite certain that Mr. G. would come some time during the night and ask our help. He said he had thought the same thing. We agreed that often penitents were most severely

tried and discouraged before their conversion. It is the last desperate effort upon the part of the enemy of their souls to thwart them. While we were thus talking the door-bell rang, and I said, "There is Mr. G."

I ran down the stairway and, sure enough, I met him. As the light shone in his face, it disclosed one of the most sorrowful faces I ever beheld. He was a noble, beautiful-looking man, and would attract attention among a thousand. He said:

"O, this is too bad to disturb you when you need rest so much!"

I said: "O no; I am glad to see you! I have been looking for you for a half-hour."

"You have?" said he.

"Yes," said I. "I knew what was going on, and the Lord has sent you here. My wife has been at none of the meetings, and I know she will enjoy services. I will not receive any apology."

We talked with him for an hour. As he sat in his chair, after we had prayed with him, I beheld a sudden change come over his face. Despair was gone. Sorrow had fled away. Peace had come. But he did not speak. I said to him:

"Where is your burden now?"

He smiled and said, "It is gone."

"What has become of it?"

"I do n't know. I can't account for it; but I am not converted. Do n't say I am."

I said: "We will not. We will leave it to you. Praise God for any change, and every change which may come upon you for the better."

His face grew bright and brighter; but he continued to say, "Do n't say I am converted." I repeated, "We will not;" and with his face covered with smiles, and as happy as he could be, he bade me "Good-night," saying, "Do n't say I am converted."

The next morning I met him at my gate. Said he:

"I come to tell you that I was converted last night, and I knew it; but it did not come as I expected, and hence my reluctance to admit it. Tell everybody now that I have found Jesus."

He became the proprietor of one of the leading hotels in New York City. He was then doing well. I have not heard of him since.

#### A REMARKABLE RECONCILIATION.

For three years two prominent citizens had indulged the bitterest hatred toward each other, and had carried deadly weapons for each other. They had lost all hope of reconciliation. They were prominently connected with Churches in Dayton.

One of them came to the altar of prayer. His convictions were deep and pungent. The great question with him was, "Shall I forgive my enemy?" The struggle was a fearful one; but at last he forgave his enemy, and gave himself to Christ, and his conversion was one of marvelous interest. His whole being was transformed. He was a new creature in Jesus Christ. He now loved everybody, and his enemies were no exception to the rule. The next morning found him on the street,

filled with the love which had brought a heaven to his soul.

Almost the first person he met was his late antagonist. Without thinking, as he said, he ran up to him and threw his arms around him, and said:

"O, K., I have found Jesus, and I am the happiest man in Dayton!"

His enemy said: "How happy I am! I congratulate you. Let us bury the past."

They were friendly ever afterwards.

#### CONVERSION MAKES MEN HONEST.

One day a noted skeptic met me, and said:

"Mr. Fee, you know me, and what I am and what I believe."

"I suppose I do," was the reply.

"Will you permit me to ask you a question, and will you answer it, if it be proper?"

I said, "Yes."

"I have heard that Mr. —, out in the country, has professed conversion in a revival-meeting out there. Is it true?"

"It is."

"Have you seen him?"

"I have."

"Do you believe that the work, as you see it, and from your standpoint, was a deep and genuine one?"

I replied: "I do. I think he is truly converted."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," he said. "He has owed me a debt of honor for years. Of course, it



is legally beyond my reach; but if, as you affirm, it is a case of genuine conversion, and if there be any truth in your religion, he will pay that debt."

The next time I saw him, with a pleased expression of countenance, he said: "It is all right; he has paid that debt." And he left me in a moment, to wonder what effect the logic of that case would have upon his opinions and his life.

A Mr. O., one of my official members, promised me that he would be at the prayer-meeting one evening without fail. I thought it important that I should see him: He was not at the prayer-meeting, however. He was a good man; but, in my mind, I judged him harshly, because he failed to keep his promise. It troubled me during the night. I went out on the street early in the morning, and met a friend, who said:

"Have you heard the sad news?"

"What sad news?" I asked.

"That Brother O. is dead. He died at eight o'clock last evening."

While I was judging him harshly he was in the arms of death. It has been a warning to me ever since to judge nothing before the time.

#### A POOR TRAMP.

A man clothed in rags, pale, tremulous, hungry, and moneyless, called one morning at the kitchen door.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, kindly.

"I am almost frozen," said he.

"Sit down by the kitchen-stove and warm."

He continued: "I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. I slept in a lumber-yard last night. The saloon-keepers, when my last nickel was gone, turned me out into the street. This morning I heard of you as a friend of the fallen, and thought I would come and see if you practiced any of the charity which I understand you are constantly preaching."

I said to him: "We will not discuss that question now. We will give you your breakfast as soon as possible, and after you have eaten a good, square meal, you will feel more like talking than you do now. I know I would, if I were in your condition."

He ate his breakfast with a wonderful relish, then said, in a very gentlemanly way:

"I beg a thousand pardons for trespassing upon your time, and I had better leave."

I found him to be an intelligent man, with good business ideas, and with a disposition to work and earn his own living, if he could get an opportunity.

"But," said he, "who will employ me? The saloon-keepers will not. Business men will not. Farmers will not. I would be willing to take the lowest position on a farm with the assurance that I would have some place to sleep and my board, and be treated as a human being, rather than a brute. But I am hopeless."

"There is a great deal of manhood about you yet. There is a key, if you can only find it, which will unlock the doors of the prison in which you are confined, and restore you to the liberty and to

the prosperity you once enjoyed. There is sympathy for you in the great heart of Him who was so poor that he had no place in which to lay his head."

"But I have no friends, no home, no work, no clothing."

I replied, "I am your friend."

He said, "You act like one."

"Just forsake saloons, and when hungry come to me and you shall have something to eat, and I will find a place of shelter for you, and, if I can, I will find employment for you. Don't drink. When you are about to give way to temptation, think of me, and come at once to my house."

The sheriff of the county was about to remove to a farm. He was not a Christian, but a man full of sympathy. His wife was a noble Christian woman. I consulted them, and they said: "If he will go with us, we will watch over him with all the care that we would watch over a dear friend."

He came back to see me that evening. I gave him his supper, and then told him the good news I had for him. He said, "I will go."

I introduced him to the sheriff and his family.

"Now," said he, "I owe it to you and these kind friends to give you a little of my history. I am a native of Pittsburg. I married a noble wife, and I have interesting children; but strong drink has torn me from their embrace. I was once a successful business man—a wholesale merchant. Before now I should have been blessed with a fortune, but for rum. But fortune, friends, home,

character, everything was swept away by this demon. Now I must form a character before I return, and to do this I am willing to endure any amount of humility. Pray for me. Be my friend, and I shall never forget you."

Two months afterwards, after hearing the best reports from him, I paid him a visit, and spent a day with him. He was overjoyed to see me.

After spending many months with the sheriff, he so righted up that he began to be himself again, and returned to his home in Pittsburg. He finally wrote me a most beautiful letter, which I yet have in my possession, full of gratitude for the kindness I had shown him, and love for the sheriff and his wife. He spoke of the love which had inspired the hearts of friends to help him in the hour of his deep distress. I removed to another point, and have never heard of him since; but the memory of that man's gratitude and love lingers with me yet. "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Dayton, at this time, was stirred to its very depths with revival interest, night and day. Prayer-meetings were inaugurated. They were held in Wesley Chapel, and were attended by the most prominent citizens of Dayton. They were led by laymen, and the presence of the Holy Spirit pervaded all the services. Members of the various Churches who had hitherto been inactive, if not indifferent to their religious teaching, became deeply interested, and were earnest promoters of the work of grace. There was the sweetest har-

mony among the various Protestant denominations, with one exception.

I labored day and night without rest. It was my meat and drink to point sinners to the Savior. In the midst of all these scenes of triumph, I was impressed with the thought that there was a class of society in our midst who were not reached, and who might say, with some justice, "No man careth for my soul." I often felt that I ought to give public expression to my views and feelings on this subject in the union meetings. But, having the most humble views of my ability for such work, I kept it to myself until it became a fire in my bones.

At one of the ministerial meetings, to my surprise, I was most earnestly invited and urged to preach a sermon on the subject of reaching the masses in our revival-work. To me this seemed like the voice of God, and, after some hesitation, I yielded. It was announced very generally, and an immense audience greeted me. I never felt my unworthiness or my need of God's help more than I did that day. I took for my text, "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." The sermon was an appeal to the faith of society of every grade and of every moral condition, placing the rich and the poor upon the same platform, and following, as far as I could, the teachings and the example of the Lord Jesus. I illustrated the subject with the most striking incidents I could think of, which had fallen under my own eyes, to say nothing of the examples of God's willingness to save to the utmost, all who

might come to him, as narrated in the Bible and the history of the Church.

God evidently helped me. A solemn awe pervaded the assembly. Tears flowed from eyes unused to weep. The ministers present gathered around me with tears in their eyes, and congratulated me upon the doctrines of the sermon and the spirit in which it was preached. Laymen thanked me for the boldness of my utterances and the spirit in which I had made them. My presiding elder, Michael Marlay, whose good opinion I was always delighted to secure, came with tears flowing down his cheeks, and threw his arms around me, and said:

"I was proud of you to-day. That discourse will do lasting good in Dayton."

Out of this revival movement sprang what afterwards became the Young Men's Christian Association in Dayton. Young men united themselves together, and joined in our work for the salvation of the masses.

This year, one of the most promising citizens of Dayton, as well as one of the most promising members of my charge, William Parrott, was stricken with paralysis, and in a few days passed to his reward in heaven. He was a man of rigid honesty, humble and prudent in his spirit, liberal in his benefactions, and respected and loved by all who knew him. His oldest son, George Parrott, was for many years a traveling preacher. He died suddenly at the Conference at Middletown. Col. Charles Parrott, another son, a devoted Christian, is now a prominent member of the Church in Colum-

bus, Ohio. He lives, an honor to his parents and a blessing to the city in which he resides. William Parrott was the father of a large family. Some of these were led to Christ through my humble instrumentality.

Here I had the presence and help of William Herr, then agent for the American Bible Society. Maxwell P. Gaddis, my pastor and friend in the earlier part of my Christian life, although broken in health, went about doing good, and Dayton and its religious interests were upon his heart. He married Miss Josephine Parrott, the eldest daughter of Thomas Parrott, one of the most devoted and useful members of the Church in that section of Ohio.

Brother Parrott was humble, modest, an example in his religious life, and active in every good work. He left behind him an example worthy of imitation, and many monuments of his liberality may be found in Dayton and elsewhere. He, with his wife, labored to train their children for God and heaven. The youngest son of brother and sister Gaddis, Eugene, is a member of the Cincinnati Conference. Three consecrated daughters are now earnestly laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. Miss Lucretia Gaddis is superintendent of the Deaconess Home in Detroit, Mich. Miss Sallie Gaddis is laboring in Cincinnati, and Miss Mary in Dayton, Ohio. Their mother still trusts to the inspiration of her early Christian life, and is going about doing good. The prospect is that when this Christian family departs, they will come bringing many



sheaves with them to their final family reunion in heaven.

There I found the faithful friend of my college days, Samuel D. Clayton, of Cincinnati Conference. He was always around where good was being done, and his sermons, exhortations, prayers, and tears of sympathy were then, and still are, an inspiration wherever he labors. God has blessed him abundantly in giving him many seals to his ministry. Few men have more sanctified wit and humor than Brother Clayton, which he uses to good account. May he long live to proclaim the love of Jesus for lost and ruined sinners!

We held ministerial meetings in my study. These were attended by all the evangelical ministers, with one exception. At one of these meetings the question was asked whether the German Lutheran Church of Dayton was evangelical? The Rev. F. W. Conrad, of the English Lutheran Church, answered, with some excitement:

"I would have you know that all Lutheran Churches are evangelical. I want it understood that the Lutheran Church has a history running back for three hundred years."

One of the Baptist ministers declared, "The Baptist Church has a history running back to the days of John the Baptist." The Congregational minister, who was present, arose and expressed his gratification in his ability to claim for the Congregational Church a history running back to the family of Abraham in Hebron. This was a contest in which representatives of other denomina-

tions were not much interested. I remarked that the Methodist Episcopal Church had a standing in the present day, and a more glowing future for it, in which I greatly rejoiced.

All the ministers present, except Brother Conrad, greatly enjoyed this episode. We were of one heart and one mind, until young men began to appear upon the scene as laborers in the work of Christ. Dr. Thomas, of the First Presbyterian Church, did not look upon it with favor. He was bold and outspoken in his criticism of these young men. He was promptly met, however, by Dr. Kemper, of the other Presbyterian Church, who as boldly defended the young men. The Young Men's Christian Association had not as yet been organized. As we were in the midst of revival work, we found leading sinners to Christ more congenial than discussions.

Before my pastorate closed, I rejoiced in one fact; namely, that almost the entire membership of my Church were living in the enjoyment of a consciousness of sins forgiven. The spirit of working for Christ and the betterment of society began to manifest itself as never before, and it still lives in that congregation at the present time. The sittings in the church were made entirely free. It became a Church of the people, where the rich and the poor met together in delightful fellowship.

#### AN INHERITANCE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK.

A poor man had settled in Dayton just previous to my coming. He was not a Christian; but was

very industrious, laboring night and day to secure a competence for himself and family. He attended my ministry, and the word reached his heart, and he was soon happily converted. I took great interest in him. He was a gardener on the west side of the city. As the spring opened, everything was prosperous and flourishing about him, and he began to make money as he had never done before. He was much elated, but attributed it all to the blessing of God which had rested upon him and his family ever since he was converted. I rejoiced with him in his prosperity.

In the month of June there was a great flood in the Big Miami River, which overflowed its banks; and Mr. H., my young English convert, saw his beautiful garden covered and almost ruined by the water, which, in that part of the city, was several feet deep. I felt deeply concerned for him. I knew it would be a great trial of his faith, and I was anxious to see him, but was not able.

On Sunday morning I attended the class of which he was a member. To my surprise I found him there, calm and composed, and deeply interested in the services of the meeting. As I was leading the class, I spoke to him, and said:

"Brother H., I have thought and prayed much for you for the last two or three days. I feared lest your faith might fail."

In a moment he was on his feet; and, with his face beaming with joy, he said: .

"O, Brother Fee, these have been the happiest days I ever spent on earth!"

"Why," exclaimed I, "with a beautiful garden swept away, and all worldly prospects blighted!"

"O yes," said he; "my inheritance is above high-water mark."

In this, to me, there was a great sermon. It was a great blessing to all who heard it.

While I was pastor of this charge, my second daughter, now Mrs. Jennie Wiles, of Dayton, was born. She, with her husband and only son, is a member of the same congregation which I served, but which now constitutes the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church on Fourth and Ludlow Streets.

Dayton is a lovely city, quiet and unpretentious, with more merit than it usually claims. A large number of honorable and enterprising business men control its affairs; and many of these are to be found in the various Churches, and their influence is apparent. The city is steadily improving, and has before it, as we believe, a great future. There is much unanimity in the Methodist Episcopal Churches. The missionary spirit may be found in all of them. They are evidently marching to the regions beyond; and remembering, in the language of Bishop Asbury, that "they are in a pushing world," they adopted the motto that "the Methodists must push with the foremost."

Raper Church, Broadway, St. Paul, Trinity, Grace Church, and others are doing a noble work.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SPRINGFIELD CHARGE. 1858-1860.

THE next Conference was held in Lebanon, Ohio, September, 1858, Bishop Janes presiding.

Efforts were made to secure my appointment both to High Street, Springfield, and to Lebanon. In the latter place a serious difficulty had existed for years between two of the most prominent families in that town. Church trials had resulted from these, and I had acted as counsel in one of them. This fact was likely to make my appointment, if I was sent to that place, an element of discord, and might seriously interfere with my usefulness. My friend William Simmons, presiding elder of the district, notwithstanding, urged my appointment. He had received me into the Church, and was attaching, as I believed, too much importance to my humble abilities.

My presiding elder, Michael Marlay, consulted me previously, and I requested him to lay the matter before Bishop Janes, just as it was, with my views and feelings, and then leave the bishop to dispose of my case as he, in his godly judgment, might deem best. This he did, and the bishop decided that I ought not to be sent to Lebanon.

A most earnest effort was being made all the

while to secure my appointment to High Street, Springfield, and I was sent to that charge. This, for reasons which will be given hereafter, was, to me, one of the most agreeable appointments I have ever received.

As soon as the usual preparations could be made, I removed to the spot where the present beautiful parsonage is located. On my arrival I was most cordially greeted by my relatives, Levi Rinehart and family, and by E. M. Doty, Henry Shepherd, Brother and Sister Schafer; the Hon. E. G. Dial, an intimate friend of my early manhood; Dr. Dunlap, of the Presbyterian Church; W. C. Frye, editor of the *Republican*; Saul Henkle, Mr. Bretney, Christopher Thompson, John Bacon, Reuben Miller, John Newlove, Brother Humphries, Brother Foster, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Rawlins, and many others. The church and parsonage were beautifully located on High Street. John W. Weakley, of the Cincinnati Conference, was president of the Springfield Female College, which was then in a most promising condition.

From its organization the congregation was peculiar. It was one of the first Churches in the Conference to adopt family sittings, under the ministry of John S. Inskip. This brought on very serious complications. Mr. Inskip was finally charged with disobedience to the order and discipline of the Church. An investigation resulted in a very slight censure of Mr. Inskip's conduct and administration. He appealed the case to the General Conference, which was held in Boston.

The General Conference reversed the decision of the Conference in the case of Mr. Inskip, and the rule under which he was censured, was removed from the Discipline, and all opposition to family sittings was brought to an end.

These procedures produced a state of feeling decidedly unfavorable to spirituality in that congregation, and made aggressive work a very difficult matter, to say the least. We had wealth, social position, and intelligence to an unusual extent. The pastor was treated with great kindness, but the spirituality of the Church was paralyzed. There were a number who were deeply pious; but their harps were hung upon the willows, and, when the command was given to move, only a few were willing to obey orders.

The Sunday-school was dwindling. A new superintendent must be elected; but none was willing to take the office. Finally it was pressed upon Judge E. G. Dial, a graduate of Miami University, a brilliant scholar, a successful educator, and a young lawyer, with great ability for usefulness; but he was timid, and I sympathized with him. He was finally induced to accept. He went to Cincinnati during the week to secure all possible information, and by the next Sunday he had a speech written out, which was delivered at the opening of the school. By this time he was deeply impressed with the importance of his work; and as he presented it in his paper, he began to weep, and the people wept, until he said: "O, I am sorry that I wrote that speech. I have one in



my soul a great deal better." I said, "Let us have the one that is in your heart." And he delivered it, and it was one of the most interesting Sunday-school addresses I have ever heard. He became a new man. The school began to grow and flourish. New life was infused into the officials and the membership generally.

When winter came, after engaging for two or three months in visiting from house to house, praying fervently, preaching plainly, and meeting all my ministerial obligations as far as I could, I opened the campaign, as I thought, with better prospects than I had heretofore hoped for. But difficulties constantly arose, and discouragement met me at every step. My meetings were not largely attended, but they grew in interest. R. W. Morris, Wm. Whitely, John Newlove, Brother and Sister Schafer, Sister Cummins, and that noble Englishman, Mr. Ogden, with his family, stood by me, and a few others aided me to the best of their ability.

I soon found that the grace received in other Churches did not avail me here. There were responsibilities which I had never before met, and my trials were new. The obstacles in my way were of a different kind. I was passing through a new course of discipline. While I highly prized the sympathy and love of friends in and out of the Church, there was a sympathy which was needed now as never before, which the love of Christ shed abroad in the hearts of believers alone can inspire.

Sometimes I felt that I was alone. I thought of the loneliness of Jesus as I had never thought of it before, and this gave me comfort. Believers gave evidence of a deeper work of grace; and among the unconverted a consciousness of their lost condition as sinners and their need of salvation became manifest.

A day of fearful discouragement finally came. My utter helplessness appalled me. Failure stared me in the face. The enemy whispered: "You have never held a meeting without a revival, and you have become self-confident. You are depending upon past success, and God is going to teach you a lesson. You need just this kind of chastisement. And again, you never before had a charge so peculiar." All this seemed reasonable. Weeks of labor had passed with little success. No sinner had been converted. I could endure this no longer. In self-despair I sank down. I lay abased in the dust, and was tempted to give up. I thought seriously of leaving the pastorate; of surrendering my parchments and retiring from a work in which I had so signally failed. I was looking down to myself and others, and not looking to Christ.

When the evening congregation assembled, it was unusually large. A number of unconverted people were present. I began to plead with God for his promises, and to look for the Holy Spirit, and I did not look in vain. A number of young men came forward and knelt at the altar. The change in my feelings was as great as the change

from midnight darkness to meridian light. Several of these were converted, and the influence of the Divine Spirit went out in every direction. Congregations largely increased. Seekers were found at the altar every night, and souls were converted. John W. Weakley and Dr. Edward D. Roe stood by as ambassadors of the Cross. The female seminary began to share largely in the work. Many of the students were converted, the Sunday-school flourished, and for the most part there was harmony and peace.

While rejoicing in this partial success, our enemies were not idle. Several members approached me and said :

“We are having a very promising meeting; but we are all the time trembling with apprehension that the meeting will be spoiled, as our former ones have been.”

“How is that?” I asked.

They replied: “There is a drunken man who lives in the outskirts of the city, whose condition is hopeless. Whenever there is a revival interest he comes to the church, and in a little while he is found at the altar when an invitation is given. He sobers up while the meeting lasts; but within a week after the meeting closes, he is as debauched as ever. If he comes now we will request him to stay away, and tell him plainly that we do n’t want him. We have been disgraced enough by his presence. There is no hope of doing him any good.”

I was interested in a moment. I asked them where he lived. They told me, and before the sun

went down on that cold day, I found his dwelling, about a mile distant. He lived in a dilapidated building. There was no glass in the windows; they were covered with paper. The wind whistled through the crevices and chilled the inmates. I found him, his wife, and a number of children sitting near the fireplace, hovering over a few embers to prevent them from freezing to death.

His wife was embarrassed. To me he was repulsive. He met me in an angry mood. I sought to approach him as kindly as I could; but there seemed no avenue to a heart locked up in unbelief and sin as his was. In reply to all I said, he only abused his neighbors and his wife and his children and the ministers of Springfield. Like a porcupine, he had a fretful quill for every one who approached him.

I permitted him to relieve his mind of all this bitterness, hoping that he might then listen a moment to me. When he was through, I proffered my services to help him and his family to the extent of my ability. But he made no response. I told him my visit was one of sympathy and love, and that I only came to do him good, and to be a blessing to himself and family; that Christ had died for him, and loved him, and I knew that I ought to love him, and labor to bring him to Christ. But all this met with no response. At last I said:

“I must leave. Will it be agreeable for me to unite with yourself and family for a moment in prayer?”

After a long time, he said, "If it will do you any good, you can."

"No; I am not here for my good alone, but for yours. Do you wish me to pray?"

"You can do as you please."

"No," I replied, "I can not pray in your family unless I am requested to do so."

"Well," said he, "do as you please."

"No," I answered, "I can not pray for you here unless you request it."

He said nothing more, and I arose. I gave my hand to each of his children and his wife, and said, "God bless you!" I offered him my hand, saying, "I have done the best I could, and if you are lost, I believe the responsibility will not be upon me."

"Well," said he, "since you have come, I request you to have prayers."

I prayed fervently for his family and himself, that he might become a good man in all respects. When I was about to leave, he asked which way I was going? I told him by what way I had come, and that I would return by the same route.

"I can show you a better one," he replied. "I will go with you and point out the way."

I saw that his heart was melting a little. We walked out together, and I walked slowly; for I wanted the journey to be as long as possible, to give him an opportunity to talk freely. He began to abuse everybody, just as he had done before. I said not a word until he was through. Then I said:

"Mr. G., in my boyhood, when I thought of

being converted, I was deterred from seeking religion because I was plowing in rough ground with a span of horses that were wild and ungovernable. The horses were fractious, and every once in a while I was jerked roughly, or the plow would get out of its place, and I was knocked down. It came to me that if I was converted, I could not do that plowing and keep my religion one hour. But the ground became too hard for me to plow, and I was relieved of that task. My conviction became deep, and I surrendered my heart to Christ, and was happily converted, and was full of joy. I never thought once of the trial which awaited me when I should return to the plow, and my wild and ungovernable team.

“One morning my father awaked me, saying: ‘There has been a heavy rain during the night, and we must commence plowing at once.’ I arose, fed and harnessed my horses, and after breakfast was ready for my work. I had been praying all morning, every moment, that God would help me and keep me from getting angry. I went to the field and plowed until almost noon, and was astonished when the horn blew for dinner. I plowed all the afternoon, and it appeared to me that the sun went down before its time. It was one of the happiest days I ever spent. I found out the reason—my horses were converted, and I had the best team in all that country.”

He looked into my face, and with a quizzical smile, said:

“There ’s a great deal of meaning in that. It

means that all the time the fault had been in you, more than in the horses."

"I suppose that was the case."

"Indeed, there is some point in that; and you intend me to take it, do n't you?"

"Well," said I, "if it is wise, and fits you, I suppose you can."

By this time we had arrived near the edge of the city.

"You are holding a meeeting here, are you not?"

I replied that I was, and invited him to attend our services.

"Well," said he, "I like to hear you talk and pray. You are the first minister who has visited me for a long time."

That night he was in the congregation. Many faces scowled at him. I went back to him and shook hands with him, and told him that I was glad to see him there, and would pray that God might make the meeting a blessing to him. The next night he was there again. He was cleaned up, and evidently had not been drinking during the day. Some of the members said, "Well, here he is, and it will be the same old story." I said, "Let us pray for him." The next night he came and took a seat near the altar; and so on for several nights, until, looking more respectable than he had appeared for a long time, he was found one night at the altar, seriously seeking Christ.

Night after night he persisted in seeking the pearl of great price. Sunday morning came, and he took a seat with the fashionable congregation. On



Sunday night, when the invitation was given, he rushed to the place of prayer, and kneeled before God and pleaded as man can only plead for his life. He was the son of a Wesleyan class-leader. The sins of his life came up before him in awful array. He could not forgive himself, and he sank down in despair. His agony became so great that the eyes and ears of that large congregation were drawn toward him. Almost every heart was touched. Ministers and laymen stood around him and wept. His cries must have resembled the shrieks of the lost. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, but he experienced no relief. It did look as if his sun would set amid the blackness of darkness forever.

It is seldom that a congregation witnesses such a scene, or is impressed by it. It did look as if God had permitted this incident to bring his people more into sympathy with the lost. Up to this time the membership of the Church had not been touched to any great extent. Suddenly some mysterious influence, whatever it was, was felt by the congregation, as certainly as one feels a shock of electricity. Mr. G. sprang to his feet. He glanced upward, gazed around, and looked at his hands, and then exclaimed: "How strange it seems! My burden is gone; 'the dead is alive, the lost is found.' The sins of my life are buried out of sight. I am saved!" Then the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus Christ filled his heart.

It was now midnight, but most of the congregation were still there. The morning of the

new day dawned, and this man, lost as he had been, was numbered among the saved. Everybody said: "This work is genuine. He may go back in a week, but he is converted." A week passed, and he continued sober. A month passed, and he was sober still. He attended every meeting. His wife came, a very picture of joy, and, with him, united with the Church. The children were brought into the Sunday-school. Two months passed, and you could have scarcely recognized the house in which he lived. In six months he was received into full membership with his wife. He had a good position, and was making twenty dollars or more a week, and he dressed like a gentleman. Infidels said, "This is the most peculiar case we have ever known." Everybody said, "What a strange thing this is!" But the Church knew, and Mr. G. knew that the work was Divine.

One year passed and he was as firm as a rock, and commanded the respect of every one who knew him. I had watched over him with almost sleepless vigilance. One day I was sent for in great haste to go to the house of Mr. G. He wished to see me immediately. I almost ran until I reached his house; and as I ran I wondered if it could be possible that the enemy had again seduced him, and that he was again in his cups. The door was opened and I entered. His face looked red, and my heart almost sank within me. He extended his hand, and said:

"O Mr. Fee, I wanted to see you once more before I die. The doctor says that brandy is the

only thing that will save my life; but I won't take it."

His sister said: "Dear John, are you ready? I would rather see you die as you are now than to have you take the brandy; for I know the result."

He replied, "I am ready." Then turning to me, he said:

"Brother Fee, I wanted to see you once more, and to thank you again for the good you have done me. I will be a star in your crown in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ, and shall be looking for you on the banks of the River of Life. And I want to be one of the first to greet you on that heavenly shore."

Two or three hours afterwards his Sun of Life set. The reformed drunkard, standing with his feet upon the neck of his last enemy, cried out: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Let those who imagine that their case is utterly hopeless take heart. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Hundreds and thousands of debased men and women are dying for the want of Christian sympathy. I here affirm, as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, having passed more than fifty-two years in laboring for the salvation of the lost, that I would rather have as my monument the love of such a sinner saved by grace than to have erected to my memory the most beautiful shaft, with the most flattering inscription, ever erected in honor of any military chieftain on earth.

## A SAD PICTURE.

During this revival I received an anonymous letter. It bore upon its face evidence that the letter was sincere. It ran thus:

“As you stand in the pulpit to-night, by looking toward the second post on your right hand, you will behold a young man just eighteen years of age, perhaps the most perfect picture of despair of any young man you ever beheld. He is the son of a pious mother. He was lured into a secret society. Its members were bound by the most solemn oaths to use their influence for the destruction of the Bible and the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, under the most fearful penalty if any of its members should reveal its secret object. Almost before I was aware of the horrible position in which I found myself, I was training in the spirit of this horrible organization, and using my influence to promote its object. I came to your meeting, became an interested spectator, and then began to feel in my own soul the influence which pervaded the assembly. I awoke as from a dream to realize the awful position which I occupied.

“Just think of it!—a young man eighteen years of age, the son of a pious mother, having enjoyed from childhood the very best Christian education, in a state of indescribable despair, with no Bible to help him, no hope in God or man for this world or the next.

“I see no hope for myself; but, in my desperation, I am willing to adopt any expedient to deliver myself from the chains of this terrible organ-

ization with which I have cast my lot. If prayer can avail, will you pray for me? Will you come to me to-night, and speak just one word of kindness? Help, O help me, if you can!"

When I stepped into the pulpit that night, I looked toward the post where I expected to see a young man. But O! my heart sank within me when I beheld one whom I had regarded as one of the most promising young men in my congregation. I went to him, called him by name, put my arm around him, and said:

"Can it be that you are the young man referred to in the letter?"

He answered: "Yes. Do n't break mother's heart and the hearts of my friends by revealing this."

He escaped from the slavery of that organization, recovered his liberty, came back to God, and was gratefully received. To-day he is an officer in one of the prominent Churches in the State.

Young men and boys, beware! Deadly serpents lie near the path which you are treading. If already their coils are around you, do not despair. There is hope in Jesus for the lost who come to him with broken hearts and contrite spirits.

#### A BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

A gentleman who was prominent in the city, especially in the city government, a member of the Church in good standing, acquired the habit of dram-drinking. He lost his religious comfort, and then indulged more freely in the use of intoxicants

to drown his sorrow. His friends soon discovered it, as they always do, and began to have apprehensions that he was in danger of being ruined. He was awakened by the influence of our revival, and came to me and told me all, and then began to seek deliverance from the terrible appetite which had fastened upon him. But his case grew more and more desperate, until at last he despaired, and told his friends that for him there was no hope.

For weeks we labored with him, but apparently in vain. Our quarterly-meeting began, and John T. Mitchell was presiding elder. He preached on Sabbath morning to a very large congregation on "The Fall and Recovery of Peter." Just as he was closing, he exhorted the most despairing to hope for mercy. This gentleman sprang to his feet, and exclaimed:

"I am saved! saved! saved!"

The effect was wonderful. All hearts were touched, and there was joy in heaven and on earth over this returning prodigal. After this, as far as I know, he remained faithful.

#### REPROVED BY A STEWARD.

A member of the Board of Stewards, a friend of my early life, one whom I loved and trusted, came to me one day evidently much embarrassed, and informed me that, painful as it was, he must admonish me for my neglect of duty in my pastoral work. This was the first time that I had ever been officially admonished. He said:

"I am sorry to learn that you have neglected

to visit the members of our congregation, and that there is a great deal of complaint."

With me it had ever been a matter of duty to visit the members from house to house, and not neglect any if it was at all possible to visit them, and I supposed that I had escaped censure. I immediately replied:

"I thank you for coming to me in this manner. Who is aggrieved?"

He said, "Several of our members."

"Do you remember how many have approached you personally and have made this complaint?"

"Only one as far as I remember."

"Well, from whom did you obtain the information that so many were aggrieved?"

"I was informed by the lady who came to me with her own complaint."

I had a visiting-book in which I recorded every visit which I made. If the parties were not at home, I named the fact. I had learned some of the peculiarities of the lady referred to, and determined to silence all objections. I had recorded in my book, "Visited Mrs. — six times in the afternoon, but in every instance failed to find her at home."

I thanked this good steward for coming to me. "And now," said I; "I am very glad the door is open, and I want you to tell me of all my failures, and I will thank you for it."

He said, "I have not a single complaint."

"Well then," said I; "you are not doing your duty, for I can find scores against myself."



He smilingly said, "This is the last time I will ever reprove my pastor for neglecting his duty."

I begged him not to give up his work; but he never came to me afterwards. O how many of our ministers who aim to do their duty, whose motives are impugned and their influence weakened by persons who will not attend to their own religious duty, and will poison and destroy, if they can, the influence of those around them!

#### A TERRIFIC TORNADO.

In the summer of 1859, Springfield was visited by a terrific wind-storm. Many houses were un-roofed, and some demolished. Trees were thrown down, and ruin spread in every direction. The flashes of lightning were so intense that it was as light as day. There was no intermission of light.

There was a terrible pressure upon the house in which we lived. A tree was blown across the roof; and the roof of the county jail, which adjoined our residence, was driven right in front of the parsonage. I expected every moment that it would be crushed, and that we would be buried beneath its ruins.

Our children were all down with measles. I took them out into the parlor, and laid them down, side by side, in the center of it. There we stood awaiting the ruin which was impending over us. My oldest daughter, then a little girl, piteously, said:

"O father, won't you say prayers!"

I replied, "Louise, you say prayers."

She began and repeated her childish petition,—

“Now, I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

The very moment the prayer was finished she went to sleep, and heard no more of the storm. No one was injured, but the escape was miraculous.

During the entire night it looked as though the whole heavens were blazing with light, and often as though they were rolling in blood. We presume there never was such a display. Mrs. Henkle, the widow of a distinguished Methodist minister, who was remarkable for her piety, and whose faith put to the blush the faith of ordinary Christians, came to my door, and said:

“Do you see that? That means that this country is soon to be drenched in blood. That is God’s sign, God’s warning of approaching war.”

Many thought, “What a pity it is that that good woman is so superstitious!” We little supposed then that in a little more than a year from that time we should be amid the throes of a civil war. It began now to be evident that a crisis was approaching. The Kansas trouble had resulted in the formation of the Republican party. The dominant party was rent into factions. The bitterness between the North and the South was becoming more and more intense. The slaves of the South became restless, and insurrection among them threatened the inhabitants. This was intensified by the raid of John Brown in Virginia, and his subsequent execution upon the gallows.

Abraham Lincoln, as the representative of the anti-slavery sentiment of the American people, was nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. His declaration that "the country could no longer exist half free and half slave territory," now filled the minds of the American people as a great fact. When it became apparent that Mr. Lincoln would be elected, and that the pro-slavery sentiment would no longer dominate the government, as it had been doing for several decades, a most fearful apprehension of hostilities prevailed.

Slaves in large numbers were running away, and making their escape to Canada. It was next to impossible to execute the Fugitive-slave Law. Its attempted execution multiplied the number of anti-slavery men, and the practice of aiding fugitives to make their escape largely increased, and the "Underground Railroad" was meeting with more sympathy every day.

One day a noble and benevolent-looking man called at my house, and informed me that he was engaged in the interest of humanity, and had been directed to me by some gentleman whom I knew. He then showed me his credentials. He was freely indorsed by a number of the leading ministers of the State of Ohio. And the particular enterprise in which he was engaged was also indorsed.

He told me that a mother and five children—daughters, I think they were—bright mulattoes, belonging to a Mr. S., in Maysville, Ky., had been sold to a party in New Orleans, and in a short

time were to be shipped to that place. They were exceedingly attractive, and had commanded a large price. He said that he had determined to rescue them from the fearful fate which awaited them by their purchase and emancipation. He then showed me his book. Liberal subscriptions were made by gentlemen whom I knew. I gave my mite cheerfully, and said to him:

"How much money do you lack now?"

He replied, "Fifty dollars."

"How long have you been engaged in this?"

"Two weeks."

"Why, it is strange to me that you can raise five thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars in so short a time!" (Six thousand dollars was the value of these slaves.) He said:

"I discover that you do not understand altogether the nature of my mission. I am an engineer on the "Underground Railway."

Then it all flashed upon my mind, and we talked freely, and I became deeply interested in the success of his mission. He then said:

"Within three weeks I shall pass through this place again."

I said, "Will you be my guest while you are here, at least a portion of the time?"

He replied, "I will."

Before three weeks had expired he returned, and said:

"The mother and daughters are safe in Canada."

I was most happy to hear it, and congratulated

him on his success. I was anxious to hear his history, and, without any hesitation, he said :

"Some years since I lost my wife and children by death. I was helpless and hopeless. I thought I had nothing for which to live. When I thought of the millions of slaves in the South who were in a far worse condition, I began to pity them as never before, and said, I will spend the rest of my life in rescuing as many of them as I can from bondage. Since then I have almost constantly engaged in this work, and have been remarkably successful."

"Do you know how many have been freed from slavery in this way?"

"Yes. The last persons I sent to the North swelled the number to four hundred and sixty-nine. I have carried slaves from every State in the Union; a number from Charleston, S. C. I have traveled in almost every form of disguise. I have traveled as the representative of the lordly master, taken my slaves with me in the train, and made good my escape."

"Have you ever been detected?"

"Yes, often. I have been pursued and wounded a number of times."

Uncovering his arms he showed me several scars, and said that his body carried a number of scars as the reward which he received for this work.

"Do you think the reward adequate?" I asked.

"Yes. You don't know the gratitude that those people feel toward me. Even if I have no reward on earth, I will have hereafter, in the day of

judgment. I expect to hold up these hands and show the scars I have received for the sake of the Lord Jesus, and hear it said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' And my sainted wife and children will be spectators of the scene.

"No slave will be taken from the railway between this and Cleveland, and no dispatch from any office in the State of Ohio will reach the authorities at Cleveland, who are looking out for fugitive slaves."

The humanity displayed by railway officials in this country, and those who control telegraph offices, will never be known until that day shall come which will reveal the secrets of all men. I believed his statements, and I give them as an item in the history of these times.

#### LEVI RINEHART.

Levi Rinehart was born at Waynesburg, Greene County, Pennsylvania. After his removal to Springfield he became one of the prominent business men of that place. He was president of the bank, and a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. When the present High Street Church was organized, he became one of the most prominent and liberal members of it. He was intelligent, prudent, kind, and loving in his disposition, and won the respect of all who knew him. He was not only a useful member of the Church, but a useful citizen of Springfield.

My appointment to High Street Church was

very agreeable to him, and I greatly enjoyed his society, and that of his excellent family. But, to my sorrow, his health began to fail, and he became a confirmed invalid. I visited him often. He had always been modest and diffident. Not to be active in religious duty, was to him a heavy cross. He could not see that he had been useful, and he said to me:

"I am afraid that I shall have no star in my crown."

I replied: "We never know fully the result of our labors in this life. Eternity alone can reveal the result of our work."

One morning, as I approached his bedside, his countenance was radiant with joy. Said he:

"What do you think? I am going to have a star in my crown. You know that German wood-sawyer who comes every day?"

I replied, "Yes."

"I have been trying to lead him to Christ," he continued, "and I have succeeded. He will be a star in my crown."

When I saw him again he said: "The shadows have fallen upon me. Death is not far away. I have been wondering as to what death is. It is compared to the stream of Jordan. I have been thinking of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' A picture of it hangs there on the wall, and I have been looking at it, but have not been able to see the 'Jordan' that I must cross. Will you bring it to me?"

I brought it, and we saw that the river was



only like a thread. He looked at it again and again, and then said in holy triumph:

"It is only a step over, and it will be easy to cross."

He slept in Jesus the next day, and his departure was mourned by all who knew him. He left a large family. Others are following in his footsteps. I have loved on earth few men as I have loved him.

#### A SOCIAL TRIAL.

When I arrived in Springfield I found the celebrated surgeon, Dr. A. H. Dunlap, located there. His reputation was well-nigh national at that time, and has become so since. He had attended my ministry while I was in Ripley, Ohio, and we became warm friends. He always treated me with the very highest respect.

He invited me to attend an entertainment at his house on Wednesday evening. I was informed that the entertainment was given as a matter of respect to me, and that a large number of persons were invited to be present. I at once informed him that it was the night of prayer-meeting, and that the rule of my life had been never to suffer any sort of entertainment whatever to keep me away from my prayer-meeting.

He assured me that I would have ample time to be present on the occasion, and to attend the prayer-meeting afterwards, and I accepted the invitation. The guests assembled, and at the last moment, just as the company sat down, the bell

for prayer-meeting rang, and it became necessary, painful as it was, for me to excuse myself publicly, and to give my reasons for my departure without my supper. It was a matter of conscience. I supposed that I would lose the doctor's friendship, and the friendship of others; but I dared not do otherwise. I was told afterwards that, so far from taking offense, my conduct met with the approval of all, and the lesson was impressed upon a number of persons who had never thought anything of having an entertainment on prayer-meeting night.

The doctor's only son was converted under my ministry. The last time I saw the doctor he said:

"I thought I was going to die recently, and I wanted to see you more than any other minister on earth, that I might converse with you and hear you pray once more."

#### A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mr. R., one of the prominent official members of my charge, gave me the following history of himself:

"A few years since, I lived in the vicinity of Chillicothe. I drove a team and wagon to Cincinnati, carrying produce to the city. After disposing of the produce, I would load my wagon with other articles and take them to Chillicothe. Large sums of money were placed in my hands for delivery to merchants in Cincinnati or to persons in Chillicothe.

On one occasion I had a check on one of the banks of Cincinnati in favor of a prominent busi-

ness man of Chillicothe. I drew the money in United States currency. I put the money in my pocket-book, and put the pocket-book in the inside-pocket of my coat, as the most secure place for it. On my return journey I stopped over night in Greenfield, and, in the morning, after attending to my horses, I missed my pocket-book. It was a mystery as to how I lost it. It must have been lost in Greenfield, possibly in the stable there.

“The amount was very large. After searching everywhere, I was compelled to return to my home without it. I was a Christian man, a man of integrity, and I knew I was innocent of wrongdoing; but my reputation, as I saw it, was ruined. I returned, and reported the facts just as they occurred; but at once my integrity was doubted, and the man and his friends suspected that I had appropriated the money to my own use. The matter was investigated; but there was no evidence. It came before the Church; and while the evidence was not sufficient to expel me, the guilt was upon me, and I was socially ostracized, and lost the confidence of the brethren. The gentleman who suffered most had no use for me whatever.

“Years rolled on, and I remained under this cruel suspicion. I did my duty as a Christian more faithfully than I had ever done. One day a man came riding up to my house from Greenfield, and said:

“‘You lost a pocket-book, did you not?’

“‘I did,’ I replied, naming the date.

“‘A pocket-book has been found, and it may

possibly be yours. In the stable where your horses remained that night there was a partition built up about three or four feet high; and right opposite one of the stalls the space between the studding in the partition had been filled up with hay; and when the hay was removed, a pocket-book was found which contained money and papers. Here it is; examine it.'

"This man had mounted his horse, and ridden a long distance so rapidly as to injure himself, in order to bring me the glad news. I opened the purse; and there was all the money, with the papers belonging to Mr. R. This man said:

"'It is strange that the rats and mice did not destroy it.'

"I replied, 'God would not permit my character, which I had committed to him, to be ruined in that way.'

"In a few hours the news flew in every direction. My honesty and reputation were now above par, and from that day to this I have prospered in all respects. God has taken care of me; and I think no man since then has ever dared to question my integrity."

One night I preached to young men, but made a failure, as I saw it. I sat in the pulpit with my hands upon my face, not desiring to see any one, when a young man came into the pulpit, and said, "Mr. Fee, I want to join the Church." It was the son of Mr. R., who became a prominent lawyer, and has since then been elected to honorable positions in the county in which he lives.

Although I met with severe trials in Springfield, I had the best of friends, and have always loved the place from that time to this. Brother Ogden, a noble English gentleman and Christian, was always true to me, as was also Brother Hayward. Bishop Morris, during my pastorate there, removed to Springfield; and I greatly enjoyed his society, and profited by his counsels. Thomas Sharp, a friend of other years, removed to Springfield; and he, with his excellent wife, proved to be the best of friends. They have both passed away; but their memory will always linger with me. William C. Frye and John Newlove greatly endeared themselves to me, and proved a great blessing by their counsels and sympathy. Mrs. Commons and Mrs. Schafer, with a host of other ladies, sympathized with me in every good word and work. Dr. House was my family physician. His personal kindness to myself and the members of my household, and his unselfish devotion to the Church, are written forever in my memory. Surely God will reward him as I never can. Hon. Phineas P. Mast, a wealthy manufacturer of Springfield—then a distinguished layman of Central Church, but now of St. Paul's—was just in the beginning of his career. He was a Methodist from conviction, loved his Church, and was willing to give liberally to its support. In conversation with me one day, John Bacon, president of one of the banks, said:

“They are building a new church, and Mr. Mast is venturing almost his entire fortune, it

appears to me, in it. It will break him up, and the members there will never be able to finish the church. They are not rich people."

"I hope not," I replied. "I have more fear of men who won't give than I have of those who do."

I met him in a year afterwards, and said:

"How is Central Church getting on?"

"Well," said he, "Mr. Mast is making money more rapidly than ever; and the new church is built, and is out of debt. I don't understand it."

I replied: "Mr. Bacon, I think I do. They did their duty to the utmost of their ability, and trusted God for the result; and he honored their faith and rewarded their perseverance."

He looked serious, and said, "Well, I don't know."

Mr. Bacon, though not a communicant, was generally found in his place, and ready with his money to aid the Church in all enterprises.

While at Springfield, I exchanged pulpits one Sabbath with J. M. Leavitt, who was my successor in Dayton. I met with a cordial greeting from saint and sinner. The Church was in a good condition, in which I rejoiced. I was requested to invite persons to join the Church, which I did. Mr. Campbell, superintendent of the public schools, who had always been a warm friend of mine, was the first to come forward; and many others followed, and there was general rejoicing. At night I made, as I thought, one of the worst failures of my life in trying to preach. I was so mortified that I resolved to return to Springfield at once.

Lest I might see somebody who had been at the service that evening, I went down the alley on my way to the station the next morning. Dr. Schriver, who was somewhat of a critic, was present that night; and, of all who were in that congregation, I dreaded him the most. Just as I emerged from the alley, he met me. I was appalled. Said he:

"You thought you would escape me!"

I replied: "Doctor, I expected you would be after me. It does n't surprise me at all that you are here."

Said he, "I wanted to see you about that sermon you preached last night."

"That's just what I anticipated. Go on, and say what you have to say; I will bear it."

He replied: "Of all the sermons I ever heard, that sermon did me the most good. At one point you became confused, and wandered off a little. As soon as you began to wander, I became interested, and, in less than one minute, you led me to Christ; and I was converted, and am now the happiest man in Dayton." He had been seeking Christ for seventeen years.

I was humiliated; but God was glorified. "God has chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the mighty." Often our very failures are our successes. God will not give his glory to another.

Our second son, William I. Fee, Jr., was born in Springfield. I closed my two years' labor here with feelings of gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for the success which had attended my



humble efforts in preaching the gospel. Sinners were converted, and the spirituality of the members was increased. But I was pained to feel that in other respects I had failed to accomplish all that seemed to be within my reach.

## CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTIE CHAPEL, CINCINNATI. 1860-1862.

THE Conference met in Oxford, Ohio, September 5, 1860, Bishop Simpson presiding. I was appointed to Christie Chapel, Cincinnati, then as now noted for the spirituality of its membership and activity in bringing souls to Christ. It was named for that great and good man, William B. Christie, who was distinguished for his eloquence and his untiring devotion to the cause of Christ. In the midst of his years and his usefulness he ceased at once to work and live. The influence of his consecrated life and labors still lingers throughout the State of Ohio. I personally knew him, and loved him with an almost idolatrous love.

I was received with open arms by the membership. They became acquainted with me while I was at Ninth Street charge, and were anxious that I should serve them when I was appointed to Wesley Chapel, Dayton. A large number of the prominent Methodists of Cincinnati were then in that charge—John Dubois, James Gamble and his wife, David DeCamp, John Pfaff, Lee Cassady; R. P. Thompson, printer at the "Western Methodist Book Concern," who has recently passed away; Robert Hartley, John T. Johnson, Benj. Dawson, Jeremiah Faulkner, Samuel Ramp and wife, Thos.

Jenkins, Mr. Cox, Hon. Alex. Long, William P. Wiltsee, Job DeCamp, Thomas H. Currey, Charles M. Giffin, Professor George F. Sands, Dr. E. B. Stevens, Chas. Harris, Mrs. Harrison, and a host of others whose names I must omit for want of room.

The charge was in a good spiritual condition, although we were in the midst of a Presidential canvass. Very soon signs of revival appeared. Souls were converted, and a number were added to the Church on probation. The Quarterly Conference added one hundred dollars to the salary, which was more than they had ever paid before. When the war broke out, I refused to receive this, although it was urged upon me.

A number of interesting young men were converted and became active workers in the vineyard of the Lord; so that I had a large number of earnest, Christian young men, who nobly sustained me in my work of building up the cause of Christ. These young men visited all parts of the city, among the poor and neglected. They literally "went about doing good." Among these was Thomas Morris Thompson, son of R. P. Thompson, who was a remarkable young man, then eighteen or nineteen years of age. When he was but nine years of age, while the cholera was prevailing in Cincinnati, he awoke his mother one night, and said:

"I am afraid I may die with the cholera to-night, and I am not prepared. Will you arise and pray for me?"

He kneeled beside his mother, who prayed ear-

nestly for him, until he trusted in Jesus, and said:

"Mother, you may go to bed now. If your little boy should die before morning, he is saved. He will go to heaven."

From that hour until he died he was true to Christ, "as the needle to the pole." A few years after this he joined a band of young men who were going about over the city doing good. He labored day and night for the good of others, until his health broke down, and he could do no more. When he became feeble, he still visited the house of God. His frail form could be seen at every service. At last he was confined to his bed, where he lay for weeks, triumphant in the grace which had sustained him; and then, in holy ecstasy, passed to his reward in heaven. During my life I have known but few examples among young men of his age brighter and more beautiful than his.

There I found C. M. Giffin, the son of a deeply pious mother, then a member of the Church. During my pastorate he gave himself fully to God, and received a call to the ministry. He was a noble young man, with fine natural endowments, a good education, and a burning zeal for the cause of Christ. We licensed him to exhort, and then to preach. We recommended him to the Annual Conference, which received him. Since then he has filled with credit to himself, and honor to the cause, some of the best appointments in Methodism, and is now a member of the New York East Conference.

One night a medical student came to the altar of prayer, and was powerfully converted and united with the Church. He told me that he would leave in the morning for California. When I expressed my surprise, he said:

"I have a brother out there out of Christ. I can never rest until I bring him to Jesus, and the sooner the better. I go in the morning."

I understand afterwards that he succeeded in winning his brother to Christ.

Souls were being converted every week. A large number of young men were among the saved, and these became active workers with me in bringing others to Christ. The most perfect harmony prevailed in the large Official Board, and, indeed, in the entire Church, every department of which was well organized. The classes were largely attended. Prayer-meetings were a great power in the Church. It is not at all remarkable that such a state of things should bring steady prosperity to the Church. I not only taught the people publicly, but from house to house, giving my whole time to my work. It was the custom for the leaders of the several classes to accompany me the first time in my pastoral visitations. This relieved me from much embarrassment, and gave me at once needed information as to those whom I visited, and brought me into closer communion with the leaders of the several classes. The leaders generally enjoyed it, and were greatly blessed in this work.

One of the most successful leaders in the

Church was Benjamin Dawson, a son-in-law of Dr. Charles Elliott, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. Mr. Dawson said to me one day:

"How much easier your work is than mine!" He was a tinner, and kept a stove-store. "Your work is light. I shall regard the time spent with you in visitation of my class as a season of recreation."

We visited in one day thirty-two families, and were not through. The next afternoon was to conclude our visitation among the members of that class. In the morning he sent me word that he was sick. I called to see him, and found him confined to his room. Said he:

"I am broken down by the work of yesterday. You did most of the work in talking and praying; but the little work I did was too much for me, strong as I am. To the end of my life I shall never again complain of the tardiness of our pastors in completing their rounds of pastoral visitation. It is the hardest work I ever did."

Mr. Dawson was one of the most devoted and useful laymen in Cincinnati Methodism.

A new leader was to be appointed in one of our strongest classes. My uniform rule was to consult freely my Official Board, and at least a portion of the class concerning the appointment of a leader. I appointed Job DeCamp, one of a large family of brothers, some of whom were found in different congregations in the city—one in the Presbyterian, another in the Baptist, and still another in the Congregational Church.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN ELECTED PRESIDENT.

The Presidential canvass of 1860 was an exciting one. Much bitterness had been engendered; but this did not interfere with my work nor with the revival interest which was going on. It became evident that we were on the verge, if we were not already in the midst, of exciting events. To me it seemed that the very life of the country was involved.

There appeared at that time to be an alarming want of patriotism among a large number of the inhabitants of Cincinnati. The Stars and Stripes were regarded by them as not entitled to any special respect. Almost every thinking man was in doubt as to what the end of all this was to be.

A colored man visited me, having recommendations from several of the prominent statesmen of Ohio. He had purchased the freedom of himself, his wife, and all his children except one, who was still in slavery in Henrico County, Va. He fully believed that there would soon be war, and that he must soon recover his son or probably lose him. A little girl was with him, about twelve years of age. He desired me to name his condition to my congregation, and to stand at the door and receive what the people were willing to give as they passed out, and retain the money until he came. The service closed, and considerable money had been donated, but the father came not. The child became alarmed, supposing that her father had been kidnaped, and was inconsolable. We took her to



the parsonage, and she remained there until eleven o'clock, in a state of despair. I said to her :

"Did you ever hear of John Brown?" In a moment she brightened up.

"O yes!"

"What do the colored people think of him?"

"They love him next to Christ."

"Do the colored people down in Virginia believe that slavery will ever be done away with?"

"Yes, the pious ones do; the wicked ones don't."

"What makes the pious ones think so?"

"Because God has answered their prayers."

"How soon do they think they will be free?"

"In about two years. The pious ones say so; I do n't know anything about it."

Just at this moment the father came, and the child was filled with joy. In a short time the last child was purchased, and this redeemed family was united, and prosperously located near Chillicothe, Ohio.

About two years from that time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, and, as far as that Proclamation could make them free, the prayers of the colored people had been answered, and their faith vindicated. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The Southern States began to secede. The Government at Washington was powerless. Its authority was trampled under foot, and defiance was hurled in the face of the Government. The President scarcely dared to move in any direction.

It seemed as if the Government was falling to pieces, and there was no remedy in sight. I loved my country and honored her institutions, and respected her authority. I abhorred the very idea of rebellion.

In Cincinnati, up to that time, as far as I now remember, the pulpits were silent. I announced one Sabbath morning that in the evening I would deliver a discourse on the duties of civil government, in a crisis like this, from a Christian standpoint, basing my remarks upon a passage in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and urging, in my humble way, the duty of all Christian people in this crisis. I spoke calmly and dispassionately, but fearlessly on this subject, and uttered not only what I alone thought, but what I believed to be the conviction of every good citizen. I had a crowded house. The audience was serious and attentive. I had first announced that I would preach on the subject, as it was a special one, and some might be anxious to hear it who would not otherwise be present, and that others might desire to be absent who would disapprove such an appointment. A large number of prominent citizens were present, men of all parties and positions in society. The member of Congress from one of the Cincinnati districts, the Hon. Alex. Long, a member of my Church, and a personal friend of mine, was present.

At the close a large number of citizens gathered around me, men of all parties, and thanked me for my effort, saying that they approved of the sermon

I had preached. But my friend, Mr. Long, disapproved it, and told me that he would give fifty dollars for the privilege of replying to it on the next Sabbath night. I replied that as far as I was concerned, he could have the privilege "without money and without price." This did not interfere with our friendship, however. He was my friend to the day of his death; and while he differed from me in my views on this question, he declared that he honored me for my boldness and the spirit in which I did it. Beyond this, I know not how much good or how much harm my sermon did; but I never regretted my course.

The revival work went forward during the winter, and scores were saved, notwithstanding the political excitement which prevailed.

#### MY APPREHENSIONS OF APPROACHING WAR.

Early in December, 1860, a number of ministers and laymen were spending a social evening with me at the parsonage. Noting that I had given a great deal of time to reading and investigating the existing state of things in the country, they insisted that I should give them the result, as far as I was able. This I at first declined to do; but it was pressed upon me, and at last I consented. I gave it as my opinion that there would be civil war within the next six months; that it was a political and moral necessity; that the love of country which ought to be felt, would probably be brought back in no other way; that the institution of slavery with its social and civil corruption was

a great evil, and that continually, and would be removed in no other way; that in the beginning of the war the rebels would have the advantage, and that we would suffer unexpected defeat; that the South was familiar with the use of arms, disciplined, and dashing, and the North was not. But as the North had overwhelming advantages, and all the resources necessary to prosecute a long war, in the end it would be successful; that slavery would be abolished, and we would again become a united people.

This brought upon me the united opposition of all who were present, and a long, exciting debate occurred. I was twitted very often about this position, until the battle of Bull Run was fought, when a number of those who were present voluntarily came to me, and said: "It looks now as if you were right, and that your predictions would finally come true, notwithstanding our defeat in that battle."

February, 1861, came, and with it the announcement that the President-elect would pass through Cincinnati on his way to the Capital. The whole country was alive with interest. On the day appointed, Mr. Lincoln reached Cincinnati. Tens of thousands greeted his arrival. The streets were thronged as far as the eye could reach. The President was driven through the streets of Cincinnati in an open barouche. He received a perfect ovation. As he stood in the open carriage, and bowed to the vast multitudes of people who thronged the streets on either side, his face appeared to me, to bear the impression of the deepest sorrow.

When he crossed the canal on Vine Street, immense numbers of children were on the pavements dressed in the "Stars and Stripes." Many of them were Germans, wild with enthusiasm. I held my little daughter in my arms, and the President looked toward us, when, with childish delight, she said: "O papa, he bowed to me!" At the corner of Vine and Twelfth Streets a German carried in his arms a beautiful little girl, who was dressed in the "Stars and Stripes." He ran toward Mr. Lincoln's barouche, holding the child up, and Mr. Lincoln called to the driver to stop. The procession, which was miles long, halted, and the President motioned to the man to bring the child forward. He did so, and Mr. Lincoln took her in his arms and kissed her most affectionately, and then handed her back to the father, amid the shouts of thousands. This great man had a father's heart. Tears came into the eyes of many when they beheld this touchingly beautiful scene. In my eyes it was an element of true greatness. I thought of Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

#### FORT SUMTER FIRED ON.

The day on which Fort Sumter, after a hot siege, was surrendered by Colonel Robert Anderson, was Saturday, April 13, 1861. It was an event which startled the civilized world, and was the beginning of the most eventful war which ever occurred upon earth. I remember how, when the news reached us, we almost held our breath as we

waited, hour after hour, to hear further tidings. The Sabbath was one never to be forgotten in Cincinnati. I incidentally heard an Irishman, who lived close to my residence, say to his wife:

"Biddy, Fort Sumter, they say, is fallen. Can it be, Biddy?"

"I do n't know," she replied; "but it is awful if it is so."

I soon learned that it was even so, and almost every heart which beat with the love of country was bleeding, and every one was saying to himself, "What is to be the result of all this?" We wondered then, "Will our paralyzed citizens revive? Will they bear this insult? Will they not, in the name of God and humanity, rush to the rescue, and save our beloved land?"

As soon as it was known in Washington that Fort Sumter was surrendered—Fort Moultrie had already fallen—President Lincoln issued a call for troops. At dawn of day on Monday morning, April 15th, I had the daily paper in my hand, and from every part of the country a patriotic response came up that gave a hope I never had before, and I never faltered from that hour to the close of the war, in the belief that the country was to be saved. I was prepared for defeat. I could bear war if the end would only come, and bring us back a loyal country, a united country, a free country.

I went down to Fourth Street early in the morning, and almost everywhere as I went, the "Stars and Stripes" were floating, and excited men and women were seen and heard, ready to do any-

thing which would save us from the ruin impending over us. I stood, with Rev. John T. Mitchell, on the steps of the custom-house, corner of Vine and Fourth Streets. In every direction, as far as we could see, the streets were filled with excited men. Public opinion was overwhelmingly for the country. This, in Cincinnati, was an unexpected result, and was deeply gratifying to us all. Men here and there undertook to arrest this spirit of patriotic feeling, but they were promptly knocked down, or else were compelled to flee for their lives. All over the city the same spirit pervaded the people; in the shops, stores, and offices.

Measures were immediately taken in Cincinnati to respond to the President's call; and before sundown Cincinnati could be counted as a city true to the Government, true to that noble patriotism which was now animating the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Men were enlisted that day in the service of the country. Two regiments were quickly ready to march to the defense of the capital of the Nation, which was supposed to be in danger. I stood at the depot of the Little Miami Railway as these noble men gave their parting cheers to fathers, mothers, wives, and children, when the train whirled out of the station. I wept as though my heart would break, believing, as I did, that I should see their faces no more. Among these were many of the young men who had been converted at Christie Chapel during my brief ministry there. I had kneeled with them at the altar, and had pointed



them to Christ. I had welcomed them into the kingdom, and entered their names upon the records of the Church of which I was pastor. A number of them I never saw again. I began at once a work which continued until the close of my pastorate in that charge,—of visiting the wives and children of those who had gone to the war; of visiting hospitals, and there administering to the sick; of writing letters for wives and sisters who were unable to write to friends in the army.

The battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861, brought much sorrow to Cincinnati. So many of the families of my Church and of my acquaintance were represented in the engagement that I spent all the afternoon, after word reached Cincinnati, in going from house to house, and praying with these heart-stricken people, and giving them all the comfort I could. No one knew the fate of those whom they loved that were in the army. To me it was the saddest day I ever spent. After this our country's hopes grew brighter, and we began to be accustomed to the new condition of things. It was not long after this that the bodies of the dead were brought to Cincinnati, and it was my mournful duty to officiate at the funerals of many of them.

#### CAPTAIN WHITCOMB.

The battle of Winchester was fought. One of the regiments engaged in it was from Cincinnati. Many of its members fell on the field of battle; and among these was Captain George B. Whitcomb, a noble man. His wife was a member of my

Church. I knew him well. He was brave among the bravest. During the heat of the battle his color-bearer was shot down. Another rushed forward, and, seizing the fallen banner, lifted it up, and fell dead the next moment. A third did the same, and fell as quickly as the other. A fourth seized it, waved it, and fell a corpse. Captain Whitcomb then rushed up, seized the flag, and waved it defiantly in the face of the enemy, and exclaimed, "Keep up the flag, boys!" and, as he said this, a ball pierced his brain, and he instantly fell dead.

His remains were brought to Cincinnati, and were buried from Christie Chapel. I delivered the funeral discourse to the most crowded congregation I ever addressed. Twenty thousand people, at least, attended the funeral. The entire police force was out, and the military force at that time in Cincinnati was present. General Bates, who sat by my side in the pulpit, said :

"Never before were such honors paid to a citizen of Cincinnati."

This brave man's dying words, "Keep up the flag, boys," rang throughout the army. Captain Whitcomb, and a large portion of the army who fought the battles so bravely, have fallen ; but the flag still floats, and, we believe, will still wave, for centuries yet to come, over the best Nation on which the sun ever shone. Nor will the memory of those who perished in the war soon die. Their names are recorded on the pages of our history, and their graves are annually decked with flowers.

## A LITTLE REST.

As the summer came on, almost worn out with excessive labor, I visited my father-in-law, Joseph R. Thomas, of Zanesville, Ohio. Here I met Charles C. McCabe, who was then pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at that place. He was in the flush of his early manhood, all ablaze with the spirit of patriotism, ready to sing, pray, preach, fight, suffer, and die for his country. At once he became a central figure and a powerful agency in rallying men to the standard of their country. When a regiment was to be raised, he was sent for, that, by his fiery eloquence and thrilling songs, he might aid in the work. The history of those times can not be perfect without giving Chaplain McCabe a large place in it. But the reader will hear more of him hereafter.

The public mind was engrossed with the subject of war. The army had just invaded West Virginia, and the first battles of the war were being fought. I determined conscientiously to perform the work to which God had called me. My pulpit was occupied during my absence from Cincinnati, and the interests of the Church did not suffer. In two weeks I returned. One of the first persons who greeted me was John W. Hopkins, of the Methodist Book Concern. He said:

"I have been anxious to see you. There is a case which greatly troubles me. I was sent for, some time since, to visit a lady who is sick and will probably die. She is not prepared for death, but declares that there is one man who will lead

her to Christ; that she never saw him but once, and then but for a few moments; did not learn his name, and does not know whether he is a minister or layman. After laboring to convince her that she was under a delusion; that she could be led by somebody else to the Savior, or that she could go herself to Christ and find pardon, I saw that it was all of no avail. She still clung to her fond notion. I named all the ministers in the city with whom I was acquainted. Finally I mentioned you, when she said:

“‘That is the man who will lead me to Christ.’

“I told her you were in Zanesville, and she has been awaiting with great anxiety your return to the city. Will you go to see her? You will find her on the corner of Race and Court Streets.”

I replied: “I did call at that place some time since, and a lady whose name is Hopkins met me at the door.”

He replied, “That is the name of the sick lady.”

I then said to him: “The case strangely impresses me. Some four weeks since, one Friday morning, I was in my study trying to prepare a sermon for the next Sunday; but I could not study. After repeated efforts, I gave it up in despair, and then knelt down in my room and asked God what he would have me do. I felt strangely. Just then it came to my mind that a few days before, a lady, the widow of a Mr. Hopkins—who had committed suicide by drowning himself in the canal some years before, while I

was pastor of Ninth Street Church, which incident I have already described—was said to be living on the corner of Court and Race Streets. I felt that I must go to see her, and at once left my study.

“When I reached the place, a very pleasant-looking lady met me, and I asked if Mrs. Hopkins resided there. She replied: ‘My name is Hopkins.’

“Said I: ‘Madam, excuse me. You are not the lady whom I am seeking.’

“I then told her in brief the history of the one I sought. She said:

“‘I know whom you mean. She resides at No. 419 Elm Street.’

“I did not tell her who I was; did not intimate that I was even a Christian. I left at once, and was soon at the door of the widow, Mrs. Hopkins, on Elm Street. The very moment she saw me, she threw up her hands in great surprise, saying:

“‘O, I have hoped and prayed for days that I might see you. I learned a short time since that you are again pastor in the city. I wanted to speak to you of the sorrows which are crushing my heart and that of my young daughter.’

“My call, I think, was greatly blessed. She became calm and peaceful, and said:

“‘This visit is of God. He has answered my prayers, and brought you to my lonely residence. I shall never forget your sympathy in the past nor your present visit to my home.’”

Dr. Hopkins said: “This seems to be a very

mysterious matter, and the hand of God is in it. I wish you would go at once and see the sick lady."

I did so. When I was ushered into her room she recognized me, and said, "This is the gentleman who is to lead me to Christ." I told her that this confidence would be in the way of her speedy conversion; that she was depending more upon human than upon the Divine agency; but she said, "Not at all." After praying and conversing with her for some time, she frankly told me that there was no change for the better. A heavy burden of some kind was upon her soul. I exhorted her to give herself to God without any human agency, and to receive Christ, as this was her only hope. The next day I called again, and found her in the same state. I labored in every possible way, as far as I knew, to have her look to Christ and receive him then and there as her personal Savior; but I failed. At last I frankly told her an impression that I had upon my mind; namely, that there was some secret in her life, or possibly experience, which she had not revealed to me, and perhaps to no one else. She replied,

"I think you are mistaken."

Her sister, who was sitting at her bedside, said,

"There is a burden upon your mind, and I know it."

I said to her: "Mrs. Hopkins, if there is, I do not ask you to reveal it to me; but my opinion is that you had better reveal it to some friend whom you can trust. Perhaps your unwillingness to do this is a great barrier to your conversion."

She replied: "I would sooner communicate the matter, to which my sister referred, to you than to any one else, and I will do so. More than twenty years ago I was deeply convinced of my lost condition as a sinner. I had been brought up in the Presbyterian Church, having received the very best religious teaching, and having the very best religious examples set before me. It was impressed upon my mind that I would not be converted until I was baptized by immersion. The Presbyterian minister was unwilling to baptize me by any mode until I was converted. I then inquired of the pastor of the Baptist Church as to whether he was willing to baptize me by immersion. He told me that he was unwilling to do it while I was unconverted. No other denomination was within my reach. I did not know then that possibly I might have been baptized by a Methodist minister.

"So for twenty years I have suffered the deepest agony of soul on account of my sins; being constantly under the impression that I could not be converted until I was immersed, and nobody was willing to baptize me until I was converted, and I gave it up in despair. When I was taken sick, the matter came back again with all the force of other years. I then understood that there were persons who would immerse me; but my physician said that my health was so critical that the effort would probably result in my death.

"I prayed to God for light and help; and, when you called that day to inquire after the widow Hopkins, a strange feeling came over me



that you were the man who was to bring me to Christ."

I was greatly puzzled for a little while, for she told me that she now had no hope of salvation. After a brief prayer for Divine direction and help, I said to her:

"Mrs. Hopkins, do you believe that the Lord Jesus Christ tasted death for every man?"

She said, "I do."

"Do you believe that he died for you?"

"I do."

"In dying did he make an atonement for all sin?"

She answered, "Yes."

"And made it possible that all sins might be forgiven, save the sin against the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes."

"Then if it was a sin for you not to be immersed, did he not make an atonement for that sin, and secure pardon for it as well as all others?"

She raised her hands, and exclaimed: "O, I never thought of that! He will take the will for the deed, if I am not able to perform the act. I now receive him as my personal Savior!"

In a moment she was rejoicing in the Savior. From that day she continued in this happy state of mind. Fear of death was taken away, and she was anxious for the time when she would be at rest. It was not long after this that she passed away. By request I preached her funeral sermon to a large number of interested friends. I present this case, with its peculiar circumstances; the

strange impression which I had that God had something for me to do, besides the preparation of a sermon; and that in answer to prayer, the condition of the widow was brought before me.

In the work of pastoral visitation, my custom had been to pray that God would direct me in my visits to the places where I would be likely to do the most good; and I can but believe that I have been led by the Divine Spirit in this work in hundreds of instances. I have found in many other cases that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

My labors were incessant in visiting the poor, the sick, and the different regiments encamped about the city, and in delivering addresses at public meetings, attending funerals, and preaching in my pulpit. Notwithstanding the war, and the spirit which pervaded the great masses of society, the spirit of revival continued. My success, all things considered, was most gratifying. Of a truth, God was with me.

The Conference of 1861 met in Springfield, September 4th, Bishop Morris presiding. During its session, the Conference, in a body, visited Delaware, where a most eloquent and impressive address was delivered by the late Bishop Kingsley, who was then editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

Bishop Morris reappointed me to Christie Chapel at the unanimous request of the charge.

The war overshadowed almost everything during this year. The ministers were universally loyal to the country. Many thousands of soldiers

went from the city to the field of conflict. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons alike rushed to the field to fight for the life of the Nation. Chaplaincies in the army were offered me again and again; but these I declined. I felt more like becoming a soldier in the army and doing my religious work as a common soldier than as a chaplain.

The winter was one of deep revival interest, and many were brought to Christ. During the winter I visited the camps at Maysville, Kentucky, and at Louisville. My youngest brother had enlisted, and was sick at Louisville. Sick as he was, he refused to go to the hospital; and, as the army moved into Tennessee, he went with them and endured most intense suffering.

As the spring opened up, military operations became more active. Fort McHenry was taken. A great victory was achieved at Fort Donelson, and a large portion of Tennessee was occupied by the Union armies. They finally concentrated their forces at Pittsburg Landing, where a bloody battle ensued. Thousands of brave men fell on that field, or were maimed for life. My brother and many of my friends were there; but we could get no details of the battle for a long time.

One morning I called at the residence of J. M. Walden, now bishop. It was said by one of us, "Suppose we go down to the river. Possibly we may hear something from the field of battle." We walked down; and, when we reached the public landing, we beheld the steamboat *Magnolia*, with a yellow flag, just coming in. We met her at the

wharf, and found that she was filled with wounded men. I knew the officer, and he said to me, "Your brother is on board, wounded."

My cousin, Doctor E. B. Fee, was the surgeon in charge of these wounded men. He sought me, and although no others were admitted, I was taken on board, and led to a bunk near the wheel-house, where my wounded brother lay. For three days and nights he had lain on the open field, drenched by the terrible rain that was falling. No surgeon had dressed his wounds. The wonder is that he did not die; but I found him cheerful. Before he answered one of my questions, he said:

"Is Island No. 10 taken? We soldiers hear so many stories, we know not what to believe."

His heart was only intent on victory for the Union armies. By the favor of the surgeon and prominent officers, he was carried to my residence, and placed in charge of Dr. E. B. Stevens, my intimate friend, whose kindness to me and mine I shall never be able to repay in this world.

Many months passed before my brother was able to return to the army; but he remained with it at General Stanley's headquarters to the last, and still lives to rejoice that he bore a part in the War of the Rebellion, and helped to save the best Government upon earth.

The next session of the Cincinnati Conference was to be held in Cincinnati. Only two weeks before it began, it became evident that Ohio might be invaded by Rebel forces. General Kirby Smith had his eye on Cincinnati, or else was making a

diversion in favor of some other point. The idea of Cincinnati being captured was more than the Ohio people could endure, and they rushed to the rescue to the number of about seventy thousand, ready to defend the city and the State at every hazard.

Just as Cincinnati began to prepare for defense, as a citizen of the Fifteenth Ward, I proposed the formation of a regiment; and my name was the first one enrolled. In a short time it numbered one thousand men or more. We were drilled every day. The alarms became frequent and the danger imminent, it was thought. We were finally notified to assemble and be sworn into service. We met in the afternoon. Captain Baldwin was there to muster us in. My name was the first one called. I answered, and stepped forward. He said:

"Mr. Fee, do you think you could march seven miles to-night into Kentucky?"

I answered, "I suppose I could."

"Are you willing to try it?"

"I am."

"Would you not be in danger of breaking down?"

"I might; but, Captain, many others have broken down before me, and I am not only willing but anxious to run the risk."

"You are rather a feeble man; and would it not be better for you to retire?"

"If I do, Captain, it will only be because you rule me out, and take the sole responsibility upon yourself."

He said, "I take it; step aside."

Rev. William X. Ninde, now bishop, was next called, and went through the same kind of examination, and, at its completion, was told to step aside. We had made all preparations for camp-life; had bidden our wives and children farewell. The idea of returning to our disconsolate families to us seemed rather ludicrous; but I need not say that we were thankfully and joyfully received.

It was thought by a number of prominent gentlemen that, inasmuch as I had been very active in visiting among the soldiers and their families, I could do more good in that species of work than I could do in camp; and they evidently influenced Captain Baldwin to rule me out. I confess that I felt mortified; and my friends, out of sympathy for me, procured from General Lewis Wallace, then in command in Cincinnati, a roving commission to go where I pleased.

The loyal regiments—they were not all loyal—marched at once into Kentucky. When the danger became imminent, as was thought, martial law was proclaimed in a very rigid manner; and without a pass, men were in danger of being arrested at any time in the city. The streets were filled with guards. Nobody rejoiced in the proclamation of martial law more than did the colored people. While every white man was required to have a pass, none was required of them. While walking one day with John Pfaff, two colored men walked before us. One of them exclaimed:

“Sam, glory be to God and de Lamb forever! I never ’spected to lib to see dis day. When we

was slaves, we could n't go any whare unless old mars' or missis gib us a pass. Now every white man has to get a pass, and de niggers go free."

It certainly was a marvelous change.

The Conference met on Wednesday, September 3, 1862, in Morris Chapel, Bishop Ames presiding. It was a strange experience for our ministers. The apparent danger of an attack on the city became more imminent. A messenger arrived one day at the city building, and informed us that the Rebels were coming in force, and were only eight miles from the city. This news produced consternation everywhere; but this lasted only about an hour. It was soon discovered that the tremendous dust which was raised on that road was caused by an immense drove of Government mules, and not by rebels, as was supposed. We were all the while subject to such alarms.

Just at this time a large force of veterans—the heroes of Pea Ridge, Mo.—arrived in the city. Ragged and dirty as they were, they at once inspired everybody with courage.

Each morning an attack was expected; but it came not. The proclamation of martial law was somewhat relaxed; and the disloyal regiments, as they were termed, remained in the city, opened their business-houses, and were doing an immense trade at the expense of the loyal business men who had rushed to the front. This, of course, gave offense to every loyal man, and especially to those who were enduring the hardships of camp at the front.



On Sunday, when I was in my pulpit—Edward McHugh was preaching—an officer dressed in uniform came to the pulpit, and announced to me that I must immediately accompany him, which I did. When alone, he said:

“You are wanted at headquarters immediately, on the other side of the river. I will accompany you. You have the only roving commission that has been given by General Wallace, and you can go anywhere.”

We finally reached the headquarters of the regiment in which I enlisted. A number of officers invited me to a consultation which they were about to hold. I found that they were in the midst of a fearful excitement, and it had been difficult to prevent an insurrection. The troops were outraged because the proclamation of martial law had been so modified as to allow those who remained in the city to resume business. This, in their estimation, was paying a large tribute to disloyalty; and they would not endure it. Every Cincinnati regiment on that side of the river had the same feeling. They said to me:

“The trouble may be averted; but they will not give us passes to the other side of the river. You have one signed by General Wallace; and by your kindly interference you may save us from a serious outbreak. We request you as soon as possible to visit Mayor Bishop, Pollock Wilson, and Gassaway Brashears, and consult with them as to what ought to be done.”

Major-General Wright, of the Sixth Army

Corps, had superseded General Lewis Wallace, and was now in command in Cincinnati. We were asked to visit him as soon as possible, and lay the case before him, and request him to re-proclaim martial law in its original form, and bring the regiments referred to, to the Kentucky side of the river, or else permit the loyal regiments to return to Cincinnati.

On my return we had a meeting for consultation. The mayor, and indeed the entire committee, was alarmed at the prospect of the most serious trouble, just at the time when it might be fatal to Cincinnati. At the conclusion of our meeting, Mayor Bishop and myself were appointed to visit General Wright, and, if possible, secure the redress which was desired by the Cincinnati regiments then in camp.

General Wright received us with all possible courtesy, but declined to take any action whatever at that time. But the next morning the papers contained a stringent proclamation of martial law. It served to compel these men to close their business-houses, and be ready to move at once to the front. This was all that was asked, and gave great satisfaction to the friends who were already at the front. No public explanation of this procedure has ever been given, as far as I now remember. I give it as a part of the history of the times.

The public supposed that the proclamation of martial law indicated the most serious danger, and it was reported that an immediate attack would be made by Kirby Smith on our forces. I was in-

formed by a prominent officer of the army that at daylight the next morning the battle would commence. Our forces were then ready to move upon the enemy, and about daylight I might listen for the boom of cannon. I heard no cannon; but at daylight the papers announced that Kirby Smith had retreated southward, and that the siege of Cincinnati was at an end.

I need not say that our Conference held a brief session, and that our ministers went as soon as possible to their respective fields of labor. Those who did so obtained passes in order to get out of the city. This event closed my connection with Christie Chapel as its pastor; and I was appointed by Bishop Ames to the Church in Xenia, O.

So deeply was I engrossed with the work in Cincinnati that I scarcely thought about a change of appointment. I received a telegram in a day or two from Hon. Moses D. Gatch, who was anxious for my appointment, as we were college-mates and bosom friends. The dispatch said, "Be sure to be in our pulpit next Sabbath." I soon received another to the same effect; and on Saturday, after waiting for three hours to receive a pass, I left for Xenia, and on Sabbath entered upon my pastoral labors.

My work in Christie Chapel was not in vain. A history of that Church, written by Rev. C. L. Conger, states that I received a larger number of members during my pastorate there, in two years, than had ever been received before in the same length of time, or has been received since. This was a

great surprise to me, as it must have been to the Church itself. It only proves that God's work may go forward in the face of the greatest difficulties. I can but attribute it to the grace of Him who kept my soul sweet, and prevented me from losing that intense love of men which, I trust, I have felt from the beginning of my ministry until now.

John Dubois was one of my trusted friends, a safe counselor and a consecrated man, full of the love of Christ. He lived and walked with God. He was one of the best examples of living holiness I ever knew. He read the writings of Wesley, Fletcher, and others, and thoroughly mastered them. His religion inspired confidence among business men. He was a model Christian. In all departments of Church work he was active. In him everybody had a friend, and every believer, from the strongest to the weakest, found encouragement. It was his custom to arise in the morning long before day, and commune with God and his Bible and the writings of good men and women. He led a large class for the promotion of Christian holiness, which was of priceless value to those who were connected with it. His love was as broad as humanity. Whether in prosperity or adversity, his heart was thoroughly fixed in God. During the time I was his pastor he announced to me, very calmly:

"With my partner, I have failed in business. I presume I have lost all I have, and now nothing but poverty stares me in the face. Although I feel before God that I am blameless, I will lose the con-

fidence which I have formerly enjoyed among business men. I have no money with which to engage again in business, and will be compelled to retire."

I remarked to him, "Mr. Dubois, 'A just man falleth seven times and ariseth again.'"

He replied, "I have a peace and trust in God, which I believe will not be disturbed by any earthly misfortune."

The next day I met him again. His face was beaming with smiles, and he appeared to be happy. He said to me :

"O, how God sustains and blesses me! As soon as my failure was known, a number of business men came forward and offered me money to resume business at once. I said to them, 'I can not give you any security;' and they replied, 'Your character and standing as a business man is all the security that we want. Just say what you need, and you shall have it.'"

He resumed business. The Government employed him, and he was soon in a better financial condition than he had ever been before. Although he met with the most severe trials, "none of these things moved him." A few years ago I received the news of his death at Madisonville, and with the news came the request that I should perform for him the last sad offices of friendship. I hastened to his home, met his wife and children, and they conducted me to a little house which was his place of prayer. There I saw a well-worn Bible, the chair on which he sat, and the place where he kneeled and communed with God, and I could but

say, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." To have known such a man, and to have enjoyed his confidence and his love, was worth a life-time of toil in the vineyard of the Lord. His son George W. is now a minister in the Cincinnati Conference, and will continue as such, I trust, to illustrate the life, experience, and example of his sainted father.

James Gamble was another illustration of the blessings resulting from a consecrated life. He was born in Ireland. He and his wife became members of Christie Chapel in its infancy. They were identified with all its interests, and with those of Cincinnati Methodism, and, indeed, with almost every enterprise which looked to the betterment of humanity. They were unobtrusive and exemplary in their deportment, humble and loving in their manner, and were given to hospitality. The Church had a home in their hearts, and humanity was embraced in the arms of their Christian love. The poor were never turned away without help from their habitation. It was enough for them to know that they were human beings redeemed by the same Christ, and the objects of his love. Their family was trained and nurtured in this Christian home, with the largest and most noble views of our religion. No wonder that James Gamble and his elect wife received the smiles of Him who said, "Give and it shall be given you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Business with them prospered, and money flowed into their coffers. He and his brother-in-law,

Mr. Procter, his partner, conducted their business according to the Golden Rule. Their employees ultimately became partners with them, and shared the profits of their immense business. No strikes ever interrupted the business of that firm. Their children have followed their example as they have followed Christ, and are giving themselves, in imitation of their sainted parents, to every good word and work.

The Deaconess Home, of Cincinnati, which bears the name of Elizabeth Gamble, and Christ's Hospital, are crowning monuments of their benefactions, to say nothing of others which will continue to stand and excite the admiration and gratitude of thousands in years to come. They will be held in everlasting remembrance.

I called one day upon a lady who lived near their residence. This lady was estranged from the Church. She ceased to attend its services, because she owed seven dollars and had never been able to pay it. She said she could never enter the Church again until it was paid. I expostulated with her, telling her that the Church had long since forgiven the debt; but it was of no avail. I told her I would rather pay the money out of my own pocket, than have her feel as she did. After praying, I left her in tears.

I incidentally mentioned this matter to Brother Gamble, as I called on him immediately afterward, and he wept like a child. "Is it possible," said he, "that a lady should live so close to me in this condition, and I not know it?" Then, addressing



his daughter, he said: "Mary, bring me my pocket-book." She did so, and he took out seven dollars, and then took out twenty dollars more, and said: "Here is something for your struggling Church." I saw him no more on earth.

O, that God would multiply such examples as this!

I would that I could speak at length of David DeCamp, that loving, holy man; of John T. Johnson, who had a smile for every one; of Benjamin Dawson; of Mrs. Ramp; of Mrs. Lee Cassidy, Mrs. Harrison, and a host of devoted women who were fruitful in all good works.

With tears and regrets I left this loving people, to go to other scenes and engage in other work for Christ.

## CHAPTER X.

XENIA. 1862-1864.

I WAS most cordially received by the Xenia charge, and began my work with a resolve that I would preach and labor in the spirit of Christian love, believing that nothing would be gained by bitterness or vindictiveness. Xenia was a beautiful little city. The Methodist Episcopal Church had a strong hold upon the community. Its membership amounted to about four hundred persons, embracing many of the very best citizens of the place. For more than ten years there had been but little increase in the number of communicants. The church edifice was scarcely large enough to accommodate the membership, if they were all present at one time. There was little prospect of doing any great aggressive work.

Xenia was an anti-slavery town. It was intensely loyal to the Government. Large numbers of her citizens had rushed to the defense of the Nation. They were found on almost every battlefield; and this produced in the minds of the citizens the keenest anxiety for absent friends. Nothing which had the semblance of disloyalty was tolerated. The Wilberforce University, an institution for the education of colored people, was located near there, and large numbers of them from all

parts of the country were collecting there to enjoy its benefits.

The United Presbyterian Church had two congregations, both of which were large and flourishing, and occupied a commanding position in the community. Their Theological Seminary was located there. At that time they were rather exclusive, and there was but little fraternal intercourse between them and other denominations. The Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, German Reformed, and Covenanter Churches had congregations in the city. To a great extent the Churches controlled the morals of the town, and were held responsible for the morality and good order of the community. There were two female colleges, one under the control of the United Presbyterian Church; the other a Methodist institution, under the presidency of Professor William Smith, one of the most active and successful educators in the State.

William H. Sutherland was my predecessor in the charge. We had been intimate friends for years, and it was a blessing to follow him.

The excitement produced by the war was intense. The result of the struggle seemed to be doubtful. The question of slavery, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. While my own mind was overwhelmed with anxiety for my country, I could only meet the obligations of each day, and in my humble sphere pray and labor, not only for my country's weal, but for the good of humanity.

The Church was in a better spiritual condition than I expected to find it. The Official Board

rallied around me at once, and were ready to aid me in my work. The Sunday-school was in an excellent condition. The infant class, under the training of Tobias Drees, was the best I ever saw. I visited from house to house continually. Almost every family had its sorrow, and almost every heart bled for loved ones far away. Every little while the body of some brave soldier was brought to his home, to be interred in the family burial-ground; and, in a number of cases, I was selected to conduct the last sad rites.

I sought to promote in all my visits the purest type of New-Testament piety; for nothing else would do in a crisis like this. I believed that a general revival of religion was more needed than anything else. In this opinion I was in harmony with the views of all the ministers. When the Week of Prayer arrived, all the evangelical denominations united in its observance. The prayers and labors of these union meetings had special reference to the promotion of a revival of God's work in our own town as well as throughout the country.

The 1st of January, 1864, was ushered in with the coldest weather I had ever known. It prevailed over every part of the country, and gave serious alarm for the safety of our brave men encamped in various divisions of our army. They were made the special subject of our prayers.

One Sabbath evening we met to invoke the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. The meeting began in the spirit, and so continued. It was the last meeting of the series. A deep solemnity

pervaded the entire congregation. All realized that God was there, and toward the close the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of real Christian unity, drew the people more closely together than ever before. Upon the faces of the ministers could be seen the proof of the moving and melting power of the Holy Spirit. Smiles, mingled with tears, were upon every face. Many said, "Did you ever see anything like this before?"

Certainly Xenia had never witnessed such a spectacle as this; and, from that hour to the present, God's people of every denomination in Xenia have been drawn more closely together than ever before. Truly, "the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above."

These meetings proved a great blessing to Xenia, and especially to my own Church. I began a meeting which was continued for weeks. The evidence of conviction was apparent everywhere; and soon a number were found seeking an interest in the Lord Jesus, and many young people especially found Christ in the pardon of their sins.

One evening a bright and noble boy came to the altar, deeply penitent, and earnestly pleading for mercy. The struggle was protracted, but the victory was complete. He was wonderfully converted. He could scarcely realize where he was, and was evidently amazed at the love which God had bestowed upon him. His father and mother had earnestly prayed for him, and were filled with joy over his conversion. He united with the Church at once. The next morning he met me;

and, with a face beaming with joy, he said, "God has called me to preach; to be a missionary."

I think he was not twelve years old at that time. His name was Charles W. Drees. I watched over him lovingly. He grew in grace daily, and was soon sent to the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he graduated with honor. He then went to the Boston Theological Seminary, and completed the course of study in that institution, and then entered upon the active labors of the Christian ministry. He was sent upon a mission to Mexico, of which he became superintendent. He published the first Methodist Episcopal paper in the Spanish language, of which he was pleased to send me a copy of the first number. Great success attended his work. He is now the honored superintendent of all the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South America.

Another boy was powerfully converted while I kneeled by his side and pointed him to Jesus. His name was J. A. White. God called him to preach the gospel, and for a number of years he has been one of the faithful, successful, and honored members of the Cincinnati Conference. At the same meeting still another boy was converted. God called him to preach, and for a number of years he has been engaged as a supply in our work. His name is W. R. Buckles. O let us care for these boys who have given themselves to Christ and to the Church! What fields of usefulness are before them! Many of the young ladies in the seminary were also converted and united with the Church.

Jonathan F. Conrey was my presiding elder. He appointed me to preach at one of the quarterly-meetings on Saturday evening. A very remarkable case came before me. While I was preaching, a well-dressed, intelligent-looking gentleman came into the church and walked directly up near the pulpit and sat down in a pew, all bathed in tears. I had never seen him before, and knew not what to think. I invited those who were deeply concerned for their salvation, and desired an interest in our prayers, to come to the altar. He, with a number of others, came. Mr. Conrey at once kneeled by his side. In a few moments he came to me, and said, "That gentleman wishes to see you." I went to him and kneeled by his side. He began by saying:

"My case is a very remarkable one. I was brought up a Universalist. Two years ago I was traveling in the State of Iowa. I attended a revival-meeting, held by the Baptist Church, where I was strangely awakened to see my lost condition as a sinner. I made known my case to those present; and, through their counsels and prayers, I was led to Christ, and was happily converted. I continued to attend the meetings, until it was announced that any of those who had been converted and desired to receive the ordinance of baptism, would be baptized on the next day. I at once presented my application, and appeared with a number of others. I stood upon the bank of a stream, clothed in a baptismal robe, and the minister took me by the arm, and was about to lead me into the water,



when one of the deacons of the Church asked me if I was going to join the Baptist Church.

"I replied, 'I am not decided as to what Church I will join.'

"Then," said he, 'I object to our minister baptizing you.'

"Another officer of the Church came forward and insisted that the pastor should proceed with the ordinance. Then another opposed, and the pastor became perplexed, and knew not what to do. They took sides, until almost the entire Church was equally divided as to whether I would enter the Baptist Church. An unfortunate quarrel arose right at the water's edge, and great bitterness prevailed.

"I became so disgusted that I threw off my baptismal-robe and left the place. The peace which I had enjoyed left me. A dark cloud settled upon me, and I made up my mind that I would never enter another Church service. I continued in that state of mind until this evening, when, walking along the pavement, I heard speaking. I did not know that the building from which it came was a Church. I paused a moment to listen, and I heard a plaintive, mournful voice. It seemed to be in harmony with the sorrow which overwhelmed me. In spite of myself, I began to weep, until my feelings were well-nigh beyond my control.

"Opening the door of the building, gently, I saw you for the first time; and was strangely drawn toward the pulpit and to the place where I sat down; and, when you gave the invitation for per-

sons to come forward, I was only too glad to come. And now, do you think there is any hope for me? Can I trust God?"

I said: "Yes; there is hope. Remember the 'Prodigal Son.' Your Father's heart yearns to clasp you again in the arms of his love."

His peace began to return. After giving me an expression of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his determination to be a Christian, he said,

"Would you be willing to baptize me by immersion, whether I join your Church or not?"

I said, "Yes."

"Then," said he; "will you receive my name to-night as a probationer?"

I said, "Yes," and took his name and recorded it on the Church book.

I found that he was a physician from the State of Vermont, who had come West for his health. In the providence of God, as he thought, he came to Xenia, and for a short time engaged in business there. He was threatened with pulmonary disease, and believed that he was the victim of consumption. I immersed him one day, when I had to remove the cakes of ice from the place in order that I might do it. We became warm friends. He visited me often, and confided in me as if we had been brothers.

When summer came he left for Minnesota, with little hope that his life might be saved. He wrote me several letters, each one giving sad evidence of failing health, until, with the greatest difficulty, he wrote me his last letter, expressive of that triumph

which God gives his suffering, dying saints. The end soon came, and that bright, beautiful young man, Dr. Hammond, entered into rest. I learned to love him on earth, and I shall greet him in heaven.

DR. WILLIAM S. MOORE.

Dr. Moore was married to my sister, Miss Sarah Caroline Fee, several years before the war broke out. He was a graduate of the Ohio Medical College, Cincinnati. He was a Christian, and a class-leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a gentleman, whose life and conduct commended him to all who knew him. He was appointed surgeon in the army early in the war, and was in several of the great battles on the Potomac, and met with many hairbreadth escapes.

In the spring of 1863 he visited me in Xenia, spent Sunday with me, and attended the morning service and the class-meeting in the afternoon, in which he was especially blessed. He assured us all that, if that was his last meeting, he was endeavoring so to live each day as to have no fear of the future; that he was even then assured that if he fell in battle, he would have a glorious entrance into everlasting life.

In the latter part of June, General Lee crossed the Potomac, and was threatening to overrun the North. Finally it became evident that a battle would be fought at Gettysburg—a battle which would decide the fate of the Rebellion, or the question of the unity of the States.

Dr. Moore was in the Eleventh Army Corps,

which was made up very largely of Germans from Eastern cities. This division of the army made one of the first attacks upon Lee, and was driven in confusion through the streets of Gettysburg in the direction of Baltimore, and only paused on the brow of Cemetery Hill, located on the Baltimore Pike. Here the corps was joined by other forces, and made a stand.

It soon became certain that the battle would be renewed at this point. The rebels, on the other side of town, were collecting in force, and getting ready for the conflict. There was heavy skirmishing on Thursday, and on Friday the bloodiest fight at Gettysburg took place. From a gentleman of great intelligence, who lived almost on the spot, I learned the following:

General Lee, with his staff, was quartered in his residence. The Union forces became so strong that he feared to remain there any longer, and removed to the opposite side of the town. The gentleman referred to became satisfied that a battle would begin in the morning. He arose at the break of day, and, going out to the highest point on Cemetery Hill in order that he might have a better view of the situation, came upon an officer with several others of his staff. It was not long until they were joined by others, and a number of officers were present.

A distinguished officer rode up to the general, and, saluting him, said:

"General Meade, what shall we do?"

"We will fight the battle here," replied the

general; and after issuing a few commands they all retired. But in an incredibly short time, as far as the eye could reach, vast companies of soldiers were marching, and covered the field until they must have numbered nearly one hundred thousand men, front and rear, right and left, stretching from Culp's Hill to Round Top Mountain on the left. It was not long until the battle opened, and shells commenced falling in the cemetery, and all along our lines. Two hundred thousand men were in deadly conflict.

Dr. Moore was on the field superintending the carrying off of the wounded to a hospital some distance away, when a part of a shell struck him in the hip, and he fell. The wound was mortal. He lingered for two or three days, and then expired, sending loving messages to his wife and his friends, that the religion that he had professed in his early youth consoled him in the last moments. He was buried on that beautiful hill.

I soon received notice of his death, and with my brother, John S. Fee, hastened to the field, if possible to obtain his remains, and bring them to the home of my broken-hearted sister. On the Tuesday evening after the battle we arrived in Gettysburg to witness the terrible devastations of war. We could hear the booming of cannons at the crossing of the Potomac, where Lee was making his retreat as rapidly as possible. More than forty thousand people were killed and wounded. Never had there been such a terrible conflict in this Western World. Death and distress raged

everywhere. The dead in large numbers lay unburied.

We soon found the grave of Dr. Moore, and, after obtaining the liberty to transport his remains through the lines, we disinterred them, and had them hermetically sealed in a tin case. We spent nearly two days in passing over the battle-ground. Multitudes of people were there to secure the remains of their departed friends, or to comfort those who were wounded and dying. I passed by many places where near relatives, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters were disinterring their friends. So fearful was the spectacle, it was too much for tears. I never saw a tear shed by any person on that historical battle-field.

The rebel dead lay rotting in the bushes where they had fallen. In many places the ground seemed as if it had been sown with Minie-balls. Entire forests were so devastated by shot and shell, that they withered and died. In one place a powerful horse had received his death-wound, and in his terrible plunges had jumped onto a rock and died there.

Near Baltimore Pike, to the left, as you go toward the city, a number of huge rocks, two of which lay at right angles to each other, were discovered. They must have been twenty feet high, and the angle pointed toward the rebel lines. I said to my brother :

“That must have been a hospital, and a very secure one, during the battle.”

We found it to be even so. The rocks were

covered with blood; and lint, bandages, and other evidences of a hospital were apparent. In one place there was a log of wood about a foot in diameter, within three feet of the perpendicular rock. Against that log some wounded soldier had braced himself, while his life-blood ebbed out on the rock beneath him. In looking at the face of the rock, I saw pieces of paper pasted there. They were in such a position that the wounded soldier would be near enough to read them as he sat there. On inspection we found them to be leaves from a Methodist Hymn-book, and that one contained the well-known hymn, which I read as I had never read it before, beginning,—

“Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?”

Rebel prisoners were coming in every hour. Some two or three long trains of box-cars were filled with Rebel officers. As I passed along, reading a New York *Herald*, a colonel said to me:

“Is there any Yankee news of importance?”

I replied, “Yes.”

“What is it?”

“Vicksburg is captured.”

“We have heard that a hundred times before,” he replied; “but it is not true.”

“Yes, gentlemen; it is certain.”

“Will you allow me to look at the paper a moment?” he asked.

I gave him the paper, and they all gathered



around him who were within reach. He read a moment, and then, turning deadly pale, said:

"Gentlemen, it is official."

Said I, "There are other dispatches which come from Richmond which state that Port Hudson is also captured."

"Well," said he, "if we are driven to the Gulf, we will have to swim, that is all."

I remarked, "The prospect for swimming is good."

"It looks that way," he replied.

I said, "Colonel, will you allow me to ask you what your opinion is as to the battle that has just been fought here?"

He replied, facetiously, "We are whipped; otherwise, it is a drawn battle."

I replied: "Yes; it appears to be. General Lee has withdrawn some thirty or forty miles away, and General Meade is upon his heels."

He then seriously said: "We lost the battle by just fifteen minutes. We found a weak place in the Union lines in the neighborhood of Round Top Mountain, and were certain that we could break through the lines at this place. But this required time. Before we were ready, Sedgwick's army corps filled the gap; and instead of a picket line, as we supposed, we confronted one of the strongest divisions of the Union army. The mistake was fatal to us."

I gave him my paper, and left him with the kindest feeling, expressing my hope that we might meet some day under the "Stars and Stripes," in

the spirit of unity and fraternity which knows no bitterness, no hatred.

The Rebel lines were strewn with playing-cards, dime novels, and pernicious literature, to a fearful extent. Once in a while you would see the remains of a tract, or possibly a Bible or hymn-book; while all along our lines, strewn in every direction, almost like autumnal leaves, you would find religious tracts, hymn-books, Bibles, magazines, and literary papers; so that these silent witnesses revealed the type of the morality of the two armies.

On my return, when I reached York, Pa., I was seated alone in the car, when an officer in a colonel's uniform asked the privilege of sitting by my side. It was readily granted, and we were soon engaged in conversation. The recent battle, the ravages of war, and almost every topic suggested by the trip were briefly discussed. I noticed that he was very cautious in all that he said; and I was so, too. While the general subject of morality and religion was discussed, it was done in a way which would scarcely excite opposition from any quarter. I found him very polite and attentive, and I endeavored to reciprocate in like manner. We spent a delightful day. The train was behind time, and I learned that I would not be able to make connections with any train going west until the next day near noon. It was midnight; and yet we had not reached Pittsburg, and did not arrive there until two or three o'clock in the morning.

"To what hotel do you purpose going?" this gentleman asked.

I replied, "I have none in view."

"I am a stranger," said he; "and you, I find, are a stranger in the city also. It might be to our mutual advantage to go to the same hotel [mentioning one of the most prominent in Pittsburg as his stopping-place when he was in the city], and I will consider it a great favor if you will go with me."

I went with him, and we walked. When we reached the hotel, he suggested that we occupy the same room. I consented; for he had long before won my confidence.

We were preparing to retire. He was standing by his bed, and I stood by mine for an unusual length of time. I thought I would wait until he retired; but he did not do so. My object in doing this was to kneel in prayer, as I always did before going to bed. At length I fell upon my knees; and a moment after I heard his knees touch the floor. We were both engaged in our devotions. I could hear his whispered prayers, and he could hear mine. The moment we arose, he said:

"Well, you have taught me a lesson."

I said, "How?"

He replied: "I am a professed Christian. As you are a stranger, I knew, if I kneeled, it would show my profession; and I waited until you should go to bed, that I might pray. But I find that you, too, are a Christian."

He, evidently, was anxious to find out something more about me; but he said:

"I suppose you are anxious to sleep?"

I replied, "Yes:" and we slept.

When we awakened in the morning, he said:

"I am most happy to have met you. I have some Government business to transact. As you can not get away until about noon, I must have the pleasure of taking you to Allegheny City, and of showing you over Pittsburg.

I thanked him, and accepted his invitation. We spent hours together in Christian converse. When he learned that I was a minister, he was more closely drawn toward me than ever. He said:

"I had a large amount of money with me last night, and I scarcely knew what to do; but when I discovered that you were a Christian, I felt no uneasiness, and slept in security during the night."

We parted as if we had been intimate friends. I took a train for Xenia. On the way to that city we were detained at a crossing for three hours, and had not left the place more than a half-hour until that celebrated Rebel, John Morgan, with his force, passed the very spot where our train had stopped; and that very afternoon he and his entire force were captured. While I was absent from Xenia, Morgan passed, in his raid, within a few miles of the city; but he was as anxious to get out of the country as the people were to escape the ravages of his army.

#### A NEW CHURCH PROJECTED.

A number of the most prominent members of the Church and citizens of the town undertook to

organize a new charge and build a new church. They pushed this work forward with untiring energy from the very first. The necessity for this was apparent to me, and, I believed, to many others. A very large subscription was secured for this object, but not a sufficient amount to place the matter upon a proper basis. They desired me to assist them in this work, which I did as best I could.

After we had done our utmost, we found that we would not be able to erect an edifice such as the friends of the Church and the citizens of Xenia would demand. There was in the community at that time a gentleman of much wealth, himself and family members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but he could not be persuaded that a second church was necessary, and could not be induced to aid the enterprise with a subscription.

His health was declining, and his friends began to fear that he would never recover. He had never been, as he believed, evangelically converted, and was conscious that he was not ready for the change if he should be called away. His family and friends believed that the great difficulty in the way of his conversion was his unwillingness to acknowledge that he was God's steward, and responsible for the use he made of his money.

He finally asked me, one day, what my views were on this subject. I frankly told him that we were as responsible for the use we made of the money that was placed in our hands as we were for anything else.

I had said and done all that I could to bring

him to Christ; but I knew all the while that there must be a surrender of himself, and all that he had, to God. I believed, as did his family, that if he could be induced to make a subscription to this Church enterprise, it would be to him a blessing; or, at any rate, it would be evidence that he confessed himself to be God's steward.

I laid the matter before him, leaving my subscription-book, that he might ponder over it. His misery of mind increased. He evidently had no rest day or night. The great question to him was, "Will I surrender, or will I not?"

I called upon him one day, and talked and prayed with him. When I arose to leave, he said to his son:

"Where is that subscription-book? Bring it to me. What I am about to do I do with my own will and accord, because it is my duty to God and the Church to do it. Bring me a pen and some ink."

They were brought, the subscription-book was opened at the place, and the subscription was written. He took the pen, and, with a trembling hand, affixed to it his name. When he came to the amount, he wrote the figures with one flourish of the pen. Dropping it instantly, he exclaimed, .

"God has saved me! I am converted! I have found Christ! I am willing now to depart and be with Jesus!"

For weeks afterwards he lived in this happy frame of mind. His end was peace. When I ex-

amined the book, after reaching my home, I found that he had subscribed one thousand dollars. This was an unexpected amount, and it secured the building of the present Trinity Church in Xenia, which stands as a monument of the liberality of many of its members, and as a monument of the wisdom of presenting our gifts to God before we die.

When my time in Xenia was just expiring, it was impossible to remove Mrs. Fee to a new charge, for she had been ill for several weeks. We were compelled, of course, to vacate the parsonage; but to remove her then to another place would be to imperil her life; so some way must be open for us that we could not see, or else her life might pay the forfeit. Just at this time, our dear friend, Mrs. Tobias Drees, a sister of William H. Hypes and Fletcher W. Hypes, both of the Cincinnati Conference, with all that tenderness and benevolence for which she had been so long distinguished, said:

"You must go to my house. I will take all possible care of you. I will endeavor to do all that a mother or sister could do; and, as you must leave the parsonage to-morrow morning preparatory to your removal to another charge, I will be ready to receive you."

During the night the rain poured down in torrents, and the idea of our moving seemed almost madness. We lay awake until after midnight. O how dark it was to us then! As we talked and wept over our condition, we heard footsteps on the



veranda. In a moment all was still, then a number of voices began to sing:

“ There is an hour of peaceful rest  
To weary wanderers given ;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast :  
’T is found alone in heaven.”

The voices were gentle and sweet; and the sentiments of the hymn which they were singing were as appropriate as they were good, but we wept in silence. We had no earthly home then; but bright visions of a future and eternal home came up in all their brightness and beauty before us. We believed that God sent these friends in the hour of our supreme need. We never knew who the singers were, nor whence they came; but their visit and their song at the midnight hour swept away the last shadow of despondency from our hearts.

They departed silently; but the Spirit of Him who sent them, and who hath said long before to his sorrowing children, “I will not leave you comfortless,” abode with us then, and abides with us still. We sweetly slept. In the morning, in perfect harmony, we left the parsonage, and were tenderly carried to the home of our dear Brother and Sister Drees, who watched over Mrs. Fee for weeks until she was able to remove to our new home.

A few years ago I was sent for to officiate at the funeral of Brother Drees. He was as dear to me as my own brother. With many tears I paid my humble tribute to the memory of this good man.

He had been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church; but became acquainted with the Methodist people of Xenia, and, through the example and influence of Father Hypes and his family—for he was a patriarch in Xenia and the country round about—he was led to Christ. He was happily married to their daughter, who yet survives, and is full of faith and good works.

The son of Brother and Sister Drees, Charles W. Drees, who claims to be my son in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, is now superintendent of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the entire continent of South America. Their family connections are scattered all over this Western land, and are honored for their devotion to the cause of Christ and their imperishable monuments of faith and good works wherever they are known.

I might also speak of Brother Cheney, who was then an honored member of the Methodist Church in Xenia. He has passed to his reward; but his son, David D. Cheney, is a consecrated minister of Christ, and an honored member of the Cincinnati Conference. Nathan Nesbitt was another father in that Church. Samuel A. Brewster married one of his daughters. He was an able minister of the New Testament. He was presiding elder for years; but God took him in the midst of his usefulness. His son, William Nesbitt Brewster, is now a missionary in China, where he is leading thousands to Christ. A second daughter was married to John W. Mason, now

stationed at Milford, O.; and their eldest son is a promising young minister. A third daughter was married to John M. Murray, a devoted and useful layman of our Church at South Charleston. Their mother, Mrs. Clarissa B. Nesbitt, recently deceased, was a descendant of that distinguished preacher, Benjamin Lakin. Mr. and Mrs. White were devoted friends of the Church. They have given to the ministry one son, John A. White, who is doing earnest work for Christ.

I might speak of Alfred Trader, John Nune-maker and his family, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Allen, the large family of Wrights, Father Rockhill, John B. Murphy, Mother Keagy and family, Mrs. Newton and family, Mr. Shearer and family, the Hon. Moses D. Gatch—whose wife was called away to her reward during my pastorate there—Mr. McGurvey, the large family of Connables, the Davises, Swaney, General Merrick, who also had a son that labored for years in the itinerancy of the Ohio Conference. I might also mention Mr. Silas Roberts, the Manors, Mr. Lauman, John Horn, Mr. McElwaine, William F. Pelham, Mr. Thirkield, William Cary, Dr. Clark, Dr. Wilson, and a host of others of whom I might speak in terms of equal praise. I never knew any one Church to have within its pale so large a number of substantial members. Brother McElwaine still lives, one of the influential Methodists of Xenia.

The new charge called "Trinity" has been doing a special work, and its necessity in the city has been fully demonstrated. The city is growing,

and both of the Churches are rising with it into greater prominence than ever. Of Professor Smith I have already spoken, and have mentioned his educational work in Xenia. By John Horn—whose daughter was united in marriage with James Stephenson, a useful and talented member of the Cincinnati Conference—I was treated with the greatest kindness.

The saddest memory connected with that place was the death of my oldest sister, Mrs. Louisa F. Goodwin. Nor can I forget that gallant young soldier, Frank Shearer, the brother of Judge Shearer, now of the Court of Common Pleas of Greene County District. He was a thorough Christian, and his army life was a benediction to all who knew him. At the battle of Resaca, he stood, as a comrade informed us, leaning his head upon his musket and engaged in prayer, when the enemy fired, and he was shot through the brain, and instantly expired. One of the saddest funerals I ever attended was his. He is safely housed to day in that home where the noise of battle will be heard no more. Scores were converted during my ministry in Xenia. Many were added to the Church, and I expect to meet them and greet them in the Church above.

Our youngest daughter, Catharine, now Mrs. Dr. Whitesides of Dayton, O., was born in Xenia. We scarcely expected that she would live; but through the tender care of loving, Christian friends, she is spared to us to bless us with her love and kind attentions in our closing years.

## CHAPTER XI.

URBANA. 1864-1867.

THE Conference of 1864 was held in Greenfield, Bishop Simpson presiding. At the same time the Ohio Conference met in Chillicothe, Bishop Ames presiding; and a reunion of the two Conferences was arranged for. They met in Chillicothe, where Bishop Simpson delivered the greatest address of his life, in which he predicted the triumph of the Union army, the entire abolition of slavery, a united nation, and a glorious career for the country for ages to come.

At this session of the Cincinnati Conference, the bishop appointed me to the First Charge in Urbana, Ohio. He did this at the earnest solicitation of my friend, Michael Marlay, the presiding elder on the Urbana District.

The war still continued, and its terrible results were apparent all over the land; and Urbana was no exception. I became the guest of Samuel W. Hitt. Here I found a home that was a home indeed. They had just lost a son, a prominent young man, in one of the battles near Atlanta; and I began at once, not only there but in every stricken home, to offer them the consolation which is only found in the Christian religion for bleeding

and wounded spirits. A friendship began then and there which, I believe, will endure forever.

Urbana was one of the oldest and most desirable appointments in the Conference. It was settled by a number of noted families, most of whom were either connected with or gave their influence to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Here was a widely-known family in Methodism, the Hitts, with some of their connections. The Hon. Moses B. Corwin, a brother-in-law of Judge McLean, resided here. The widow of Ex-Governor Joseph Vance was also a resident of Urbana at that time, and her family were prominent Methodists. T. Cundiff, a leading merchant in the place; Joseph White, father-in-law of Dr. J. F. Marlay; a large family of the Kanagas; Mother Wright, who for more than seventy years had been a member of the Methodist Church; Hester Shyrigh, one of the most remarkable women in the State of Ohio; the Reynoldses, Youngs, Leedom, Happersetts, Samuel Hedges, James Hedges, Revs. J. W. Smith, and Wm. Haller; Drs. Carter, J. W. Goddard, H. C. Pearce, and Joseph Brown; the Russells, the Rev. David Warnock, General Fyffe (of the United States Army), Mason Arrowsmith, the Kentons, the Prices, Talbots, P. Ross, Mr. Morris, Mr. Humphreys, Mr. Clark, Revs. A. C. Deuel, J. Bruner, E. Kimber, and Wm. Sampson,—these, with a host of others, were represented in the Methodist congregation. In Urbana there were two charges, and William L. Hypes was pastor of one of them. Nothing could give more gratification to myself

and family than to have him for a colleague. He and his excellent wife met us as brother and sister, and have never treated us otherwise.

At first it seemed to me that I had little else to do but to secure the salvation of sinners. I had depended upon what ministers had told me, and supposed that I would have the largest body of workers I had ever had in any of my charges. Large numbers of the inhabitants were in the army, and Urbana felt to a fearful extent the effects of the war. While many of the members labored faithfully, and, by their consecration, their zeal, their piety, and their earnestness, endeavored to promote the work of God, a large majority were doing little, and some were doing nothing, to promote the cause of Christ. They sat calmly by, and supposed that the "wheels of Zion" would move forward without their assistance. They were simply idlers in the vineyard of the Lord.

There had been no revival for several years. I saw at once that there was needed a great moral upheaval in the community. Many of the young people had lapsed into indifference. The children of the prominent members, to a great extent, were unconverted, and were depending and basing their hopes of heaven more upon the piety of their relatives than upon the Lord Jesus Christ. It was to me a new state of things, and I wondered how I would ever be able to meet these difficulties, and to fulfill my mission in that time-honored city. It was evident that these people would sleep until they were



awakened. How could I wake them? became the all-absorbing question. I must preach plainly and lovingly the gospel of the Lord Jesus in its fullness.

I began to do this, and spoke in an unusual way. Many of the older members were pleased; but those who were sleeping were displeased with anything which would rouse them out of their slumbers. A number were true to all the public and private duties of the Church. Others were willing to do that kind of work which required no self-denial or self-abasement.

Brother Hypes and myself held a union-meeting for a week or two, with some success in arousing the Church, and in bringing delinquent members back to duty; but there was no general spirit of conviction. When we separated I continued the meeting, and found, after a time, a general awakening, especially among the young people; so we had a number of conversions. Several interesting young men were among the number; but I lacked the power to make me eminently successful. I prayed for success day and night.

There were eight or nine local preachers in the charge. When I went there, preachers informed me that I would not succeed, because there were so many local preachers; that they constituted an element of weakness. I remarked that I regarded them as an element of strength, and should so esteem them, and use them in my work. I was informed that the Church was not willing to hear some of them preach.

The quarterly-meeting came, and Dr. Marlay

preached on Saturday morning, and appointed me to preach on Saturday night. I said:

"Brother Marlay, will you allow me to manage the meeting to-night in my own way?"

He said, "Yes."

When the time came for the meeting, every local preacher and exhorter was present. This was surprising to many. They could not account for it. I opened the meeting, and, after prayer, announced that we would have some eight or nine sermons preached that night, and that no sermon would exceed five minutes in length. The presiding elder disapproved of this, but allowed me my own way. One who was regarded as the most unacceptable was the first to speak. He "struck fire" at the very beginning, and gave us a wonderful five minutes' talk. Another followed, and he was peculiarly happy in his remarks. Thus we went through with eight or nine little sermons in the time which is generally required to preach one.

The local preachers were pleased, the people were delighted, the presiding elder was surprised, and I was gratified beyond description. From that day I had the co-operation and sympathy of that large body of local preachers and exhorters, and it taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten. Treat local preachers and exhorters right. Recognize them in their official capacity, use them as best you can, and you will create a bond of union between them and yourself and the Church at large.

In the pulpit I lacked freedom in prayer. A strange embarrassment was in my way. I prayed

that I might be delivered from it. One Sunday night, in the midst of our meetings, the power of the Lord came upon me. My subject that night was, "The Trembling Jailer." At the conclusion of my discourse there was great excitement all over the congregation, and when I invited seekers to come forward, the keeper of the county jail came running forward trembling, and fell upon his knees and cried out bitterly, "What shall I do to be saved?" I believe he was converted.

While a large number were converted during these meetings, and many were reclaimed, the revival failed to exert that deep, thorough, and all-pervading influence which the town and the Church required. Much good had been done, the congregation was largely increased, and a spirit of enterprise was awakened among the people.

The church edifice was much dilapidated. It was not up to the times, and was not such a church as the wealth and position of its members required. They were not in the habit of giving liberally, and it seemed impossible for them to realize that giving implied some degree of sacrifice at least. But they set at work, and the church was soon so completely remodeled that it seemed like a new edifice, inside and out. The people were greatly pleased over it, and proud of the improvement; but there was a debt hanging over it that I believed could be raised, but others did not see it so. I never faltered. Some of the oldest and most prominent members refused to subscribe one cent. They had been labored with for years, but without results. When

the work was undertaken, I begged the privilege of approaching them alone, and desired that no one else should interfere. One day I visited a brother who was the most hopeless case, so far as giving was concerned, and told him all about our contemplated improvement. When I got through, he promptly told me that he would not give one cent, for the reason that the Lord would be displeased with any such improvement. I told him that the Lord had not revealed his displeasure to me, as far as I knew. He then said:

"I am a lover of antiquity, and I have a great reverence for the old pulpit, posts, galleries, windows, and seats. This, in itself, is sufficient to prevent me from subscribing any thing."

His wife begged him not to put me off in that way; but it was of no avail. I then remarked, that his love of antiquity, so far as he was concerned, had taken a strange turn. Said I:

"You have the finest furniture, the grandest piano, the handsomest carpets, and the latest style of curtains and fixtures of any house in this county, and yet the church of God looks more like a barn than a church," and I took my hat to leave.

Said he, "You will not go without dinner?"

I said, "Yes."

"Where are you going?"

I replied: "I turn to the Gentiles. I go to the outsiders for help. I shall have sympathy from them, if not from you."

He called to me, and said, "Do n't go away in such a spirit as that."

I paid no attention to him, but went on. The next day I passed his farm where he was engaged in shocking up wheat. I bowed to him, and he called out, "How is the church getting on?"

Said I, "You have no interest in that," and passed on. He called after me, but I paid no attention to him.

A day or two afterwards I purposely passed his farm. He was engaged in his oat-field. He came running up to the fence to meet me, and said,

"Well, how is the church?"

"You are not interested in that," I replied. "How are your oats?"

Said he, "I want to hear about the church improvement."

"You have no interest in it; good-bye," and I left.

Sabbath morning came, and I preached as usual, and made some announcement about the church improvement. Just as I was about to dismiss the congregation, this gentleman said,

"Will you allow me to speak a moment?"

I hesitated a moment as though I would refuse, and then remarked, hesitatingly, "I suppose you may."

The congregation was large, and every eye was looking at him. Said he:

"I have been thinking, this week, a great deal about that church improvement. I refused to subscribe any thing; but it has made me very unhappy, and now I want to say that I have given myself to the Lord and Brother Fee. And now,

Brother Fee, I will give whatever you want me to give."

I replied, "The giving is yours; you must decide as to the amount."

"Will fifty dollars do any good?"

"Yes."

"Put it down," said he; and it was with great difficulty that the congregation could avoid cheering, for it was so unexpected. He was completely broken down and cured.

When the day of re-dedication came, Bishop Wiley was in the pulpit, and preached a sermon of great power. We were in debt two thousand dollars. The members of the Church, who had not been in the habit of giving liberally, supposed that it could not be raised. One of the first to arise was my friend, who called to the bishop, and told him that he had given himself to the Lord and Brother Fee. "And now," said he, "if Brother Fee will allow me to judge how much I ought to give, I will put down one hundred dollars."

This started the subscription, and the one-hundred-dollar subscriptions came in rapidly. About the time the two thousand dollars was raised, he wanted to subscribe another hundred; but I refused to let him do so. I thought he had done enough, and that we ought to give others a chance.

As I now remember, we raised two thousand five hundred dollars, which was five hundred dollars more than we really demanded. None was so much gratified and rejoiced as my friend, who was such a lover of "antiquity" at the first that he

could not subscribe one cent toward any improvement. To me, and indeed to the older members of the Church, it became manifest that a broad foundation had been laid for a wonderful revival of religion.

The day of the re-dedication was one long to be remembered. The church edifice was now beautiful. As an audience-room it had but few superiors. It presented to the Methodists of Urbana a most attractive spectacle. The contrast between this and the former audience-room was of most marked character. The love-feast, which was held in the morning, was one of great interest and power.

Mrs. Rebecca White—who was regarded by Bishop Ames as one of the most remarkable women he ever knew—in her quaint, plain, simple manner, spoke that morning. Some who were present had doubtless heard her experience a hundred times; and yet such was its simplicity, fervor, and power, that it was always an inspiration to those who heard it. She faced the audience, and, looking thoughtful for a moment, said:

“Well, this looks like a flower-garden. It was not so when I joined the Methodist Church. But I had my day, and I am willing that you should have yours.” Then she gave her wonderful experience with a power which overwhelmed the congregation.

It was a great day for the old pioneer families of Urbana and vicinity, who had feared that this church improvement might destroy the spirituality



of the Church. It had taken away a great deal of the selfishness, and left them with a better type of spiritual religion than they had before. We now had a united Church; and it did seem to me that the windows of heaven were about to be opened and showers of blessings descend upon us.

Our Civil War was yet raging. Much bitterness had been engendered. We needed some powerful influence to arrest and beat back the power of darkness, and to save our children from being carried away in the vortex of worldliness.

It was now the second year of my pastorate in Urbana. I had been received with great cordiality; and the Church was ready, I believed, to sustain me. It became more apparent to me that a great work was needed in the Church. How to secure it was the question. A large number of the older members were with me in their prayers, and their faith, and their efforts. We began a revival-meeting in this spirit. These persons stood by me; and yet, with a membership of several hundred, the congregations at our weekly night-meetings were comparatively small. For four weeks, night after night, this struggle was continued, but without any marked result. None of us as yet had been baptized with the Holy Spirit in a special manner. We had not been endued with power from on high, which we believed had been promised in the New Testament, and which was essential to the promotion of the great work which we felt was to be done. We were looking for a great work—a kind

of moral earthquake. This was the model revival which our faith grasped; but it would not come in our way.

Four weeks passed in this earnest conflict; and many said, "Why not discontinue the effort?" But my faith never wavered; it was not in a hurry for results. I found that I must wait patiently for the Lord. After I had done my utmost, there was no apparent conviction among the unconverted, and no special awakening of the backsliders. Just in this crisis, a little girl, seven years of age, the daughter of one of the most devoted members who was ever connected with the First Church in Urbana, begged the privilege of uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and gave her heart to Jesus. In the fight of unbelief, this was truly the day of small things.

We had a meeting one afternoon, and about forty were present. It suddenly came into my mind that one great reason why God did not bless us was the fact that the members of the Church were unwilling to do their duty as they saw it, and I said to them:

"You are all members of this Church; and I believe the reason why this revival influence is stayed, is because you are unwilling to do your duty. Faith implies perfect submission to God's plans and God's ways, and the conditions which he imposes. How many of you will agree to do just what I ask you to do to-day, provided it is in harmony with your convictions of duty? As many of you as are willing to do this, to remove what seems

to be the last barrier out of the way of a revival, and take hold upon God, arise."

Every one in the house arose.

"Now," said I, "I shall ask a number of you to pray to-day, even if you are not able to speak more than half a dozen words, for an immediate descent of the Spirit. Many of you have never prayed in public."

We all kneeled; and the very first one I called on was Mrs. Judge C., who said,

"And must I pray?"

I said, "Yes."

She made a humble, penitent prayer. Before we arose, more than twenty of those whom I had never heard before led in prayer; and it did seem as if the windows of heaven were open, and showers of blessings were descending upon us; that the day of victory had come.

At our meeting in the evening an unusual number of the members were present, and it began in the Spirit. In a short time a wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost came upon the officers of the Church. It was difficult to close the meeting that night. So far as I know, no sinners were present; but my faith then was, and is to-day, that, whenever the Holy Ghost in a special manner is poured out upon the Church in renewing and sanctifying power, at the same time he comes as a convicting spirit among the ungodly. It was so on the day of Pentecost, and it is so now.

Mark what followed. Before seven o'clock the next morning, one of the prominent business men

of Urbana rode up to the parsonage and presented himself at the door. I invited him in; but he said:

"I have n't time. I have come to report to you as my pastor. In all my life I have never been so blessed as I was last night. My love of souls is intense, and I must go out after perishing sinners around me."

Two others had caught the same spirit; and that day was not only a day of much prayer, but a day of work for Christ. In the afternoon a gentleman, whom I had never seen in Church, a sportsman of the first type, the son of a godly mother, and who had married a granddaughter of one of the governors of Ohio, came to me, and said:

"I must talk to you. I am the most miserable man in Urbana. About nine o'clock last night"—that was the time at which the wonderful blessing came upon the Church—"I was returning from the room where I had been engaged in card-playing a large portion of the day, and just as I was crossing the railroad on my way to my residence, I was awfully convicted of my lost condition as a sinner, and cried aloud for mercy. I ran to my home, and eagerly sought my wife, but she was not to be found. After much searching, I heard her voice, as she was kneeling in a private room, in earnest, pleading prayer for the salvation of her soul and mine. At once I kneeled by her side, and we prayed most of the night. To-night I am going to the mourners' bench, and will never rest until I am saved."

He went over the town telling his acquaintances that he was going to the mourners' bench that night to seek the salvation of his soul, and begged them to do likewise. He said that he had found others in the same condition as himself.

The proprietor of the most prominent saloon in the city at the same hour was standing behind his counter, and was handing a glass of liquor across to one of his customers, when he was seized with the awful conviction that he was a lost sinner, and emptied the liquor, and dashed the glass down on the floor at his feet, saying to his customer: "Get out of this! I will never sell another glass of liquor! I am going to save my soul!" Besides him, a gambler and a wholesale liquor-dealer, and many others were convicted of sin and converted. Truly, "the slain of the Lord were many."

A wonderful influence at once engrossed the entire community. Shows, saloons, theaters, dances, and gambling-halls were to a great extent deserted; and the subject of religion and the wonderful meetings were everywhere talked of, until several hundreds were either reclaimed or converted. A very large number united with the Church, and the Church generally was quickened and reclaimed. The official members were all united with me in this gracious work. An unusual number of young men and young ladies connected with the foremost families of Urbana were subjects of this revival.

Those who had been most liberal and devoted

to the church improvement shared largely in the blessing. Such was the character of the conversions and the zeal inspired by the holy spirit of love, that they went out everywhere as earnest workers with me in promoting the revival.

Mrs. Samuel W. Hitt, whose guest I was when I came to Urbana, and whose son had fallen in battle in the South, bitterly lamented his death. It seemed that she could endure no more. One night, while the large church was densely packed, I was strangely impressed to speak from the words, "Go forward," and was led to such a train of thought as inspired her to make one more effort, in spite of the sad experience through which she was passing, to give her all to Christ, and work for him as she had never done before; and she came out into a broader and richer experience than she had ever known. It was to her an hour of victory which will never be forgotten in this world nor in the world to come. From then until now she has been one of the most earnest and devoted workers of the Church in Urbana.

That night two prominent officers of the United States Navy were present; and although they were wicked, they were overpowered by the wonderful influence which came upon, not only Mrs. Hitt, but upon the large congregation. When I asked any who were convinced of sin, and felt their need of Christ, and desired the prayers of God's people, to arise, these distinguished officers were the first to do so. I approached them, and congratulated them upon their step. They said,

"How could we do otherwise?" Said one of them : "I have long known Mrs. Hitt ; and her personal experience, the very brightness of her face, is to me the most wonderful scene upon which my eyes ever gazed, and I shall carry it with me to the end of my life."

The commander, J. F., has often named this to me since as a scene which impressed him more deeply than he had ever been impressed before.

It was not long until Mr. Hitt, his wife and daughters, Annie and Lizzie, and his son George, all embraced each other in the Church of God, uniting for the first time in the bonds of love sweeter than life and stronger than death. I remarked to the congregation, "Behold the happy family !"

John W. Hitt also rejoiced in the conversion of all of his large family who were out of Christ. One of his daughters had been so opposed to the altar of prayer that she deliberately made up her mind that she would run the risk of being lost rather than be found a penitent at the altar. She finally, however, was so deeply convinced of sin that she was glad to find help anywhere. I have seldom witnessed such agony as she experienced. She was happily converted, and to this day is a devoted follower of Jesus.

Perhaps the most successful worker in this revival was Mrs. Hester Shyrigh. After her conversion, which was one of marked character, she heard William H. Raper, of precious memory, preach a sermon on the "Parable of the Sower," which con-



vinced her that she was living far below her privileges as a Christian, and that there was for her a higher, deeper, broader religion than she had ever found before. She sought this with watching and fasting and prayer, night and day, until at last she entered into the blessed experience of purity of heart, and into that perfect love which casteth out fear. She, humble but happy, confessed this, to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. This at once, on the part of lukewarm professors in the Church, provoked criticism and persecution. But, true to Christ, none of these things moved her, and she counted it a joy when she fell into divers persecutions and trials. Her love knew neither riches nor poverty, but embraced humanity.

One ground of objection to her at this time was, that neither her husband nor her children—for she had a large family—were converted. For years she struggled for victory; and at last her husband was converted, and one or two of her children who were grown. When I was appointed to Urbana, she begged me to pray that God would convert all her children during my pastorate; and their case strangely lay upon my heart. Never did any member stand by a pastor as Mrs. Shyrigh stood by me. When this revival began, her children were soon brought under its influence, and were all converted and brought into the Church; so that the reproach which had been brought up against her that her children had not been converted, pious as she was, was taken away; and be-

fore the revival closed this happy mother rejoiced in the salvation of her entire family.

At all hours of the night she would be sent for to visit the sick and the dying. Many a poor, neglected, sick, and dying colored woman praised God that they ever met Mrs. Hester Shyrigh. One of these, who was wonderfully converted through her ministration, when she was dying, said, "I will be a star, Mrs. Shyrigh, in your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus." She was just as much devoted to the rich as to the poor, believing that she owed this to every one because Christ tasted death for every man. Her faith was phenomenal. In her prayers there was an indescribable influence which made one feel that God was there.

I was Mrs. Shyrigh's pastor for three years. She spent weeks and months, I might say, with me in my revival work. As a guest in my family, no one was more welcome than she. She would pray with her eyes wide open, and yet seem to be oblivious to all around her, especially when she was praying for the salvation of seeking souls. Such earnest pleadings in prayer I never heard from any one. Sorrow for the penitent and a yearning for his salvation was depicted upon that remarkable face until victory came. She knew it was victory, because the Holy Spirit evidently revealed it to her before she heard the joyful shouts of a newly-converted soul, or gazed upon the countenance of one who had just been brought into the family of God.

I know no lady of my acquaintance whom I have so often heard pray publicly for penitents. I believe that I am safe in saying that, while I have heard her pray, more than two hundred souls have been converted to God. Her faith inspired the faith of those who were around her; and where persons were at the altar, I do not now remember that I ever heard her pray when some one at the altar was not blest. I can not say this of any one else whom I have known during my pastorate.

#### A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

During one of our meetings I passed through the congregation to converse with persons as opportunity might serve me. My attention was called to a large and intelligent-looking gentleman, whom I had never seen before. I greeted him kindly as a stranger, when he said:

“I have been strongly impressed to-night that I ought to arise and express to the congregation the emotions which have come over me during the meeting. I am a traveling man from Cleveland. Curiosity brought me to this place. I had an hour or two before the train was to leave, and I was led to spend it here. Almost as soon as I entered the church a strange feeling came over me, for which I can not account. The record of my past life came up before me in fearful array. The habit of my life has been to be indifferent in places of religious worship. I have been given over to amusements of various kinds—theaters, cards, and dances. I

had a pious and devoted mother, whose sympathy and prayerful interest followed me to the day of her death. This was soon forgotten, as I was immersed in the pursuit of business and the pleasures of the world. To-night her lovely face, her tender words, her fervent prayers, her blameless life, have passed like a panorama before me. My life has been a failure. I am a sinner, and I know not what to do. About the only hope I have for the future is in the prayers of my sainted mother," and he began to weep.

I urged him to speak and present his own case to the congregation, which was large. He did so, and the interest of the congregation was marvelous. He said: "If there is any worse hell than I now suffer in my own mind, I pity the mortal who feels it. In a short time I must bid you good-bye. Do n't forget the stranger. I probably shall never see you again," and closed by asking the prayers of all.

Mrs. Shyrigh, previously referred to, made a public prayer for the young man, just as he bade us good-bye. Eighteen months after this she was in my house. While she was with me the door-bell rang. I answered it, and a stranger met me, who asked, "Do you know me?" I did not recognize him at the moment. He said:

"Do you remember W., from Cleveland, who was at one of your meetings one night? I wanted to see you once more on earth, and to tell you that soon after we parted on that winter night I found Jesus in Cleveland, and have been a happy man

ever since. I have just twenty minutes that I can spend with you. Will you permit me to come in, and will you pray with me before I leave?"

I said, "O yes." He came in, and was rejoiced to see Mrs. Shyrigh. We made brief prayers, and bade him good-bye. He left us rejoicing, in the wondrous love which he enjoyed. After this I met him in Hamilton, and again in Cincinnati. I learned that he was remarkable for his usefulness in the Church of which he was a member.

#### A SERMON REGARDED AS PERSONAL.

One Sabbath night I preached from the text, "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee." The church was crowded to suffocation. Hundreds went away who could not obtain admission. Persons of all classes and shades of opinions were present. I was led to speak of character, and to describe it with much vividness. This I was in the habit of doing. I had unusual liberty.

A large number of seekers were present. I was charged the next day by several persons with being offensively personal. I had drawn their pictures. I had no acquaintance whatever with most of them, and was delighted to believe that the Holy Spirit had fastened conviction upon their hearts. It gave a great impetus to the revival.

#### A DANGEROUS ATTACK OF ILLNESS.

For ninety nights the large audience-room of the First Church in Urbana, had been densely crowded. While some of my ministerial brethren—John F.

Marlay, Adam Bowers, David Warnock, and the noble band of local preachers in the Church—once in a while came in to aid me, the management of the meeting, with the responsibility of it, was about all that I could endure. And yet, strange to say, my health was good.

One morning I was awakened at three o'clock with a pain in one of my little fingers, at the first joint. I supposed that I had dislocated it; but found this not to be the case. It removed to the next joint, and the next, and then to my wrist, and then to my shoulder, when a severe congestive chill ensued. I supposed that I was about to fall in the harness, and go from this wonderful revival to the abode of the blest. Finally I became almost unconscious. A high fever ensued, and when I opened my eyes, I imagined myself in the midst of the church in my revival work, carrying it on as I had done before. I was visited by some five or six physicians. It was reported in the town that I was about to die, and the wonder is that I did not. Unceasing prayer was made for me. Rev. Michael Marlay said:

"He will not die. He is a very feeble man; but he has a constitution like India-rubber. I shall be greatly surprised if he is not at our love-feast on Monday evening."

This was on Saturday. Strange to say, on Monday evening I was there, and received many evidences of Christian love.

The work went on without any serious embarrassment. It was not of me, it was of God.

REV. ENOCH G. WEST.

I first knew the Rev. Enoch G. West when a very young man, in Williamsburg, Ohio, in 1843. He was handsome in person, deeply consecrated to God, and a successful class-leader. He was a promising young man, an excellent singer, and beloved by all who knew him. He was connected with one of the oldest pioneer families of the State. I was instrumental in having him deliver his first public exhortation. Through my influence he was licensed to preach, and was soon recommended to the Annual Conference for reception on trial, was duly received, and became a successful minister of the gospel. He was abundant in labors, which, indeed, were so great that his constitution became impaired.

When I became pastor of the First Church in Urbana, he, with his family, was residing there, and was overjoyed to see me. He said to me:

"I do not expect to live very long. It was through your influence, more than that of anybody else, that I became a minister of the gospel. Since I have been here I have been satisfied that my work is done, and I prayed that God might send you here; for I had a faith, somehow, that you would be instrumental in leading my children into the Church and to the Lord Jesus Christ. I rejoice that you are here; for I now have a friend who will give me his counsel, and sympathize with me and mine in my sorrow."

During the revival his children were brought into the Church, and this part of his prayer was



answered. He was a shining example of patience during his affliction. His life faded away as fades the light of the setting sun. Loved and lamented by all, he received every kindness which was needed. One day Mrs. S. W. Hitt visited him when he appeared to be standing on the banks of Jordan. She brought him a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and, presenting them to him, said :

"Please accept these as evidence of my sympathy and Christian regard for you."

He received them, and holding them up before him, smilingly said : "Sister Hitt, how beautiful these flowers are! But I am looking across the Jordan to the other side, and behold the flowers there which will never, never fade!"

In a little while he slept in the arms of Jesus, as babes sleep in the arms of their mothers.

Mrs. Angie West, from that time until now, has borne aloft the standard which fell from the hands of her sainted husband, and has exemplified in her life and spirit the religion which so wonderfully consoled him in his last moments.

Two of their daughters, Mrs. Shepard Grove and Mrs. Charles Jamieson, remain in Urbana, earnest, devoted, useful members of the Church to which their sainted father gave almost his undivided life.

#### A DISCOURAGED YOUNG MAN.

At the beginning of the war a young man enlisted as a soldier, who had been an earnest worker and devoted member of the Church; but the vicissitudes of war had, to some extent, chilled the zeal

for which he had been noted. When he returned from the war, in which he reached the rank of colonel, he did so with a high sense of honor. He looked calmly at his life while a soldier, and compared it with the requirements of God's Word, and saw and keenly felt his backsliding from that high standard. He met me one evening, and a conversation took place between us, which neither of us will ever forget. He frankly confessed his unfaithfulness, and, in view of this, felt that he ought not to remain any longer a member of the Church. When the whole case had been presented to me, I replied:

"While any departure from God is to be deplored, remember that your record is not such as to require you to dissolve your connection with the Church, and your withdrawing from it would only make the future of your life more miserable, and in the end more difficult to rectify. The errors of the past may be corrected by obtaining Divine forgiveness. The path of life is before you, and you are invited to enter it. By going back to the world, everything is lost. By going forward, everything is gained that is worth gaining in this world and eternal life will be yours in the end."

In the dusk of the evening we walked and talked, and, I believe, we both prayed for Divine direction. He made up his mind that he would remain in the Church, and endeavor to be more faithful than he had ever been, and give his life to God. From that time until now his example has been worthy of imitation, and his life has been a happy and use-

ful one. The Church has honored him with an election to the General Conference, and for a number of years he was one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas.

With him it was the hour of temptation, and the very least thing was liable to send him in the wrong direction, and ruin him forever. He has often spoken of this as the turning-point in his history. Let this example of Judge William R. Warnock encourage timid young men in the hour of conflict.

His father, David Warnock, was one of the ablest ministers of the Cincinnati Conference. Years since he passed to his reward in heaven, leaving two sons and several daughters as monuments of his wisdom in training his children in the path of everlasting life. He was my presiding elder, my friend, my counselor. His widow, formerly Miss Hitt, still lives, honored and loved by all who know her.

#### SOME URBANA METHODISTS.

Mrs. Corwin, a sister of Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, and wife of Hon. Moses B. Corwin, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, was a devoted Methodist when I began my pastorate in Urbana. In a short time she was brought to a dying bed. She was an heroic Christian. With her, death was a vanquished foe. It was my privilege to participate in her funeral exercises, and to read the burial service at her grave. One of her sons was a Supreme Judge of

the State of Ohio, and another was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Champaign County. Ichabod Corwin was a devoted Christian, and his memory will long live in Urbana, and in the region where he was so well known. His widow yet lives in Urbana, to mourn his loss.

John Hamilton was a noble specimen of pioneer Methodism. As a steward, class-leader, and exemplary Christian, he had but few equals anywhere. I followed his body also to the cemetery; but his memory lives, and will be held in everlasting remembrance. Captain Singleton, a sea captain, and a man of great intelligence and moral worth, was another to be remembered; and Isaac Mast, also, whose life was a benediction to those who knew him. John Kanaga was an untiring worker in the vineyard of the Lord. Dr. J. W. Goddard, son of a distinguished Methodist preacher, widely known in Western Methodism, was there, and stood by me in my work. Dr. H. C. Pearce, another prominent physician, was my friend, and yet lives, a member of the Church. His father became one of the prominent members of the Church of Urbana. Philander Ross, connected with the Second Church, a man with few equals, I knew intimately, and loved tenderly. Dr. Joseph Brown, James W. Anderson, Thomas D. Crow, Professor A. C. Duel, Judge Levi Geiger, and a host of others who have been a benediction to Urbana and the country around, I could name, did space permit.

## RE-INTERMENT OF GENERAL SIMON KENTON'S REMAINS.

At first General Kenton's remains were interred at Zanesfield, Logan County, Ohio; but as he had formerly been a citizen of Urbana, and a large number of his relatives and friends resided here and in Champaign County, the Legislature voted to have them removed to the beautiful cemetery at Urbana, and an appropriate monument erected over them at the expense of the State. The acting governor of the State of Ohio, Charles Anderson, a brave and gallant man, was selected to deliver the funeral address, and he gave us a most impressive history of this brave and distinguished Indian scout and spy.

General Kenton was a friend and associate of my grandfather, and of my father also; and I was selected to officiate as chaplain on the occasion. An immense concourse of people were present. Before the funeral exercises began, the undertaker, Mr. Stevenson, invited me into his office, and, opening a small box, showed me the remains of that remarkable man whose name will always be connected with the history of the early settlement of the country, especially Kentucky and the Northwest Territory. His frame was small, and his physiognomy must have been peculiar.

I have heard my father say that he was frequently a guest at my grandfather's home. He was always on the alert; would instinctively turn his face to the right and then to the left; would

appear to pause, listen to catch some sound; would look upward at other times as if to detect some concealed Indian in the trees along the path which he traveled, or, perchance, some panther which awaited his coming.

His life as a spy disqualified him for other pursuits of life. He had few business qualifications. He was not able always to pay his debts. Some of his relatives informed me that he was once imprisoned in Urbana for debt. A law which imposed imprisonment for debt was an outrage. The man who had saved hundreds of lives at the risk of his own, was compelled to endure the penalties of this outrageous enactment. After this he lived in Logan County.

At a camp-meeting he sought an interview with Rev. Robert W. Finley, father of James B. Finley, and begged his counsel and prayers. He informed Mr. Finley that he was a broken-hearted sinner. In the woods they kneeled together, and God, for Christ's sake, converted him, and, almost leaping, he ran into the camp and told his friends what a dear Savior he had found. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and lived and died in its communion.

At one time he was condemned to be burned by the Indians who had captured him, and only escaped through the intervention of Simon Girty, who had deserted his countrymen and identified himself with the Indians. Afterwards, it is said, Kenton met at a camp-meeting a number of these Indians, who had been converted and with whom

he rejoiced in the profession of the religion which brought "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

My labors in Urbana were attended by a revival each year. Hundreds were converted, and large numbers of these lived and died in the faith. During my pastorate there I superintended three camp-meetings; the first at Arrowsmith's, the second on the ground where the camp-meetings have been held annually ever since. I assisted in laying out the grounds.

Frank G. Mitchell had just been licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference for reception on trial. He preached his first sermon on the camp-ground in 1867.

At the conclusion of my second year the Conference was held at Ripley, Ohio, presided over by Bishop Thomson. My labors had been regarded as remarkably successful, and were highly spoken of by my honored presiding elder and friend, Michael Marlay. He said to me, when I reached the Conference: "Remember, you must return to Urbana. No other arrangement will do;" and at the very first meeting of the cabinet he fixed this, telling the bishop that it must not be disturbed.

In the midst of the Conference session I received the startling announcement that Brother Marlay was stricken down with cholera; and it was feared that the attack would be fatal. I hastened to his room—he was the guest of N. Cradit—and found him prostrate. He extended his hand lovingly, and said: "I am very sick; but I think I will rally, and all will be well in a



short time." But I noticed alarming symptoms. Speaking familiarly to me, he said: "I think I shall recover; but if I do n't, William, it's all right."

That night the messenger of death came, and the work of this great and good man on earth was done. The next day was Sunday, and to me it was a sad day. It became necessary to hasten his funeral. Before twelve o'clock on the Sabbath, arm in arm with his son, John F. Marlay, I followed his remains, as a mourner, to the boat which received them. I shall never forget the scene and impressions of that hour. The shock to the entire Conference and to the community at large was fearful.

Robert Wallace, a distinguished Wesleyan preacher from Ireland, and a visitor from the Irish Conference to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, was at the Conference. He left on Saturday, reaching the city of Cincinnati in the evening; and early Sunday morning he was seized with cholera. By ten o'clock he had passed away, and Bishop Thomson next morning read a dispatch to the Conference, "Dr. Wallace died yesterday of cholera." It was a great shock. There was one unanimous exclamation in every part of the audience of alarm and amazement. The Conference speedily came to a close. We went down the river, crowded on a small boat. Others were attacked by the disease; but none of the cases proved fatal.

I hastened back to Urbana to commence my

work, feeling as though I had lost a father. William Simmons was appointed presiding elder in the place of Dr. Marlay. I began my labors with the assurance that they would not be in vain. The result of my two revivals had been encouraging, and about two hundred and twenty-five persons were received into the Church.

REV. GEORGE W. MALEY.

What Methodist pioneer in Ohio has not heard the name of Rev. George W. Maley? He was the friend of my grandfather, my father and mother, and of my own boyhood and young manhood. His wonderful prayers in the family circle, his quaint and unique remarks in the pulpit, had strangely impressed me. He removed to Urbana; and when I met him there, he said:

"William, I have removed to Urbana to die. My health is rapidly failing. It was in my heart to return again to the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from which I was separated at the time of our unfortunate division in the year 1846. I was advised not to do so, as it would look like fickleness, and was unnecessary; so I yielded to the advice, and concluded to live and die in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

I said: "I regret this. I do not believe that the advice of your friend was proper; but I have nothing to say, and shall not interfere, retaining all the kind and loving feelings which I have always had for you, and which I believe you have always entertained for me."

Said he: "I rejoice in that now. I have one request to make, and it is this: You are the pastor of my wife, and I want you to be my pastor and friend. I want you to visit me in the sickness which I fear will soon be upon me, pray for and help me; and when I am gone, I want you and Lorenzo D. Huston, of Nashville, Tenn., to officiate at my funeral."

In a few months he was brought to his dying bed. During his last sickness he had great peace in believing. His only hope was in the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ. I visited him often. Mrs. Shyrigh and Mrs. Fee were often requested to visit him, and sing and pray with him. In this he greatly rejoiced.

William Simmons and myself visited him in company. We were old friends. He said to me:

"It is well with me; but I must admit that, since the year 1846"—the time of his separation from the Methodist Episcopal Church—"my life in many respects has been a blank."

I always regretted his unfortunate action; but it never interfered with the ardent affection which I felt for him. He often shouted the praise of God in his last sickness, and his face was lit up with a heavenly radiance. At last, in peace, he died. Dr. Huston and myself officiated at his funeral. While the friends were taking their final leave, previous to the removal of his remains to Spring Grove Cemetery, Dr. Huston stepped forward to where I stood, and said:

"Brother Fee, is it not time that Isaac and

Ishmael should make friends over the dead body of their father Abraham?" Then said he:

"Some of Brother Maley's family are not connected with any Church; and I beg of them, this day, before his remains are removed, to come forward and give Brother Fee their hands, in token of their desire to unite with the Methodist Church."

His youngest daughter, eight years old—a beautiful child—did this, and a son.

That year I was blessed with another revival of religion; and a large number were converted and united with the Church. My three years closed, and I had to leave the scene of my labors and triumphs.

## CHAPTER XII.

HAMILTON. 1867-1870.

THE Conference of 1867 met in Urbana, Bishop Ames presiding. The large Official Board of the charge, numbering more than thirty members, had unanimously petitioned for my appointment as presiding elder of that district, in order to have me remain in that city, and exercise some pastoral care over those who had been brought into the Church during my pastorate.

Bishop Morris, who was present at the Conference, rebuked them sharply for what he termed their selfishness; told them that, if I was such a pastor as they represented me to be, there were other places that needed me more than they did.

We had a delightful session. My honored father, who was present—Arthur Fee—gave his religious experience at the love-feast. While he was speaking, a remarkable influence came upon those who were present. The scene will never be forgotten by those who were there. One of the ministers remarked quaintly, that when the Lord called my father to preach, I must have answered.

The Conference closed. I had no idea as to my appointment up to the last hour. I might have learned by asking, but would not. It had been voted to hold the next Conference in Hamilton.

Asbury Lowrey had said to me a little while before the appointments were read out:

“Do you know that you are needed in Hamilton?”

I replied that I did not know they wanted me there.

“My impression is,” said he, “they do not want you, but they certainly need you;” and that fact was announced a few minutes after. The bishop said:

“Brother Fee has entertained the Conference so handsomely here, that I will send him to entertain the Conference at Hamilton;” and my appointment was fixed there.

In 1842, when I was received on trial as a preacher, the Ohio Conference met in Hamilton, Bishop Morris presiding—just twenty-five years before.

At the time of my appointment, the city contained a population of at least ten thousand. It had been for many years a prominent charge in the Ohio Conference, and had been served by many of our able and efficient ministers; but the progress of the Church had never been rapid. There was a very large church-edifice, which had been erected a number of years before. It was about one hundred feet in length, and seventy-five feet wide, and was two stories high. The lecture-room was very low, the ceiling being only seven feet high, and was a very undesirable room in which to worship; but it had been constructed according to the idea of the church architecture prevailing

at the time it was built. Arthur W. Elliot, by his liberality and energy, had perhaps been able to do more than any other man to complete this edifice. His home was near the city. He was one of the remarkable pioneer Methodists of that day, somewhat eccentric, but eloquent in his sermons and discourses on popular occasions. To hear him once, was to remember him always. He removed many years before his death to Paris, Ill., where he died in the triumphs of a faith which he had proclaimed to others during a long and useful life. I found a large portion of his family and connections in Hamilton and its vicinity.

I have already stated that my appointment was a surprise to me and to others. Charles Ferguson had served the Church for one year previous to my appointment, and his return was expected. His appointment, however, to Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, was desired; and with his own approbation and consent, he was sent there. By many in the Church this arrangement was not received kindly. They knew but little, if anything, about me. When they heard of my appointment, it only increased the dissatisfaction which already existed in regard to Mr. Ferguson's removal.

I heard nothing from them; but hastened, as was my custom, to my new charge. I was almost a complete stranger. I was satisfied, a few days after my appointment—I could scarcely tell why—that it was not agreeable to the people. This, however, gave me no serious trouble. I did not



seek it, and would not shun it. By God's grace I would go to the charge as cheerfully as I could; and by my devotion to its interests would labor for God's glory, and make it as agreeable to the people as I could.

No one knew the time of my arrival; and as I had no acquaintance, so far as I knew, whose hospitality I might claim, I started for the hotel. This was no trial to me; I had no claim on the people of Hamilton, unless something better was cheerfully awarded me. Before I reached the hotel, however, an old friend and parishioner from Ninth Street Church, Cincinnati, overtook me. He said,

"Is it true that you are appointed to the Hamilton charge?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Where do you stop?"

"At the Hamilton House," said I.

"At the Hamilton House!" he exclaimed.

"Has no one invited you?"

I replied, "No."

"This will never do," he exclaimed.

"It must do," said I.

He paused for a moment, and then said, "Wait a moment, and I will go with you to the hotel; for I stop there."

So far as I now remember, I had not the least unkind thought toward anybody. It was not a matter of feeling with me, but a matter of propriety. In a moment he returned with a very pleasant gentleman, whose face was covered with smiles.

In presenting him he said, "Brother Fee, I have the pleasure of introducing to you one of your parishioners, Mr. Thomas Fitton."

We greeted each other in a cordial manner.

"Are you on your way to the Hamilton Hotel?" Mr. Fitton inquired.

I replied, "Yes."

"That arrangement," said he, "will not do. You go with me to dinner. We supposed that you would not be here until in the afternoon. You are to be the guest of W. A. L. Kirk."

I yielded at once, and met with a very cordial reception from Brother Fitton and his wife; and I number them now, after twenty-seven years, among the dearest friends I have on earth.

I might have stood upon what might be called "my dignity;" and, as I saw afterwards, might have wrecked myself. Before the sun went down, however, I received the most kindly attention, and felt strangely at home. Before my arrival, however, the opposition to me, for the reasons stated above, had crystallized into the form of a written protest, which was being pushed very actively. It was presented to the Hon. Thomas Milliken, who at the time was reading a letter. When the protest was presented to him, and his signature requested, he said:

"I can't sign it. Here is a letter I want you to read. It is from the Hon. Judge Corwin, a distinguished Methodist lawyer of Urbana."

The judge gave a most glowing account of my labors and successes, and expressed sincere regret

that they could not retain me for three years longer. The judge was a warm friend of mine, and presented a more hopeful case, so far as I was concerned, than was justified. The brother, who was soliciting Mr. Milliken's signature, threw the protest into the fire, and said, in the kindness of his heart:

"We must stand by him. Why, I did not know that he had such a record as is given him."

This was on the Saturday of my arrival; and on the next Tuesday evening he gave me one of the grandest receptions I ever received, and has been a warm friend of mine ever since. If the new pastor and his new congregation had not pursued the course indicated, we might have had a very unhappy time.

On Sabbath morning I delivered my first discourse to the people. The church was about one-third full; but my soul was melted into tenderness before the Lord. My predecessor, Charles Ferguson, was alarmed for me. He spent Sunday in Cincinnati. When he returned, he was amazed at the change that had taken place, and asked me how it happened. I told him that God had done it. I was there in his name. I was laboring for his glory, and he cared for me according to his promise. From that day I was at home in Hamilton. I make this statement at length, as it was the only difficulty of the kind I have met with in all my ministry. Young preachers and disappointed congregations may learn a lesson from this.

At this time the city of Hamilton was regarded as the headquarters of the great whisky ring. Men were becoming wealthy in a short time by speculating in whisky. The great political combinations of the State were formed here, and the most bitter partisan battles were fought in this region. The motto appeared to be, "Get rich if you can honestly, but get rich at all hazards." While a large number of the members of the various Churches remained true and faithful to their profession, they were greatly discouraged, and the spirit of piety was rapidly dying out.

At that time Dr. Davidson, of the United Presbyterian Church, the German Lutheran minister, and myself were the only Evangelical Protestant ministers in the city. The Roman Catholics had a large following there. There was a large German population, and among these there were a few Methodists. With these discouragements I began my ministry in Hamilton. We had an excellent Sunday-school, with an unusual number of young people who were deeply interested in the Church. I visited from house to house, not only among the members of my own Church, but among those who had not been in the habit of attending any place of religious worship.

I soon began to agitate a church improvement. We needed something to inspirit the Church, to arouse it from its slumbers. The Lord began by his Spirit to move upon the hearts of the unconverted. We had a number of conversions, and about sixty united with the Church. This gave us

great encouragement. In the beginning of the year 1868 we pushed vigorously the enterprise of the church improvement, and secured a subscription of ten thousand dollars without much effort. We met with considerable opposition among the members; but believed that the salvation of the Church, to a great extent, was to be found in the success of this improvement, and we prosecuted it day and night.

We raised the church some six feet, at the expense of one thousand four hundred dollars. The audience-room was frescoed, and completely refitted. We also had one of the best lecture-rooms in the Conference, with a ceiling twelve feet high. It was a model Sunday-school room. Every interest of the Church was now provided for.

At the beginning I was appointed chairman of the Building Committee, and, with about two others, I had most of the work to do—raising subscriptions, collecting money, superintending the laborers, sometimes to the number of one hundred at once, paying out money, and keeping the accounts. In July I came very near losing my life by becoming overheated. Energetic efforts were made on my behalf, and through the skill of Dr. Dick and the careful nursing of my friend Joseph Curtis, and, above all, the grace of God, my life was saved; but every summer since then, about the same time in the year, I feel very sensibly the effects of this stroke.

The work was completed, and all parties were satisfied and enthusiastic over its success. The time

of the re-dedication arrived. Bishop Wiley preached the sermon, and it was a great day for Methodism in Hamilton. There was a small indebtedness, but the trustees were not willing that any collection should be lifted. I was not sufficiently recovered to be at the re-dedication; but God had wonderfully blessed the effort we had made. I had been supported by most of the official members: the Hon. Thomas Milliken, Philip Berry, Thomas Fitton, G. M. Flenner, Dr. Peck, W. A. L. Kirk, Joseph Curtis, S. K. Lighter, and others.

To crown the success of the year, the Cincinnati Conference was to hold its Annual Session here. I was enabled to make ample preparations for its entertainment. The preachers received from all denominations, and those not connected with Churches, a most cordial welcome. Bishop Clark presided. Bishop Kingsley was also present.

The Conference began August 28, 1868, and a large number of the ministers of the Conference, together with an unusual numbers of visitors were in attendance, and it was a session of great interest. John S. Inskip, the noted evangelist, thrilled by the inspiration of that great love which now filled his heart, was like a flame of fire. He held numerous meetings during the session of Conference, and this, with the preaching of ministers and other religious exercises, proved a great spiritual uplift to all. The preachers, and especially the people, were pleased. Each minister spoke as if he had been entertained at the best place, and each family seemed to feel that it had entertained the

most agreeable visitors. Much prejudice had been removed, and I believe the fruit of that Conference session yet lives in Hamilton.

The Church people were enthusiastic for my return. There was no opposition in any quarter, so far as I know. I began my second year's work with a new inspiration. I had an impression that God was willing to give us a wonderful revival of religion. I made preparation for it at once. The necessity for such a work became apparent to all thoughtful minds.

The Rev. Dr. Davidson, of the United Presbyterian Church, and myself were the only ministers, so far as I know, who were specially anxious upon the subject. Wickedness was increasing. The public conscience appeared to be asleep. Criminals had but little fear of the law. The love of money was in the ascendant. Dr. Davidson was anxious that we should secure the services of that noted evangelist, E. P. Hammond. I corresponded with him, but he gave us no assurance of help. We met together on Monday morning, and spent some time in conversation and prayer on the subject; but the heavens appeared to be brass, and the earth iron.

One Monday morning especially, the burden was upon our souls as never before. Dr. Davidson talked to God as such a man would speak to his friend; told the Lord how lonely and helpless we were, and how public opinion was against us; that Romanism, political parties, whisky, and worldliness seemed to be united against us, and in-



quired, "Who is sufficient for these things?" He then said:

"Lord, Brother Fee and myself differ, it may be, as to what is denominated power as it was given on the day of Pentecost. Thou knowest just what it is; and if we ask bread of thee, thou wilt not give us a stone; and if we ask fish, thou wilt not give a serpent. We now ask thee to give us, O God, this power, whatever it is. We know it is a good thing for ministers, and a good thing for our Churches. Give to us this power in a wonderful measure!"

It seemed to us that God heard and answered, and that victory would come, sooner or later. Soon after this, as I was prayerfully reading the Scriptures, my eye rested upon these words: "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

The idea of a covenant with God came to my mind, and was so impressed upon me that I could not get rid of it. In a most prayerful manner, as I trust, I wrote these words, quoting the words we have used above, and headed it,

#### "A COVENANT.

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, solemnly covenant together and agree, that we will pray twice a day in secret for a revival of religion in our hearts, in our Church, and in all our Churches, and throughout the city of Hamilton; and that we will labor for the same until God's

work is revived in our hearts, in our Churches, and in our city."

To this I signed my name, and Mrs. Fee signed hers. I then thought of a very pious and devoted lady (Mrs. Sinnard), who had not been in the church, though a member, for ten years, in consequence of affliction. I read the covenant to her, and asked her if she would sign it. She immediately began to praise the Lord that she could yet do something to promote his cause, and, with a trembling hand, wrote her signature. I then went to all the invalids who were unable to attend religious services in my church, and they gave me their signatures. I called upon others, until, in two weeks, I had fifty names attached to this covenant.

At the close of the covenant were these words: "First, this covenant, it will be seen, is not to be spoken of publicly, and at this time the names appended to it are not to be given. Let it be between us and God. Second, have respect unto thy covenant; do as thou hast said." Somehow I felt that I should solicit no other signatures.

Now I note the result. In my own soul I had such a confidence in God that all doubt was removed as to the answer to our prayers. Just when or how this would come, I had no distinct impression. I never had such an inspiration before in the pulpit as I had then. I was strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. All doubt and fear had left. I looked for God to give me in some way outward evidence that our prayer was heard and answered, for a great revival of religion.

As I stood in the pulpit Sabbath morning, I fully expected a power to come upon me that I had never felt before; but it did not according to my mind or my plans. I returned to my home disappointed.

I remember seeing that day a gentleman and his wife, who were evidently moved by the Holy Spirit. They both sat and wept while I preached. After the services I said to my wife, "When I have rested a few minutes I will go and see them; and possibly, through them, God will commence the work which my faith so strongly embraces." I lay down; but had not been reclining five minutes until the door-bell rang. I answered it, and met a gentleman whom I had not seen before, who inquired if I was the pastor. I replied that I was. He said:

"I am the mail agent on the Cincinnati and Chicago route. I can only be at home on Sunday. We have an only child that is sick, and it has never been baptized. We were brought up in the Lutheran Church; and we should feel very sad if that child should die without being baptized. Neither my wife, my mother, nor myself is a communicant in any Church. Will you baptize our child?"

I replied, "I will."

He lived in a distant part of the city. We went at once to his home. After the child had been baptized, they all kissed it affectionately, and said:

"How thankful we are! Should it be called away, we will feel that we have done our duty."

I was suddenly impressed at this point to say something. I said:

"My friends, if your child had died before it was baptized, I have no doubt that it would have been saved. You, I believe, have made no satisfactory preparation for death?"

"No," was the answer.

"If you were to die, then, as you now are, you would be separated from that child forever. O, my friends, I beg of you to prepare to meet that child in heaven; to meet God before whom we must all bow!"

Just at this moment, a gentleman, to whom I had never spoken, and who had been inside of a church only once within the fifteen years' previous, passed the window. I merely knew him to be an infidel in his sentiments. He was one of the best-read men in the city, and of unusual intelligence. The very moment I saw him, it was strangely impressed upon my mind that I should hail him, and walk down the street with him as far as my own residence. Leaving my overcoat and hat in the house, I went to the door and called him, saying,

"Mr. O., if you will wait a moment, I shall be pleased to walk with you as far as my house."

He assented cheerfully; and I excused myself to the family, put on my hat and coat and joined him. We walked together in silence to the corner of Second Street, when I began to fear that I was placed in a very awkward position, to say the least of it. It seemed to me that I had ap-

proached him very rudely. We paused on the corner of the street, and I said:

"Mr. O., my conduct in hailing you as I did no doubt seems very strange to you, and needs an explanation. I tell you frankly that the impression to do this came to my mind like a flash. I was engaged at the moment in another matter, and I can not account for it. I do not know why I did it, the only impression was that I should join you and walk with you."

He became pale; and after a moment, with the deepest emotion, he said:

"I know. God Almighty sent you. I will tell you the truth. You may have heard some weeks ago that I was assaulted by an enemy and severely wounded. On examination the surgeon informed me that the wound was mortal, and that my life would probably terminate very soon. My infidelity vanished in a moment. The sins of my life came up before me in awful array. I felt that I was a lost sinner. My soul was drifting toward eternity without help or hope. What should I do? Another examination succeeded; and, to my delight, the surgeon informed me that he was mistaken in the first examination, and had strong hope that I would soon recover. This gave me great joy; but the foundation upon which I had been building was shattered, and the consciousness that I was a great sinner was as vivid as ever. I at once thought of you, and determined to visit you and ask your counsel as soon as I was able. I went to your residence; but had no courage to go

in. I went again; but my courage failed me until I went six times. At last I prayed God that I might in some way or other meet you and unburden my soul to you. And now, sir, I can but regard our meeting to-day, strange as it may seem to you, as the answer of a poor sinner's prayer."

Perhaps no event of my life, taken all in all, impressed me more than this. I was laboring and praying for an outpouring of the Spirit upon Hamilton, and had faith that God in some way would grant this.

During this time this prominent skeptic was the subject of deep awakening, and we knew not of it. The signs of it were not apparent. I said nothing to any one about it. He promised me that he would be at the church at prayer-meeting on the next Wednesday evening. I made no allusion to the prayer covenant publicly; I was waiting to see what God would do.

On Tuesday evening of that week there was a teachers' meeting. Almost from the beginning every one present, and there was a large attendance, had his mind turned toward a revival of religion. Officers and teachers and scholars, who were members of the Church, talked and wept on the subject. After special prayer, we separated to meet on Wednesday night at the regular prayer-meeting. There was victory in the air.

Wednesday evening came; and, to the surprise of almost everybody—there must have been two hundred present, a large number of whom were unconverted persons who had not been seen in the

prayer-meetings before—Mr. O. was there. The people looked at him in amazement. The gentleman and his wife, who had been so deeply impressed upon my heart on Sunday, although I had not spoken to them, were present. I at once made up my mind that I ought to invite seekers to come forward and hear the prayers and counsels of the Church. I did so, and at once eleven came forward, to the astonishment of most of those who were present. The congregation was bathed in tears. The Church was wonderfully stirred.

Mr. O. and the gentleman and lady referred to were soon happily converted. That night the most wonderful revival of religion in the history of Hamilton, before or since, began. The church was soon crowded, public attention was aroused, and the faith of the preachers was greatly quickened. Even visitors to the city who were there on business were interested. Theaters, dances, and shows were all at a discount. Men of all classes attended the services. Many of the most prominent and influential young people of the town were converted. Traveling men and venders of various articles on the streets were brought to Christ. An unusual number of strangers found the stranger's Friend, and were made happy.

A venerable gentleman approached me one Sunday morning, and said: "I am a Presbyterian elder from the Western Reserve. I am engaged in selling a patent, together with a machine of which I am the patentee. My son is with me. He is a young married man, and is the idol of his



mother and wife ; but, O sir, it does seem that, in spite of everything, drink will be his ruin. Will you pray for him? He has promised me that he will come to your meeting to-night, and I have a faith that he will seek Christ. I believe that God is in your meetings, and the spirit with which you are conducting them, I believe, is of Christ. You are rising above all denominational prejudice; and looking only to the salvation of the souls of your fellow-men ; and I do not wonder that God is blessing you in this work."

I had not given any invitation for persons to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Large numbers from Presbyterian and other families were found at our altar, and found Christ, and, to the joy of their family and friends, entered into the kingdom of Christ.

On this Sunday evening the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Presbyterian elder and his wayward son were there. I talked of prodigals that night, and this one wept. When the invitation was given for penitents, his father led him to the altar and kneeled by his side, and said to me :

"O this must be a deep work, or I have no hope for my boy."

I replied: "We will labor to promote God's work; and unless God is in it, it will come to nothing."

The young man was most deeply convicted of sin ; but his father believed that he was beyond the reach of mercy. I presented Christ, who

tasted death for every man, and who was willing to save him by grace, through faith in his merits, "without money and without price." I told him that he could make himself no better; that if he were a sinner a thousand times greater than he was, he was invited to come to Christ, and he would save him. He then said to me:

"I have hope now. I believe that many of my sins will be forgiven before I die."

"God does not do his work in that way," I replied. "If the wicked man will forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and will return unto the Lord, he will have mercy upon him. Our God will abundantly pardon all our sins; he will in a moment blot them out of his book of remembrance, and bury them in the depths of the sea."

He looked up and, smiling, said: "Isn't that splendid? But it does look as if it was too much for so little."

I repeated: "It is of grace. You wonder now at the love of God in pardoning a guilty sinner; but you and I will be more astonished when we stand before him, redeemed and saved in heaven."

O the joy of the father and the son as they embraced each other in the bonds of love, which can be enjoyed but never described! Telegrams were sent home, and the mother and wife were informed that the "dead was alive," and the "lost found," and the son and the husband were saved.

I heard of him long after he left Hamilton; and he was a useful, happy Christian.

I promptly sent word to the parents and to the immediate friends of the children of the Presbyterian and other Churches to come and aid us in our work, and see that proper care was taken of their children. For a while they did not come. At last one of the most prominent citizens of Hamilton—a Christian, a man widely known—came; and when he sought the grace of God, he was glorified. I had him speak and pray. He began his prayer by saying, “Surely God is in this place, and we knew it not.” The Rev. Dr. Davidson, of whom I have spoken, aided me when he could. He said to me:

“Conduct your meetings in your own way. You know I sing psalms; but you sing hymns. God is blessing you in this work; and I would not have you, for anything, depart from the line you are pursuing. God is with you of a truth.”

He preached a sermon for me the same evening, which was one of great eloquence and power. The church was well filled, and the interest was intense up to nine o'clock. By ten o'clock a large number had been converted. About that time a large crowd of distillers, saloon-keepers, and a large number of notoriously wicked men came in, evidently out of curiosity. Dr. Davidson gazed upon them with deep interest. He said:

“How sorry I am that I preached! I have a message in my soul for these men; but it is now ten o'clock.”

I said: “No matter, Doctor; preach again, if you are able.”

He was only too eager to do so; and I at once arose and announced that Dr. Davidson would now preach to his dying fellow-citizens the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. He announced as his text, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." (Psa. ix, 17.)

If any man ever preached the terrors of the law, Dr. Davidson preached them that night. Such awful pictures of sin and its results in this world and its fearful punishment in the world to come I never heard before or since. The descriptions of Milton paled before the wondrous word-painting of that remarkable man. His audience listened as if the judgment-day was before them, and the righteous were being saved and the wicked being driven away in their wickedness. He preached an hour, and the meeting closed about midnight with great results. A large number of the men who listened to him that night are now in eternity. If any of them should be lost, they dare not say that they had not been warned.

The Doctor soon had a revival in his own Church, and at least one hundred persons professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. For years he had labored among the poorest; and, like Jesus, had sought to save the lost. He was a true evangelist in his manner of preaching, and in the spirit with which he preached. O that God would multiply the number of such preachers!

The conversions were of a marked character. None were pronounced converted until they had

given their own experience in the presence of the congregation, and had expressed the belief that they had passed from death unto life. I have never known sounder conversions than I witnessed here night after night.

I had very little outside help; but members who were baptized with the Spirit, and the young converts warm in their first love, were most useful workers. Among these was Charles Bayliss, a lovely young man, bright, beautiful, promising. He had an ethereal face and sweet voice. Every night he would sit by Mrs. Fee, and sing what was a great favorite during the revival, "Let me go, 't is Jesus calls me," which was a part of the chorus, until his face shone with a heavenly radiance.

Six weeks passed away, and he had occasion to pass a Sabbath in Cincinnati, and attended Mr. Hammond's revival there; but soon returned to join in the battle at home. About twelve days after his return, I heard that he was ill and desired to see me. I visited him and prayed with him, spending an hour in his room. It was thought to be an attack of erysipelas; but he was very happy. The next morning I was shocked to learn that it was a case of virulent small-pox. There was intense interest in his case. The young converts prayed and wept; but none of us were allowed to approach, and I was liable to an attack of the disease; but I was not disturbed. At last the end came; and, with his arm around his mother, he said:

"Good-bye, mother! I am going home," and at

once fell asleep in Jesus. His remains were carried in loneliness to the cemetery, where he sleeps until the resurrection morning shall waken him, and his form shall be more beautiful than it ever was upon earth.

The church was draped in mourning for him. No scene in Hamilton is to-day more vividly depicted upon my memory than the form and features of Charles Bayliss.

The time of this revival was an eventful one to me. My oldest daughter, my oldest son, and my second daughter were converted and united with the Church. My son Arthur had a fearful struggle and a powerful conversion. When he found Jesus, he was in his mother's arms, and said:

"O mother, your prayers are answered now!"

The work went on during the months of December, January, and February. The festivities of the holidays were swallowed up by the intense interest of the revival, which now extended to all the Churches. A reporter of the *Cincinnati Gazette* came to see me, and published a long and accurate account of this wonderful work for Christ. This was not only published in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, but in the *Western Christian Advocate*, and in other papers. The notorious wickedness of the town, and the glorious victory for the gospel, made the account more interesting.

An interesting young man was accused of murder. It was claimed and believed that the young man killed was the aggressor, and that this young

man had taken his life in self-defense. He was arrested ; but was let out of prison on bail. There was much sympathy felt for him. His family was respectable, and I know not that he was guilty of any of the common vices that prevailed at that time. I invited him to come to our meetings. He did so, and was soon brought under the deepest conviction. I believed him to be a true penitent, and that he might be saved. But it was said, as the trial was then in progress, that he merely came to the church and to the altar in order to excite the sympathy of the court and the jury and the community in general. He soon found rest in Christ, and gave every evidence of conversion.

He deeply regretted taking the life of a fellow-man, and solemnly averred that it was in self-defense, and that he was running from the young man; and, although there was no malice in his heart, when a pistol was drawn on him by his pursuer, he must either take the life of his antagonist or he himself be slain. The trial went on for some days. He was at the meeting every night.

The case was concluded; the judge gave his charge to the jury, and they retired; and he went to the house of God. A messenger came for him while he was there, and he went out, we knew not why; but in a short time he returned. The jury had acquitted him, the court had dismissed him, and he was free from the legal charge of murder or manslaughter. Having informed the congregation of this, and asked them to join in



prayer and thanksgiving to God, he said: "Now I must go and tell my parents the blessed news that I am not a murderer."

Years afterward I met him, and he ran up to me, and threw his arms around my neck. He referred to his conversion; told me that he was living out in the far West; that he had been enabled by the grace of God to establish a Church out there, and was an earnest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

#### THE REVIVAL CONTINUES.

As I now remember, some seventy-five united with the Church one Sabbath-day on probation. One hundred persons who had been converted at the altar in our revival united with the Presbyterian Church. I baptized, one morning at seven o'clock, some seventeen persons by immersion, and on the same day many others by pouring or sprinkling,—more than seventy-five in all.

My honored father was with me one week. He saw the grace of God, and was glad. One evening the spirit of conviction was all over the congregation. The number at the altar I do not know; but at ten o'clock I requested those who had found Christ, and were willing to profess him then and there, to signify the same by rising and saying a few words. Twenty-five arranged themselves together; and, standing facing the congregation, professed their faith in Jesus. My father was overwhelmed, and exclaimed: "Now, Lord,

lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

I think during that week at least one hundred souls were converted. I was blessed all the while with a strong faith, a constant peace, a heart of love for saint and sinner, Catholic and Protestant. My soul went out in a strong desire for the salvation of my race.

Many of the subjects of this revival have died in the faith, and are now with the blest. Horace Belden, who was converted on the same evening with my son Arthur, died in early manhood. His brothers—James and Edgar—and his sister imitated his example; and, like himself, exemplified the excellency and the beauty of religion in their deportment.

REV. GEORGE R. DAVIS.

Rev. George R. Davis, son of Mr. I. K. Davis, a prominent and influential member of the Church in Hamilton, spent most of his time with me. He felt it his duty to become a foreign missionary. His heart was drawn toward China. Early in my pastorate at Hamilton, Bishop Harris wrote me in regard to his health and other qualifications. I answered his questions as far as I could. There was but one difficulty in the way of his going, and that was his health. The Board of Missions was fearful, and declined for the time being to appoint him. This to him was a terrible trial. His heart longed for a foreign field. In the winter, Bishop

Kingsley, who died suddenly in Beyrout, Syria, visited Northern China, and ascertained that the climate there was no more dangerous than it was in Cincinnati. The difficulty being removed, he received information that his appointment had been made to Peking, China.

My youngest brother, Price T. Fee, of Felicity, Ohio, married Maggie Davis, the missionary's sister. His last ministerial act, before he left for China, was to officiate at the marriage of these parties, at which I assisted. The same evening he left his native land, his father, his brothers, his sisters, his home, and all worldly prospects, to go to that distant land to preach the gospel of the Son of God. There he has remained, with only short intermissions, from that time until now. He has done a grand and glorious work, and eternity alone can reveal the result of his labors.

He is at present a presiding elder of a district in China, and has held that position for many years. His health has been good all the while, which proves that Missionary Boards, with all their wisdom, are not infallible.

During my pastorate here, James F. Chalfant, a boyhood acquaintance and friend, was my presiding elder. He did not have the best religious advantages in early life. This was a trial to him; but he labored to make full proof of his ministry, and many will rise up and call him blessed. He was an able preacher.

My congregations for two years were nearly always large, winter and summer. God gave

me a constant revival of religion. I felt that I could live and die in Hamilton. God blessed me with warm friends. Would that I could name them all! There were Mother Fitton, the mother of the noble sons who yet reside in Hamilton, earnest workers in the Church, an honor to their mother, and a blessing to the community; Philip Berry and his wife; the Hon. Thomas Milliken and his wife (Mrs. Milliken passed away only a few months since, and it was my mournful duty to officiate at her funeral, and to follow her remains to their last resting-place); Brother and Sister Morris, Dr. Mallory and wife, Dr. Griffis and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Flenner, Brother and Sister Millspaugh, Jerome Kemble and wife, S. K. Lighter and wife, the Elliots, Brother and Sister Sweet, W. A. L. Kirk, the Gilmores, and a host of others. Among my special valued friends in Hamilton, I must not forget Joseph W. Davis, now residing at Wyoming, Ohio. He was a great benediction to me during my stay in Hamilton. He, with his excellent wife, will live in my memory, and will long be remembered, not only for their personal kindness, but for the work that they did for God and his Church in that city. I also wish to mention W. E. Brown, Esq., Colonel Thomas Moore, Dr. Falconer, Dr. Parks, the Becketts; and as I close, I must not fail to mention that sainted couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lashorn, and their large family connection; Mrs. Cooper and family, the Beldens, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Curtis, who were true to me and the cause while I was their pastor.

Few cities or towns have a warmer place in my heart than Hamilton has to-day. Recently a splendid church edifice has been erected on the site of the old building, at a cost of about forty thousand dollars. It does honor to the liberality, taste, and enterprise of the society, and we predict for them in the future larger prosperity than they have enjoyed in the past.

I shall always cherish the kindest feeling toward the members of other Churches—Baptist, Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, and others.

There should be another charge in Hamilton, and we trust there soon will be.

## CHAPTER XIII.

PIQUA. 1870-1873.

AT the close of my labors in Hamilton, I repaired to Piqua, Ohio, where the Annual Conference of 1870 was to be held, Bishop Janes presiding. On my arrival I was informed that the Official Board had requested my appointment to Greene Street Church, in which the Conference convened, August 24th.

As I was a stranger in Piqua, and as it was understood that I was to be their next pastor, many eyes were upon me, and my situation was embarrassing. A day or two after this session began, I was called away to attend a funeral. On my return I learned, to my great surprise, that William X. Ninde, now bishop, had been transferred to Detroit, Mich., and that the Official Board of Christie Chapel, where he was then stationed, was greatly afflicted by his removal. I had served the charge in 1860-62, and they unanimously requested my appointment to that charge. A large body of representatives arrived from Cincinnati, and they pressed their claim before the bishop and the elders; but the Official Board at Piqua claimed that they had first requested my appointment to Greene Street Church, and, inasmuch as their Church was seriously involved in debt, and they were in a crit-

ical condition, and as they had united upon me as one who could probably help them in their present strait, I should not be sent to Cincinnati.

The contest grew warm. Bishop Janes and the presiding elder, J. F. Chalfant, of Cincinnati, sent for me. To Bishop Janes I said:

"I have never interfered with my appointments and can not commence now. I submit the matter to you, as the presiding bishop, for decision."

The bishop and the presiding elder remarked that I was a poor man, and that Piqua would be able to pay me but twelve hundred dollars; but Christie Chapel would pay me one thousand dollars more, making a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars. I told the bishop that it was a matter of principle with me, and not a matter of money, poor as I was. The presiding elder remarked that my wife was concerned in the matter, and wished to know if I had consulted her. I said I had not. He replied: "Will you consult her, and report to me?"

In an hour I did so. Mrs. Fee and I walked a few paces from the church, when she said: "We have never interfered with your appointments for any reason, and let us not begin now." In five minutes I reported her decision and mine to Dr. Chalfant. He said:

"I predict that you will regret this. It is very doubtful whether the debt of eleven thousand dollars on the church will be lifted; then there are serious difficulties which will confront you. I believe you have made the mistake of your life."



I simply replied: "God must decide the matter. I leave all to him."

I deeply sympathized with that noble Official Board at Christie Chapel, and would gladly have returned to them, as far as my feelings were concerned; but duty and the cross lay in the other direction, and I cheerfully took it up, while the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," was ringing in my ears and comforting my heart.

In due time the appointment was officially made, and I removed to the beautiful town of Piqua. I met with the warmest reception from the beginning.

An unusual number of prominent and substantial men and women were connected with Greene Street Church. Here were Henry Kitchen and his devoted wife, Rev. Samuel Pettit and wife, R. W. Shipley and wife; Mrs. Dills, one of the most lovable Christians whom I ever knew; Wm. Wood and wife, Dr. W. P. Hall and wife, Dr. Parker and wife, Dr. Asa Ashton and family; Amos Sawyer, his wife, and mother; Rev. John Raynor; John Compton, wife, and family; Mr. and Mrs. Geyer, William R. Crozier and wife, Brother and Sister Anderson, J. W. Widney and family, John Holcomb and family, Mr. and Mrs. Looney, Mr. Samuel Pee and wife, the Rhodehamel family, Rev. Richard Brandriff and family, the Keyt families, Father Whitehead, Rev. William Raynor, John Zollinger and wife, Mrs. Mendenhall, Harvey Clark and wife, William Legg and wife, Jonathan Legg and wife, Mrs. Love, Mrs. Kirk; Father and Mother

Gray, the parents of Rev. George W. Gray, of the Central Illinois Conference; Dr. S. S. Gray and wife, Thomas Gray and wife, Enoch Bennett and family, Mr. and Mrs. McClay, Mrs. Deweese, Brother and sister Harbaugh, Mrs. Yager, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Jesse Prugh and family, George W. Prugh and George E. Lee, then young men; Pearl I. Hedges, Mrs. Worley, Miss Belle Worley, Miss Rebecca Wiley; the Statlers, a prominent Methodist family in this region; Rev. Mr. Chappel and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, Joseph Raynor, James Horton, J. M. Cheever, and many others.

I never had a charge where there were so many aged and middle-aged people who were devoted to the Church. But they were discouraged. It was noised abroad that the church was in danger of being sold, as there was little prospect of lifting the debt. The church furniture, it was thought, would need to be sold to meet a claim. This gloomy state of things was more the misfortune than the fault of this historic church. She had done a noble work for years. Even to think of the sale of this time-honored church was painful in the extreme to those who loved Zion. I knew well that this debt must be provided for, or all hope of permanent prosperity would be vain. The members were not only discouraged, but some of them were embittered. They believed that they had done all that they ought to do. Others had failed to come to the rescue.

The trustees were called together and freely consulted. An effort to provide for the debt in

some way or other became imperatively necessary. After a long session, a plan was adopted to provide for the accrued interest, and to sink the debt as soon as possible. William R. Crozier and the pastor were appointed to consider the matter, and, in some way or other, to present the case to the different members of the Church and its friends. The trustees believed that they had done their duty, and were unwilling to do anything more. Mr. Crozier very positively refused to serve. The effort seemed about to fail. I could only go to God and pray for Divine direction, help, and sympathy. Said I: "Brother Crozier, there may be something a great deal worse in store for you than to go with me on this thankless enterprise."

We adjourned. The next morning at seven o'clock, Mr. Crozier called at the parsonage. His eyes were red with weeping. He said:

"I have slept none all night. Those words of yours have been ringing in my ears ever since last evening. Here I am, ready to do anything in my power to aid you."

I replied: "Brother Crozier, we ought not to commence this important work, in which so much is involved, without prayer to God for Divine direction and help."

We prayed together. I then remarked: "My proposition is to raise this money on Scriptural principles. If men are not willing to give cheerfully, as unto the Lord and not unto men, I am not willing to undertake it. I want it to be a free-

will offering, and each one to give in view of his obligations to God, without regard to what others may say or do."

"I feel," said he, "that we ought to go to Sister Dills. She loves the Church as perhaps none of us do; and if she had the money, she would pay the whole debt. This plan just occurred to me: If she were willing to give her note, bearing interest from date, for fifty dollars, do you believe that it would be an inspiration to others? If the plan be carried out on that principle, we might be able to raise the debt." We started at once to see her. She met us, smiling, and said: "I am willing to do my part, and I will give you my note for fifty dollars." This was the very amount upon which we had fixed.

We then felt impressed that if Mrs. Leavell would give twenty-five dollars, that would be sufficient; but for some reason she declined. I said:

"God bless you! If it is not a cheerful offering, we do n't want it."

She called after us as we were leaving, and said: "I do n't feel right about this. I ought to give you twenty-five dollars, and I will."

We received it joyfully. We then approached her brother-in-law, who had hitherto given liberally. He at once said that he could do nothing. He was sick and tired of such applications. I at once said: "I hope the Lord will bless you greatly. If you can not give cheerfully and freely, I do n't want one cent; and I shall wish you good, in any event. Good-bye."

"Why," said he, as we left, "you are not going?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Come back," he exclaimed. "If that is the way you are going to raise money for the Church, I am going to help you. If my note for two hundred dollars will do you any good, you are welcome to it. It is a pleasure and a blessing to me to give money that way."

No one was more heartily in accord with us than this brother. We merely give these cases as specimens of the manner of conducting the work. From this method we never departed.

We soon raised money enough to avert the danger of the sale of the church, and relieve our serious embarrassment. A better state of feeling prevailed in the Church, and all were looking with hope to the ultimate removal of the debt within a few years.

I began my pastoral labors by preaching from the words: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." (Heb. xiii, 8.) The sermon proved a blessing to a number of persons. I had a great work before me to restore the confidence and the unanimity to that divided Church. I visited from house to house, and prayed with the people as best I could, and my congregation increased.

I appointed a prayer-meeting for young men, and some three or four boys attended it; but these were faithful. Among them were Dr. George W. Prugh, now of Cincinnati; Rev. James S. Bitler,

the evangelist; my son, Joseph A. Fee; Jerome Weeks, and a boy by the name of Ross, who soon professed religion. In process of time this meeting, so small in its beginning, proved a factor of wonderful power in that Church.

On the first Sunday evening of my pastorate, I prayed at the conclusion of my sermon, and was strangely impressed to pray for a young man who was in great danger. He was the son of a pious father and a godly mother, but was out of Christ. I was mortified to think that I had yielded to such an impression at such a time. The next morning the people were shocked to learn that a young man had met with a serious accident. He had lodged with a relative that night, and had occupied the room of a cousin. The cousin coming into the room after the young man had retired, not knowing it to be occupied, and seeing a man rise up in the bed, fired his pistol at him, supposing him to be a robber. The ball pierced the brain, and it was feared the accident would prove fatal.

The young man, though not a member of the Church, was a regular attendant at the services. On examination the wound was pronounced mortal. His friends rushed to his bedside. Prayer was offered for him, as prayer had seldom been offered. He was attended by several of the most skillful physicians in this section of Ohio. One of them said to me: "If the age of miracles should return, he may recover; not otherwise."

On the next Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, such prayers as were offered for the life of

that young man beggar description. And in spite of the decision of the physicians, those who were drawn out in prayer believed that he would recover. He was baptized, and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church on probation.

I visited, prayed, and talked with him, and found him, I believe, a humble penitent at the feet of Jesus. The people who had heard my prayer on the preceding Sabbath evening were deeply impressed by the incident. Remarkable as it may seem, this young man recovered, and lives to-day, one of the most prominent Church workers of the city of Piqua, loved and honored by all who know him. As soon as he was able, he joined the little band of boys and young men in their meetings. This event was overruled to the interest of the cause of religion in Greene Street Church.

#### A TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

Soon after my arrival in Piqua, it was said to me by one or two ministers, that no man dared to lift his voice against the liquor-traffic in the pulpits of this city, without provoking the opposition of the members of his Church, and without losing his pastoral position.

I replied: "I can not believe this is true of my own congregation. If I believed it to be so, I would not remain in the charge one week, at the expense of my conscience and my ministerial obligations. I hold that it is my ministerial duty, wherever I am, publicly and privately to denounce that accursed traffic."



I presented the matter to my Official Board. They assured me that it could not be true of the members of Greene Street Church. So I preached on the subject as I had done elsewhere.

A Quaker lecturer was addressing the people on the subject of temperance one night in the market-house. He was mobbed and shamefully treated. Two or three of us ministers happened there just in time to save him from greater violence. The Rev. Dr. Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Church, and myself resolved that this outrage should be rebuked. We had hand-bills struck off and circulated all over the town, in the interest of liberty of speech, and of law and order, stating the outrage committed upon the Quaker. All were invited to assemble together and take action, or protest against it.

We had a large audience. I was appointed president of the meeting. Elder Sherman, of the First Baptist Church, delivered an address, and was followed by Dr. Hopkins. Soon after he began, eggs were thrown at him from outside the audience. I begged him to go on and pay no attention to the eggs as he had not been struck, and if they had no better argument than eggs, we could wait for redress until next morning.

We had hand-bills printed the next morning, announcing the fact that a minister of the gospel had been assaulted with eggs, for no other reason than protesting against the liquor-traffic, and asking all good citizens who were in favor of law and order to assemble that night at the market-house.

A vast crowd was present. Returned soldiers from the army were there, and they at once determined that there should be order, and it was as quiet as if we had been at church. We found the young man who threw the eggs, and he was convicted and sent to the county jail, and would have remained there for months; but we begged his release and obtained it, and we suppose he never interfered with such a meeting afterwards.

Just after this, A. M. Collins, a temperance lecturer and organizer of the Sons of Temperance, came to Piqua and organized a division of that order in the city. It grew rapidly, and many of our young men were saved from habits of intemperance by its influence. This opened a new field for religious work among our young men, among whom might be named William Nast Brodbeck, who was elected to the highest office in the order, and became a great power in the community on the subject of temperance. At the time he was a nominal member of the Church, though not a professor of religion. He soon united with the young men who were holding weekly meetings. It proved a great blessing to him, and he proved a great blessing to them.

A number of persons during the year were converted, and the spiritual condition of the Church was greatly improved, although we had no extensive revival of religion.

The next summer will long be remembered for the inauguration of a holiness camp-meeting at Urbana, Ohio, under the leadership of J. S. Inskip,

William McDonald, Alfred Cookman, and others. This meeting promised to be one of immense proportions. The members of our Church came to the conclusion to have a boarding-tent, the profits of which were to go toward the payment of our Church debt. With the greatest unanimity the men and women gave themselves to the work of preparing for it. They attended in large numbers, and realized a handsome sum.

This meeting had a marked influence upon the young people and the members of our Church who were present, and it will never be forgotten by the throngs who came from all parts of the United States. There that sainted man, Alfred Cookman, almost without an equal, in the estimation of those who knew him, appeared for the last time, and in a few weeks afterward went "sweeping through the gates" of the heavenly city.

Asbury Lowrey was my presiding elder, and did all he could to sustain me. At the close of the year, at our last quarterly-meeting love-feast, I stated very quietly what I believed to be the truth, that I had not been a great success in my pastorate, and expressed my willingness to go to another field of labor if the Church thought best. Our older members were startled at this, and began to give me some evidence of appreciation that I did not expect, and sought to assure me that, under the circumstances, they regarded my pastorate as a great success. I could not see it in this light; but as they were so unanimous and hearty in their desire for my return another year, I said no more.

At the close of the love-feast, Dr. Lowrey remarked that he was asked by Bishop Morris, a few days before, how I was succeeding in Piqua, and he replied that he thought I was not having my usual success. The bishop quaintly remarked: "Brother Fee is always good on the 'home-stretch.'" This greatly pleased the people, as they had some hope now of better results than before. My salary was promptly paid long before the year closed. This was a matter grateful to me as it was to the Church, for they had been greatly embarrassed in their finances.

In 1871 I was reappointed to the charge by Bishop Scott, and began my labors with renewed interest, and full of hope that they would not be in vain in the Lord.

The camp-meeting had been a great blessing to me, and I think to my family, as well as to the Church. I endeavored to walk blameless before the Lord. I was careful about my temper, my words, and my actions in all interviews with people, and determined to be a better Christian than I had ever been before. In my disposition I tried to be very cheerful, both in my family and with my friends. Some persons could not understand this, and supposed it resulted from a want of a higher standard of piety than I possessed. I heard this, and it drew me closer to Christ. I did not remember any period of my life which had been so well spent. I thought I had been living up to the high standard to which I aspired, and was thankful that I had reached this point.

One day, my wife, looking steadfastly in my face, said, "What is the matter with you?" With surprise I asked,

"What do you mean?"

"You look so sad and unhappy," she replied.

I said, "Why I never spent so happy a week in all my life."

Said she: "You appear to me and to all our children as though you had lost all the friends you had in the world, and the children say a gloom has come over our home; that you have always been so cheerful and happy at home, but now that cheerfulness is all gone; and if that is religion, we do n't want it."

It flashed on my mind in one moment that I was trying to be somebody else than William I. Fee; that I had made a mistake, and that in the future I would be myself, by the grace of God, and do the best I could in a cheerful manner for God and humanity. This experience proved a great blessing to me. I should have been more careful to follow Christ rather than anybody else.

This year all my work, my prayers, and my faith looked to a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. My faith was strong that the Church debt would be removed, and that God had a great blessing in reserve for Greene Street Church. I began a series of revival-meetings some time before the holidays. I labored and prayed for a deep, genuine, Scriptural revival of religion, something that would last and be permanent in its results. I realized that the great want of that Church was spirit-

uality. The members had a respectable social position, money, and other qualities; but they needed a baptism of the Spirit which would bring them into closer harmony with Christ, and would create a deeper interest in those who were out of Christ.

I took no pains to advertise my meetings. My idea was that they would in due time advertise themselves. The great body of the Church was but little interested in the success of my meetings. They would be present at the morning and evening services and in the Sunday-school; but they were not aggressive.

At the close of three weeks, two or three were powerfully converted; but I could hear that remarks were being made that I was wearing myself out, and wearing out the faithful members who were always on hand, and that no good results had been secured. They said they had seen no signs of a revival of religion. I told them I could believe the Lord without signs, and I was full of hope.

The fourth Sabbath came, and the word went abroad—to use a common phrase—that there would be a “sheep-shearing” at Greene Street Church that morning, and the delinquents ought to be present to receive their share of the rubbing that they would get. I had a very large congregation; and they were listening with great interest to hear some severe remarks, but I made none. I think I never preached a sermon in a sweeter spirit, than I did that morning in Greene Street Church. At the close of the service, I announced

that there would be meeting every night during the week; and then alluded to what I had heard, that I would break down and destroy my health. But I assured them that I was in much better health than I was when the meeting began. It was said that I was breaking down the health of the faithful members who were on hand every night. I said:

“I have heard no complaints; but if I should break down, and the members who are faithful should break down also, it affords me great pleasure to inform you that I have examined the Church records, and I find that during the last four weeks there are two hundred and sixty-nine who have never been at any of the services during the week nights. So you see we have a reserve corps of two hundred and sixty-nine, who will rush into the battle after the rest of us have fallen on the field, and will do valiant service for the cause. We will be dismissed.”

This had a marked effect on the audience. That very day, after Sunday-school, there was a wonderful meeting. At least forty came forward to be prayed for, and a number were converted. We could not close the meeting until the evening service began. During the evening, the altar was crowded, and a wonderful interest pervaded the assembly. A large number of those who were at the altar in the afternoon and evening were members who had been admitted to the Church without any well-grounded assurance that they were converted.



During that meeting, and the meeting following, such was the religious interest in the Church and in the community that Mrs. Fee and I were busy in the parsonage in leading stricken souls to Christ. Our congregations were crowded, and the interest pervaded all classes.

After a long and agonizing struggle, William Nast Brodbeck was powerfully converted, while a number of us were kneeling around him and weeping. How we rejoiced at this glowing victory! He entered the ministry, in which he has been successful from then until now.

Frank Cozier was also converted. He secured an education at the university in Delaware, Ohio. He became a devoted and useful minister in Minnesota, and died in his early manhood in the faith he preached to others.

A number, who are now pillars in Greene Street Church, were converted at that meeting and about that time, among whom is William Jones, now eighty-seven years of age, an Englishman by birth. Although not able to read or write, he was a man of strong mental power, of great firmness, conscientious and true. When I first met him, he gave but little hope of being the pious and useful man he now is. But he has been as true to God as "the needle to the pole" during the last twenty-three years.

This revival exerted a blessed influence upon other Churches, and many persons were converted and added to them. Many of the subjects of this revival yet remain members of Greene Street

Church, while others have removed to other places, and occupy prominent positions in the Churches to which they are attached. Some have died in the triumphs of that faith which they professed.

During this year a second camp-meeting was held at Urbana for the promotion of holiness. It proved a great success, and its fruits will be seen in eternity. Greene Street Church had a large boarding-tent on the ground, and there was an earnest effort to make it a success in every respect. The members took a deep interest in the meeting, and it proved a great blessing to them. It was a great financial success, which resulted in a short time afterwards in the entire removal of the crushing debt which rested upon the Church.

#### A THRILLING SCENE.

When it was finally announced that the Church was practically free from debt, the large congregation present arose to their feet and sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

My salary was increased one hundred dollars, and it was all paid long before Conference came. I never saw a Church more united and prosperous than this at the close of the second year.

At the unanimous request of the Official Board and the members, I was returned for the third year to the charge, to enjoy the confidence and love of this dear people who had given me the richest donation I had ever received from any congregation, my silver wedding having been celebrated during the year.

I endeavored to take all possible pains to preserve the fruits of my revival. Our Sunday-school was a great power, under the superintendency of William Richardson, the superintendent of the public schools of Piqua. Joshua W. Shipley had charge of the singing. In this he was almost unequalled; and his labors in the department of music in Greene Street Church for more than thirty years entitle him to the gratitude and appreciation of that Church. John C. McClure was true to the school, and labored to promote its interests, and has been a constant friend. Samuel Zollinger was treasurer. The money was always safe in his hands, without any danger of financial embarrassment. George E. Lee was always in his place and ready for his work. These, with many others, made the school a wonderful power in Piqua. It attracted all classes of persons; and, in many respects, was a model Sunday-school.

The young people's meeting during this year still kept up its interest. It was like a Church within itself. It did grand work. Here the rich and poor met together in harmony, and in the spirit of Christ worked for his cause. This year was one of almost unalloyed happiness. The financial, spiritual, and denominational prosperity was such as to excite the admiration of those who were acquainted with it. Unity and love were supreme.

A constant revival interest continued during the year. Such was the success which had marked my pastorate during these three years in several

respects, and especially in its spiritual results, as to satisfy me, as it did others, that it was of God, and to him belonged the glory.

I licensed during my pastorate W. N. Brodbeck as an exhorter. He was soon afterward licensed as a local preacher, and was recommended as a suitable person to be received on trial into the Cincinnati Conference. He was appointed to Tippecanoe charge, where at least one hundred souls were converted through his instrumentality, and added to the Church. I also licensed James S. Bitler to exhort. He, with his devoted mother, went to Delaware, Ohio, where he attended the university. The mother labored, as mothers sometimes do, to complete the education of her son and fit him for the gospel ministry. He, too, was licensed as a local preacher, united with the Cincinnati Conference, and has been for years engaged in evangelistic work in most of the Northern and Western States of the Union.

When I left this charge, Professor Richardson and R. S. Rhodehamel called to see me, and, to my great surprise, presented me with a beautiful gold watch, which I carry to-day, as a tribute of their appreciation of my humble services, and especially my opposition to the liquor-traffic and my devotion to the interests of morality and religion in Piqua.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WESLEY CHAPEL, CINCINNATI. 1873-1876.

WESLEY CHAPEL is the oldest Methodist Episcopal Church in Cincinnati. Just before the Annual Conference of 1873 on the Urbana Camp-ground, Charles W. Rowland, of Wesley Chapel, met me one day, and said very solemnly and impressively :

"I believe it is God's will that you should come to Cincinnati, and take charge of Wesley Chapel as its pastor; and unless you oppose it, I shall feel it my duty to labor for that result."

I replied : "I am in God's hands, and the hands of the bishop and my Conference; and whatever may be my appointment the ensuing year, it will be regarded by me as in the order of God's providence."

"That," said he, "is enough."

That was all I ever heard on the subject. Conference came, and Bishop E. R. Ames appointed me to this historic mother Church of Methodism in Cincinnati. I removed to the city in September, 1873. I found a large and commodious parsonage adjoining the church on Fifth Street, well furnished, and as pleasant as I could desire.

I became the guest of Charles W. Rowland. I

never met with a more cordial welcome than from him and his excellent wife. From then until now I have had no truer friends than this noble couple. They stood by me in every emergency, and co-operated with me in every good work I was laboring to perform.

Here I found Joseph F. Larkin, a native of Felicity, Ohio—my native place—a prominent banker, consecrated to Christ, and liberal with his money. Here was also Ex-Mayor Henry E. Spencer, a son of that distinguished pioneer, Oliver M. Spencer, one of the first citizens of Cincinnati. In his boyhood, O. M. Spencer was captured by the Indians in the wilderness just on the outskirts of Cincinnati. He remained in captivity for some time; but was finally released and restored in safety to his parents. An account of his capture, written by himself, was published in the "Youth's Library" by the Methodist Book Concern. The Spencers were devoted Methodists, and none more so than Ex-Mayor Spencer and his wife.

Here, too, were Richard Miller, a saintly man; Thomas McClain, an earnest and zealous class-leader; Captain Jones and his daughter, Mrs. Sanders, whose praise was in all the Churches; Mr. William G. Doering, son of Rev. Dr. Doering; Mrs. John Elstner, who, with her husband, had been pillars in the Church almost from its foundation; Joseph Elstner and his wife, formerly Miss Sarah Steritt, a lady of rare excellence, now residing in San Diego, California; Rev. W. H. S.

Ewell and his wife, both devoted Methodists; and many others equally active in Church work.

A. N. Spahr was my immediate predecessor. He was a man of fine preaching ability, of deep, fervent piety, conscientious and devoted to his work. It affords me great pleasure to say that he did more to prepare the way for my coming and to make the success which attended my humble labors there far greater than it could have been otherwise.

Notwithstanding the wonderful advantages enjoyed by this Church in her past history, the building of other churches and the formation of other charges in different parts of the city constantly drew upon her resources, paralyzed her energies, and discouraged her in her work.

I found the members scattered over a territory of fifteen or twenty square miles. Many of them were devoted to missionary enterprise in various parts of the city.

The Roman Catholics had a number of churches in the vicinity. The great St. Xavier College was scarcely a stone's-throw from the church. There were more than ten thousand Protestant people within six squares who attended no place of worship, and it embraced probably some of the very worst class in the city. The church at once became the center of missionary labor in that part of the city.

I found, when I began my labors, that the average congregation at the best was about one hundred and twenty-five in the morning and about



one hundred in the evening. The Sunday-school was in good condition. Prayer-meeting and class-meeting were spiritual, but not very largely attended. There seemed to be a conviction in the minds of a majority of the Church members that it was a down-town Church, and that the question of its longer existence as an active organization would be settled in a very few years. They were anxious to work, but they did not recognize the fact that there was work all around them, and there was no necessity to leave their own field and go to other points.

We had a large number of consecrated members, men and women of intelligence and of social position, who had consecrated themselves, their time, and their money to God and his work; but they were at a loss, as I was myself at the time, to know just what to do and how to do it. The municipal government was at its worst. Everything was run in the interest of the lowest grade of local politics. Saloons had the largest liberty in the city. Houses of shame abounded, and were scarcely even restrained by the police department.

The number of members at Wesley Chapel amounted to about two hundred and fifty. Many of these were only nominally so, and seldom, if ever, attended the services of the Church. I had come from a Church all aglow with revival influence and in the full tide of prosperity; and now I was in danger, I feared, of losing the revival spirit with which I came.

This was repulsive to my spiritual nature and

intuition. My religion was aggressive. I must lift up the Church, as far as possible, to a higher standard of activity, or I must come down myself to the plane in which I found them. It did not take me long to see the situation in its most discouraging aspect.

Dr. R. M. Hatfield was then stationed at St. Paul Church. He was a broad, outspoken man, who quailed before no danger. I was ready with him to attack the fort of sin, no matter how strong that might be; and the same might be said of other ministers. My work was in the center of the city. Adam Bowers was at Pearl Street, and, in his peculiar sphere, was doing better than any man had done before to stem this tide of evil.

Randolph S. Foster was then resident bishop in the city. We were boyhood friends, were converted and united with the Church about the same time. About three weeks after my own conversion, I had kneeled at his side at the mourners' bench, where he was seeking Christ, a heart-broken penitent. I saw him happily, powerfully converted. Our warm personal friendship justified me in consulting him with regard to the situation just as I saw it, and telling him just what I thought and how I felt. He had once been a pastor of the Church, and he sympathized with me and counseled me freely. He proposed, as a partial remedy in this existing state of things, that the church-edifice should be remodeled, and that an audience-room be constructed which would accommodate a congregation of three hundred persons.

I might then, he thought, hope to have the inspiration of a full house.

This proposition impressed me strangely and increased my discouragement. To me it looked very much like a surrender, rather than a basis for victory. He said that, if he had twenty thousand dollars, he believed that he could revolutionize Cincinnati. I told him I could not see the remedy in that amount of money. The trouble was too deep for money to reach it. I then spoke of the thousands of non-churchgoers in that part of the city. A number of these at one time had been Methodists or members of other Churches, until Cincinnati had become the graveyard of ex-Church members. Every form of evil was met with; and it did seem to me that no human power or agency would be sufficient to reach the masses. Bishop Foster said:

"What are you going to do about it? How are you going to reach them?"

I simply replied:

"Bishop, the way to reach the masses is by such agency as God, in the arrangement of his providence and the provision of his grace, shall direct. Mass-meetings and existing Church agencies, in their general work, have done about all that can be done. The people do not come to us; they will not come to us until we go to them. There must be personal work, personal contact, personal love and sympathy displayed for these multitudes of human beings who are driven away from God, in order to save them."

"What is your plan?" he asked.

I replied: "I have none now; but I believe that, inasmuch as the necessity exists, God will give the wisdom necessary to discover one, and make it effective for the accomplishment of the object in view."

He said, "I pray that God may bless you, and help and direct you in your work."

I believed that, in the absence of all mere human power, the Holy Ghost would turn back this tide of evil, and move upon and melt these thousands of souls. If I could not do much, I could do a little, and I intended to labor for immediate results in the salvation of souls. I trembled at the thought of the danger of one soul out of Christ, and could scarcely dare look upon the condition of a soul wrecked on the sea of God's wrath.

Having laid this down as one of the things to be done, I was very much encouraged by the thought that in two months the evangelists, J. S. Inskip and William McDonald, would hold a ten days' meeting in Wesley Chapel for the promotion of Christian holiness. All the Churches were to unite in it. While ordinary prudence would have said, "Wait until the meeting of the evangelists," a voice within me said: "Go forward. Do what you have proposed. Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

I well knew that so long as the evangelists were in the city, the very best people of the Methodist and of many other Churches would fill the house, and for the time being it would attract the

attention of the community to an unusual extent. But I feared that, when the evangelistic meetings closed, my congregation would scarcely be able to endure the contrast in the meetings which would follow. In those we would have a crowded house, and in these only the few who assemble at our regular services. I resolved to make all I could out of the present circumstances, and hope for better times.

I visited from house to house, entering every open door, and was always ready to welcome the poorest man or woman into the kingdom of Christ. Signs of good appeared. Sabbath mornings and evenings, persons were uniting with the Church. Some were seeking Christ, and were happily converted, and a revival spirit pervaded all our meetings. Our congregations were increased. The spirit of our membership was much better than it had been, and we looked for better days.

Brothers Inskip and McDonald heard of the revival which was going on under the ordinary means of grace, and about two weeks before the commencement of their ten days' meeting they wrote to the effect that their meeting ought to be withdrawn, as we were doing well. I replied that their meeting had been arranged for before my appointment to the charge; that it was a general meeting in Cincinnati, and not a congregational one; and that I would not, on any account, consent to the withdrawal of their engagement.

With great reluctance, and in doubt as to the propriety of their coming, at the time appointed

they were on hand, and began their meeting under the most favorable auspices. Large numbers attended, and for ten days and nights the meetings were full of interest. Many entered into the experience of pardon and of perfect love; and the influence of the meetings diffused itself over many of the Churches of Cincinnati. Some of my own members were wonderfully baptized by the Spirit.

A work broke out in the Pearl Street congregation, under the labors of Adam Bowers, and a large number were brought into the Church and made the subjects of converting grace.

I resolved to commence a series of meetings at once. But, as I had feared, the contrast between the general and our special meeting was so great that it had a chilling effect. Our people were weary, and not very well prepared to engage in a revival. Three services had been held by the evangelists every day. I protested against this, as far as I dared, to Brothers Inskip and McDonald. I told them that it would be followed by a reaction on my congregation, and I could expect no help. Brother McDonald remarked that holiness had no reaction, and knew no fear. I said I hoped he was right; but I was very positive that he would find himself mistaken.

The very first night of my meeting a number were found at the altar for prayers; fully as many as were found there before the evangelists came. So I congratulated myself that my fears were groundless.

One morning I found myself so hoarse I was

not able to speak above a whisper, and knew not what to do for my night meeting. I hoped, until about four o'clock, that some one would come in and supply my pulpit; but no one came. I made it a matter of special prayer, that God would send me some one, and send the right man for the occasion. I believed that he answered my prayer, and I rested satisfied. The evening came, and Dr. Thomas H. Pearne came to the parsonage. I approached him, and said, "Doctor, God sent you here to preach for me."

"How do you know?" asked he.

I replied: "I believe in answers to prayer. I was undone, helpless. I can only speak, as you see, in a whisper, and I knew not what to do for my night meeting, so I called upon the Lord in the hour of my emergency to send me some one to supply my pulpit, and my prayer was answered."

"What time was it that you felt your prayer was answered?" he inquired.

"About four o'clock," was my reply.

"Why," said he, "that was the very time that I was in Brother Larkin's bank. He told me of your illness, and begged me to come and preach for you, and I am here in compliance with his request."

I exclaimed: "The Lord be praised! He sent you."

Never in my life did I hear a more appropriate sermon. The audience was filled with enthusiasm, and we had a glorious meeting, which was a source of great encouragement in my future labors in this charge.



The revival influence continued during the winter and spring. It took a deep hold upon the membership; but the masses were not reached as I had hoped and desired. My congregations were not such as I had hoped they would be, although they were increased. And now I prayed God that this problem might be solved—this great problem of reaching the people in his own way.

I was sitting one morning in a barber-shop, being shaved, with a large mirror in front of me, and a window facing the street back of me. By looking in the mirror I could see everything that was passing in the street, either going or coming. I looked at my watch; and, as it would require fifteen minutes for me to be shaved, I wanted to see how many persons in that time would pass the shop, which was situated not far from the church, and on the same square.

For two or three weeks I did the same thing at different times in the day. I tried the same thing on the Sabbath, especially in the afternoon between five and seven o'clock. I ascertained by accurate calculation that thirty-five thousand persons, at least, would pass the church, going and coming, on foot or in vehicles, every twelve hours.

A large open space was in front of Wesley Chapel, and it occurred to me that, on Sabbath evening, about forty minutes before service, during good weather, the organ of the church might be carried out to the stone platform in front, and that as many singers as possible occupy the platform, and thus by singing and music we might be able

to attract the attention of the people. Without communicating my plan to any one, and with much prayer for Divine direction, one Sabbath morning I gave the congregation notice of what I intended to do, and asked how many would volunteer to carry out the organ at the hour named, and return it to its place. A number expressed their willingness to do this, and agreed to stand upon the platform and sing.

The outside world was not looking for anything of the kind. We began at the hour named. The first tones of the organ arrested attention. The singers were in the best of trim, and the music was unusually attractive. There was a spiritual power about it which thrilled those on the platform, and all who heard it. Sometimes I was out in the crowd which began to gather. I found that there were Jews, Catholics, Infidels, Protestants, members of other Churches, blacks and whites, some of the best people of Cincinnati, and some of the worst, to the number of hundreds, assembled on the sidewalk and the street.

Two Germans walking along in front, paused, when one said:

"Vhat ish dot?"

The other replied, "I do n't know."

"I know it ish humbug," said the other. "I go."

"No, I like to hear the music, and I stay," and they remained.

I addressed the assembly for about twenty-five minutes, and had the most perfect attention and

good order. The police did not put in an appearance. At the conclusion I said:

"My friends, I am now about to preach. The seats in this church are free. We want them filled. Everybody who will be respectful, Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, rich or poor, black or white, is welcome. Let the worst, the most helpless, come, and they will be treated with respect and kindness, and I will endeavor to preach the gospel of love to you who come."

They rushed in, and my usual congregation was more than double that evening. They were charmed by the singing, and listened to my remarks with most solemn attention.

At the close I requested any who had made up their minds to be Christians, and desired to have the prayers of God's people, to arise. Sixteen arose. A number joined the Church. The news of it went out over the city, and the next Sabbath evening we had a still larger congregation, with visible token that our labor was not in vain in the Lord.

A man under the influence of liquor spoke to me, and said:

"I like this. I am not altogether sober, but I know what I am doing. I will come again."

I said: "I hope you will, and be sober when you come. Bring all your friends with you. I desire to help every one of you." And he put his arms around me, and thanked me.

My Jewish friends were out in force. In the church the exercises were of thrilling interest, and

many were seeking Christ. The congregations on Sabbath mornings increased in numbers and in interest, and the spirit of the revival diffused itself more and more.

I remember that a noted infidel who never attended any place of worship, with a son of about twelve years of age, whose mother was dead, sat on the steps across the street, and listened with rapt attention while we sang, "I am so glad that our Father in heaven," etc., with the chorus, "What a wonder that Jesus loves me!" They were both converted.

In a large building across the street lived Colonel B., the manager of John Robinson's great show. He had adopted a little boy about five years old, one of the noblest children I ever saw. He carried this boy with him, and made him a conspicuous figure in the exhibitions as they rode around the circle. There was a boldness, a daring, a nobility in the appearance of the boy, that is seldom seen in one so young. He heard the song, "Jesus loves me," and was attracted by it, and begged the privilege of coming over to the meeting; a servant girl brought him to my house close by, and there, evening after evening, that child would be. Young as he was, he gave strong proof of conversion. He said to me:

"Indeed, preacher, Jesus has given me a new heart."

"How do you know?" I asked. "How do you feel?"

"I love Jesus, and I love everybody."

He had offended one of the members of my family, and, with his face almost shining with joy, he said:

"Will you forgive me? I have been a bad boy," and kissed him. It is needless to say that he was forgiven. He said to me one day:

"Preacher, I wish you would pray for my papa and mamma, that they may have new hearts, so they won't swear, and get angry and quarrel any more."

One day he looked up, and said,

"O, how I would love to go up to heaven, and stay a day with Jesus!"

He was taken away from the city about a year after that, when he had become useful in our Sunday-school. I can but pray, if living, that God will lead him to fountains of living water, and make him a power for good.

The incidents connected with this outdoor revival were so numerous and interesting, they would fill a volume.

One day a man somewhat intoxicated, and looking as though he had seen better days and might be lifted to a higher plane, came to me, and said:

"I like your meetings. You give us poor fellows a chance. I will come again."

The next Sabbath afternoon he was there, looking decidedly improved. He said:

"I am going to lead a new life. I am from Indiana. I left my family, and they don't know where I am. I will say nothing about my present position, or the change which has already taken

place. I will save my money, be industrious, dress myself like a gentleman, and, if possible, return to my family."

He attended the meetings, was happily converted, and in a few weeks he had secured a good position, and appeared at the services dressed like a gentleman, so that he could scarcely be recognized. I conversed with him often, and he told me that he would soon return to Indiana to gladden his wife and children by the wonderful change which had taken place. He finally left. I gave him a letter to the Presbyterian pastor of his place, describing his case, and commending him to the confidence and love of the pastor. He determined to unite with the Presbyterian Church, which was attended by his wife and children. About two weeks passed, when one day I received a letter, evidently written by a child, which began thus:

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Fee,—You do not know me. I am a little girl, about twelve years old. But we all talk about you, and pray for you every day of our lives. We were so surprised and delighted one day to have our dear papa come home. He looked so nice, was dressed like a gentleman, and he told us that he was a Christian, and showed us a letter that you had given him. At night he said we must have prayers in our family, and join the Church, and he kneeled down and prayed. And O, what a prayer! We all went to the Presbyterian Church last Sunday, and mamma and papa and myself, all joined the Church, and the people

were all so glad and rejoiced to receive us. We will never forget you, never!"

That letter was more to me than any bank-note I ever held in my hands.

The revival influence, resulting mainly from these outdoor meetings, reached persons of all classes. Street venders of different articles at the street corners were drawn there, and professed conversion. They began to advertise the meeting, and to invite others to come. Actors in the theaters were convicted, and some of them were converted and gave up their profession. Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Germans, who had left their homes in Europe, were drawn to these meetings and saved. Many a misanthropist, friendless, hopeless, bitter, and vindictive in his disposition, was drawn to these meetings, which revived the memories of home, mother, and friends, long since departed, and they were thus led to Christ. Sometimes only a word or two would be heard by those who attended these meetings, and yet they would fasten upon their hearts like a nail in a sure place.

Jews came to me, a number of them, and thanked me for my labors, saying that it was doing their children great good; that they liked the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, although they did not believe that he was the Messiah. They begged of me not to give the meeting up. Almost every variety of character was to be found there. One day a man, staggering under the influence of strong drink, approached me and said:

"Mr. Fee, I want you to talk to my son Bill.



He's a fool. He can't touch liquor without its knocking him off his pins; and I think if you will talk to him, you can persuade him to give it up altogether."

Then, as he fell against me, he said: "I can take it or let it alone, just as I please. It never affects me."

I soon rejoiced in seeing both him and his son united with God's people.

One day a young man convicted of sin, said:

"I am a clerk. I have an engagement to do something for my employer, and I must leave. O," said he, "I think I am so near converted, I would like to remain; but my word is out, and I must go."

He sprang on a street-car, and away he went; but he did not travel many squares until God converted him, and he shouted the praise of God, to the amazement of the people in the car. He came back to our next meeting, and told the wonderful manner in which God had saved him.

Many who were brought under religious awakening would come to me to converse about their souls. We had bulletin-boards set up in front, containing passages of Scripture appealing to the unconverted, and giving the times of service, and inviting everybody to come to Christ.

Scores of sinners were arrested in this way, and converted to God. I was busy day and night, and seldom sat down to the table without being called upon to meet one or more persons, and often to talk to them about their souls.

Heart-broken wives, fathers, and mothers would appeal to me on behalf of husband and sons. I received letters from distant points, East, West, North, and South, from people hearing of my meetings through their friends in Cincinnati, who had been impressed by them. Men of great wealth and citizens of influence in the city would often come to me, and, although they were not Christians, would thank me for the efforts I was making, and would contribute money to enable me to carry on my work.

I had gas-jets brought to the front, with reflectors which threw streams of light up and down the street. These silent sheets of light often brought persons to the congregation who would listen with the deepest attention while I pointed them to Christ, the light of the world.

I visited everywhere. I made it a rule to enter every open door. Early in the spring of 1874 Mrs. Fee and myself were invited to engage in what was called "a midnight mission," the object of which was to go out at that hour into the city, two and two, and make such effort as we could for the salvation of fallen women. A number of the most prominent men and women, together with a few ministers and their wives, engaged in this work. We have every reason to believe that many of these unfortunate women were led to Christ, by being taken from the building where we held our meeting to the Home of the Friendless, where, under the instrumentality of these ladies, they were led to Christ. I never felt that I was doing

a more Christ-like work than I did then. Just as this enterprise reached a most hopeful stage, the "Woman's Temperance Crusade" was introduced into Cincinnati, and swallowed up almost everything else of a reformatory nature.

At this time Mrs. Fee and myself received letters from Piqua, Ohio, stating that a Crusade movement of the women had been inaugurated in that city, and begging us to come at once to their help. We did so, and found the excitement great. To our surprise, we found our daughter, Mrs. Louise Fee Hedges, young as she was, one of the most active promoters of it. We rejoiced in the work being done, and, filled with inspiration, we returned to Cincinnati; but neither of us could rest until something was done there.

I attended the Preachers' Meeting on the next Monday morning at the Book Concern. I was requested to give an account of the strange Crusade movement as I saw it in Piqua. I did so, and a deep interest was excited. I had drawn up a preamble and resolutions in favor of calling a public meeting, to be held on the next Tuesday in Wesley Chapel, to see what God would have us do in this work. They were unanimously adopted; and I was requested to present the same resolutions at the meeting of the evangelical preachers, and ask them to participate, which they agreed to do. The meeting was accordingly held, and was presided over by Mrs. Ferguson. An immense audience was present, and great interest prevailed.

For months this subject engrossed our atten-

tion; but we carried on our revival-meetings as best we could, with most blessed results. No movement was ever more remarkable for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, which moved upon the hearts and minds of the members in pentecostal time, than the Crusade was in its benefits and in its progress for a time, to all intents and purposes.

Thus far, in the history of my pastorate here, the members of our Church were being educated to the idea of a continual revival of religion. They were more and more deeply imbued with the spirit of Christ. Like their Master, they were going about among all classes of people doing good; and they were inspired with a joy which the gathering of sheaves into the garner of the Lord will always inspire. At the close of my first year, I had multiplied reasons to thank God and take courage. The people of my charge trusted me, and were willing to follow my leadership. This was a great point gained. Of this I had abundant evidence. So far as I knew, there had been but little dissatisfaction expressed with my labors.

The Conference for 1874 met at Wilmington, Ohio, Bishop Foster presiding; and I was again appointed to Wesley Chapel. I began the year in the spirit of revival. My congregation had largely increased, and the proofs of Christ's power to save to the very uttermost were abundant all around us. No meeting was too small, as I believed, to be without results. I was learning the importance of little things in God's work, as I

had never known it before. My soul was eager for work, and my eyes were looking for it.

I was too busy in my revival work at this time to have very accurate knowledge of the revivals in other Churches. As I now remember, there was a general quickening. Our City Council was not proving itself the friend of morals. The mayor was in sympathy with the very worst elements of society. The police knew him, and were ready to obey his will. Defenseless women were rudely treated; praying bands of Crusaders were mobbed, and no protection was granted them. Forty-three of these ladies were arrested at one time for praying near the sidewalk, under the plea on the part of the police that the men were noisy and ungovernable, and they found it easier to arrest the women than the men.

This excuse was offered in the Police Court by some of these officials who were under oath. The mayor had given instructions to the police that, if the women continued to pray and sing in the streets, they should not afford them protection against mobs.

The city was in a state of general demoralization. About this time an ordinance was brought before the City Council providing for the license of brothels. The ministers of the various denominations had a meeting, and resolved to make a special effort to secure a protest of the citizens against it. Robert M. Hatfield, pastor of St. Paul Church, and myself were appointed a committee to obtain signatures in protest against this outrage, and we

were to present it, as far as possible, to all classes of citizens. This we did, and the ordinance was quietly shelved. Corrupt as the men of the Council were, they were afraid to face the indignation they had kindled against themselves. Rev. Joseph Emery, Baptist missionary, who had been preaching on the streets for years, was arrested one Sunday for blockading the street, and taken to the lock-up. News of these things went abroad, and created over the country an amount of indignation which put the city officials to shame.

I went on with my revival work as best I could during the summer. Valuable accessions continued to be made to the Church, and my second year closed with general prosperity in the charge. The outdoor meetings were still held. Mrs. Fee often addressed the people who gathered, eager to hear a woman speak. Many backslidden members were restored to their first love, and lukewarmness disappeared almost altogether.

Conference was held in Cincinnati, September 1, 1875. I was reappointed to Wesley Chapel by Bishop Andrews. William L. Hypes was now my presiding elder. He was my bosom friend, and has been ever since. I have had few friends in this world like Dr. Hypes. He took the deepest interest in my work, and regretted the possibility of my removal at the end of the third year. He was anxious, as was Bishop Simpson and others, that Wesley Chapel should be converted into a missionary charge, so that I might remain there indefinitely; but I strenuously objected.

## MY THIRD YEAR IN WESLEY CHAPEL.

The beginning of my third year found the tide of the revival yet rising. My congregation still grew. The large auditorium was filled with people. The fact was demonstrated that we were reaching the masses.

The horse auctioneers on Fifth Street were found with their employees in large numbers in our congregations. The most prominent man among them, the proprietor of the oldest establishment in the city, Captain Stevens, was converted, and united with the Church. Before the year closed, his lamp of life went out, and he entered into rest.

I have already made an allusion to an interview between Bishop Foster and myself, and his suggestion that an audience-room which would hold three hundred people should be formed, so that I might have a full house, and my reply. He met me one day, and said :

"I will preach for you on Sunday night if you desire it; but you must not advertise it, for I may fail to come."

The day was rather inclement. The evening came, and it was snowing and sleeting, and the weather was unfavorable. The bishop reached the church fifteen minutes before the hour of service. I suppose one thousand persons were then present. He was astonished.

"You must have a great revival interest here," said he, "or the congregation would not be collected so early."





BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.



I replied, "Bishop, they are not all here yet, by a great deal."

"They must be," he said.

"You shall see," I replied.

They continued to come in. He began the service at the time, and when we were singing the last hymn before the sermon, he whispered to me and said :

"This is wonderful. Wesley Chapel is seeing her best days ; but they are all in ?"

"Not yet," I replied. "How many do you suppose came in between the reading of the first hymn and the present one?"

"I do not know," he replied.

Said I, "Four hundred and sixty; and hundreds more will be here. Now," said I, "Bishop, if I had followed your advice, and cut down this church so as to hold only three hundred persons, what a predicament we would be in to-night!"

"I am glad," said he, "that you took your own course, and that God has so wonderfully blest you."

He preached a remarkable sermon, and the large altar was filled with seekers of salvation. Many were convicted and converted that night. The bishop was overwhelmed with gratitude to see the power of God displayed there.

At the conclusion of his sermon, the audience-room was packed, and the gallery was filled to its utmost capacity. The windows were let down, and a stream of cold air fell upon my head, which brought on a congestive chill that almost cost me

my life. I was unconscious from ten o'clock that night until noon the next day.

My physician, Dr. Bramble, was called to my bedside. I had just returned to consciousness. He shook his head, and said:

"Your attack is a serious one, and you are in a dangerous condition. If it were not for one thing you might soon get well; but the trouble with you is, that you still manage this revival, and you will carry the weight of it upon you, and I know not how it will be averted, for it will take time."

I replied: "Doctor, I see where I am. That which you fear gives me no uneasiness. I have left the matter in the hands of God, who cares for me and for his Church, and 'he doeth all things well.'"

The result was a bronchial attack. I was soon upon my feet, but dared not enter the church. Charles W. Rowland, my special friend, came to see me, just after the doctor left. He said:

"This is the strangest thing I ever knew. That you should be prostrated in the midst of such a work as we have here, surpasses all my thoughts. I can not understand it; and yet we can not help it. You have done all a mortal can do. Have you any idea as to what we shall do?"

I answered: "Yes. The revival will go on, and you take charge of it in my absence, and if you need my counsel or help, come in."

He reflected a moment, and said,

"I will do all that I can."

There was no interruption in the revival. Souls

were converted every night. I was among them much sooner than the doctor thought. By prudence I rapidly recovered, but have suffered much from the consequences of it from that time to this.

Brother Rowland proved himself a general in the management of our meetings. He had courage, faith, zeal, prudence, and perseverance, which made him a power for good. He still lives, and is one of my best earthly friends. His uncle, the distinguished Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a grand preacher, a noble man, was a friend of mine, whose kindness and counsels I shall never forget. He is with God.

Before I close the sketch of my labors in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, it will not be out of place for me to give some statistics of my work and its results in that old historic charge during a period of three years. I do it for the glory of God and for the encouragement of those who are engaged in similar work in our large towns and cities.

My predecessor left for me a list of two hundred and eighty members and probationers. About sixty persons that were enrolled in the Church-book I never found, and their names were erased, thus leaving two hundred and twenty in all. At the close of my third year's pastorate, I returned to the Conference five hundred and thirty-four, a larger number than had been returned since the year 1846, and the Church then embraced the Welsh Mission.

Of the three hundred and sixty received on

trial during the three years, two hundred and two were men, forty-four more men than women, and only eight or ten of these were under eighteen years of age, which is an unusual circumstance. Two hundred and fifty-five of these probationers lived within five squares of the church. The Sunday-school was doubled in numbers, showing that we had reached a population in the heart of the city, which, by common consent, was regarded as beyond all reach; and the missionary efforts of the members of this Church had formerly been put forth more than a mile from Wesley Chapel, and in the immediate neighborhood of other Churches. There was work at home; but they sought it abroad to the neglect of that so necessary in their midst. Is not this at present, in many places, the real state of affairs?

Among the converts, during my pastorate, a large number had been Romanists, and they embraced religion as others did. Wesley Chapel, from that time to this, has been more active and aggressive than it had been for many years previous to the great work of which I speak. When we remember that the population there is fluctuating, it is more remarkable that the effect yet remains to attest its power.

## CHAPTER XV.

GREENFIELD—RIPLEY DISTRICT. 1876-1881.

THE Conference of 1876 was held at Oxford; but I was not present. I received a dispatch while I was visiting in Zanesville from my presiding elder, W. L. Hypes, saying: "Greenfield. Will it suit?" I answered at once, "You and the bishop must take the entire responsibility." The appointment was made, and was a surprise to the people of Greenfield and to my friends generally. Greenfield at that time was a town of two thousand inhabitants, with a large country around it, situated on Paint Creek, near the borders of Ross County. The principal Churches were Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist; and at this time they were in entire harmony with each other.

Years before this, Samuel D. Clayton had been blest with a wonderful revival of religion there. Many prominent ministers had labored there in previous years with varied success. One of the pleasures connected with my labors in Greenfield was the fact that I should follow in my pastorate Frank G. Mitchell, whom I had the honor of introducing into the ministry, assured that, under all the circumstances, he had done his utmost to prepare the way of the Lord. The membership was large, scattered over an area of nearly twelve



miles square, making it a heavy charge. Religion for some years had been at a low ebb. I saw at once that hard, earnest, patient work was before me.

The management of the finances had fallen principally upon one man, who was not sustained by others as he should have been. I now refer to Brother McClain, a devoted Christian and a lover of the Church, who was willing to do all he could to promote the success of the ministry.

I was hospitably received at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Waddel, and I shall always hold them in grateful remembrance for their kindness to us. Mr. Waddel was a prominent business man of the town and a leading citizen. James T. Bail was then presiding elder of the district, an able preacher of the gospel and faithful in his work. I began as far as possible to make full proof of my ministry, not only in preaching the Word, but in attendance upon all the public and private means of grace, and visiting from house to house. I soon ascertained that a large number lived at a distance from the church, and that I had to commence visiting them at once, for they were generally delinquent. Sometimes I was able to see only one or two families a day, with twelve miles of travel on foot.

One day I walked six miles to see one family that had ceased to attend religious service. I had never met them, nor had they seen me. The brother had been faithful in assisting the choir; but even that work had lost its charms. He was

in the Church; but the Church was not in him. We met; and, after asking about their health, crops, etc., I learned from him that the nearest church to his residence was my own. He finally told me that he guessed his name was on the Church records at Greenfield; that he had never seen the new pastor, and did not know his name; but thought that he would go some time and see him, for he was always anxious to know what kind of a preacher officiated at the Church which he called his own.

I remained for over an hour before I spoke at length on the subject of religion and the fearful results of neglecting religious duty. He began to be restless, and said it had been a long time since he had been to the Church. He began to suspect something, and was evidently in an uneasy position. He finally asked me if I was not the new preacher, and I told him I was. He asked my name, and I gave it. He apologized for his neglect; and said that he was ashamed to visit the church, because everybody would notice, and he would be made a subject of remark. I said: "I suppose you are like an old lady of my acquaintance, who once told me she could not see how ladies could bear to dress their hair every day, for it almost killed her to do it once a week." He at once saw the point, and made the application. He asked, "Where's your horse?"

I pointed to my feet, and said, "Here."

"You then walked?"

"Yes," I replied.

"All that distance?"

"Yes sir."

"Well," said he; "you won't walk back; I will take you back in my buggy."

I said, "It's very kind of you; but I can walk back very easily."

"Well," said he, "you must have some dinner;" and they got me a royal meal, after which I prayed with them. He then took me back to town; and from that time to the close of my pastorate there he was faithful in his attendance, and was a much better man.

He told his neighbors about my hard and persevering work to get delinquents out, and it had its effect upon most of them. One of them, whom I shall name J. T., for six years or more had but seldom attended the Church services. He was about sixty years of age, a rough man, and had never been converted. He had no desire to meet a minister. I visited his house several times; but he was always absent, and, when he heard of my coming, he expressed a strong desire to meet me, and give me a royal lecture over my impertinence in following people around who were delinquent and did not do their duty. I had never seen him until I had been in the town about eight months, when one day I met him in the office of a prominent physician of the town. I noticed a tall, rugged-looking man standing up, to whom I nodded, and scarcely received any recognition in return. The doctor looked at him, and then at me, and said, "Do n't you know who that is?"

"No," I replied.

"Never met him?"

"No."

"Why, he is one of your flock."

"Then he must be one of the lost sheep. Doctor, I hope you will give me his name."

Said he, "That is J. T."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "Why, J. T., I have chased you again and again, and now I have chased you right up into a Presbyterian doctor's office. Now, J. T., I have a lecture laid up for you; and for fear I may never see you again, I will give it to you at once."

I never talked more plainly to any man in my life than I did to this man. Said I: "You won't go to heaven yourself, and are standing in the way of your sons going to heaven; hence they are going to hell. You won't enter into life yourself, nor encourage any of your family to do so."

"Well," he replied, "I suppose I deserve all you have said. I ought to do better, and I think I will be a better man."

"You might as well commence to-day," I went on, "right here and now, to turn over a new leaf and lead a new life. Just give us your hand on that."

He did so, and was evidently nonplused. I held his hand, and continued to shake it, and then talked to him more tenderly than I had done before. There were tears in his eyes, tears in mine, and in the doctor's. I said: "God bless you. I want to see you again."

A temperance reformation was going on at that time; and he and his sons, with hundreds of others, signed the pledge; and there was a great change in that family, to my surprise and to the surprise of everybody else. He came to my house one day, and made me a handsome present in money. I did not lose his respect, if I ever had it; and I think I gained a place in his heart that I did not have before. He often attended Church after that.

We had some revival interest during the winter, and a number were converted and reclaimed; and the Church evidently rose to a higher religious plane, and was prepared, as I believed, for a great work of grace. We had a few earnest, devoted, spiritual members; but there was much worldliness.

The county fair came on; and this was a test, to a great extent, of the firmness of many of our best members. I received a note, with a ticket inclosed, inviting me to attend, and was informed by the friends who brought it that the fair was divided into two departments. On one side there was to be racing, and on the other an exhibition of the produce of the county; and the racing was intended, they said, only for the friends of the turf.

I remarked that, when I was in Hamilton a few years before, all the ministers of that place received complimentary tickets to an animal-show, and were invited to attend. This show had a circus connected with it; and visitors could take

their choice, and go into the one or the other, just as they preferred. I said, in reply to the invitation then sent me, that I would go to neither, and was brought to task by a gentleman, who demanded of me what objection I could offer to the animals. I replied that I had none; I only objected to the bad company the animals were in the habit of keeping.

The show came; and several of the ministers went in, and found themselves right in the circus. The clown, learning that a number of the clergymen had bitten at the bait and were in the midst of the circus, said:

"It takes two feet to get into this show; a religious foot to get into the animal-show, and a wicked foot to take you into the circus."

"So, brethren," I said, "when the devil comes for the sinner, I would like to know what is to become of the saint. When he comes for the people in one department of the fair, what's to become of the people in the other department?—for they belong to the same association, and will do the same work."

During my pastorate in Wesley Chapel, the great Crusade movement had its origin in Hillsboro, and extended to other places. Mrs. Fee had been very active and prominent in this movement. When we reached Greenfield, we found that the excitement on the subject of temperance had died out, and it was almost impossible to arouse any interest whatever on this subject.

For months Mrs. Fee and a few others labored and prayed for better times. About the middle of

the year the first public meeting was held. It was rather largely attended, and a deep impression was made upon many minds. Another meeting was appointed to be held in the City Hall, on the next Sabbath afternoon. This increased the interest; and a third meeting was appointed at the Presbyterian Church for Monday night, at the close of which the Hon. Henry L. Dickey, the member of Congress from that district, to the surprise of all his friends, arose and moved that a Gospel Temperance movement be organized on the next night, in the City Hall. The motion carried, and Mr. Dickey was appointed to deliver the address.

The "Murphy Pledge" was at that time presented; and he, to the surprise of all his friends, was the first to sign it, and was followed by a large number of prominent citizens. From this time the work went on marvelously until it swept the town and extended to Chillicothe and surrounding cities. As a result about thirteen thousand signed the pledge. It was a religious movement, and those who signed the pledge began to turn their attention to religion, and a number of them united with the Church.

Mr. Dickey united with the Presbyterian Church the next Sabbath after he signed the pledge, and he was followed by many others who went into the several Churches. Persons united with the Church every Sabbath, and we seemed to be in the midst of a general revival.

I went to the Conference at the close of the



year, feeling that I had never left a field so white to the harvest, and giving such promise for the future. There was a unanimous desire on the part of my own Church and other Churches, as well as the citizens generally, that we should be returned, and we supposed we would; indeed, I never felt so desirous of returning to any charge as I did on this occasion. I had not received the full amount of my salary, it is true, by two hundred dollars and over; but I was amply repaid by the glorious results which had attended my labors.

When I reached Xenia to attend the Conference, myself and wife became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Drees, who were among our best earthly friends. Bishop Gilbert Haven, of Boston, was a guest also of Mr. and Mrs. Drees, and he presided over the Conference.

To my utter amazement, I soon heard it whispered that I was to be removed from Greenfield, and appointed presiding elder of the Ripley District, but I hoped that the rumor was not true; but when Bishop Haven named the matter to me himself, and expressed his earnest desire to appoint me, I at once informed him that I had no qualifications for such a position, and had no desire for it. The district was large, and it would involve an amount of travel and exposure which I believed would be fatal to my health. Again, I was poor, and it would necessitate a debt of perhaps five hundred dollars. Although I was out of debt, I could not sustain this expense. He acknowledged the difficulty, and told me that an outfit would be

furnished me, so that I need not be involved in any serious outlay; that there had been a great deal of bitterness in that district toward the ministers, growing out of the Civil War, and it was believed that I would be more likely to succeed in quieting this disturbance than any other man.

I could not see this as the bishop did, and frankly told him that I had no ambition in that direction; that a number of ministers could be found in the Conference who were not only willing, but anxious to take the position. He then informed me that he would not appoint any man whom he knew to be anxious to obtain the position.

I honestly believed, with the light I then had, that God had called me to the pastoral work. In that, it was generally understood, I had succeeded, and I had no conscious conviction that it was my duty to accept a position which would throw me virtually out of my regular pastoral work. I feared the consequences of being taken out of the work for which I was fitted.

I at last told the bishop that I had solemnly promised that I would obey those who had the rule over me, and I felt the force of this obligation. I never experienced such a contingency as this; but at the same time I must respect my vows. There were but two things I said I could do—I could accept the position tendered me, or I could dissolve my relation to the Conference, and in that way escape the obligation. With some surprise, he asked:

“Do you mean that you would locate?”

I said: "I see no other way if you insist on this."

"My dear brother," he said, "I would not have you do this on any account. I would not force you into any such position as this."

The matter rested there for a time, and I supposed I was free; but about three o'clock one morning he came to my door, and said:

"I have slept none to-night. I must appoint you on certain conditions, which I will name in the morning."

He then told me that he would appoint me to the district for three months, and if I found that I could not continue in it, he would relieve me, and give me a better appointment than I had at Greenfield. That morning the appointments were read out, and for the first time I was made the presiding elder of a district. It was a great affliction to my wife and myself, as we both supposed it would cost me my life, and we felt that I was thrown out of what I believed to be an harmonious relation with God's providence.

The district embraced a territory thirty miles wide, and about one hundred miles long, requiring about five thousand miles travel per annum, with more than twenty charges, thirty traveling preachers, and eight thousand members. Dr. Granville Moody was my predecessor, and generously did all he could do to aid me in my new position.

When Bishop Haven bade me "good-bye," he said: "I shall think often of you, and my prayers shall follow you. I have an abiding faith that if

you should see me two years from now, you will say that it was the best thing that ever happened to you, and will tell me I was right." It was not long until he was suddenly called from labor to reward.

When we returned to Greenfield after Conference, we found the members of the Church greatly excited, and, indeed, the town, over our removal. Great sympathy was expressed for us, and the citizens offered to rent a house and furnish it for us at their own expense, so as to keep Mrs. Fee within the boundaries of Greenfield to supervise the temperance work. This was impossible, however, and we removed to Ripley, on the Ohio River, where I had formerly been the pastor, and was received most cordially.

Our former friend, Mrs. Archibald Leggett, rented us a house beside her own, at reduced rates, and here we lived during four years, on the most agreeable terms with Mrs. Leggett, Chambers Leggett, her son, and family, to whom we are indebted for many acts of kindness and hospitality.

On the Sunday succeeding our arrival, I began the most unwelcome and responsible work of my life. With me all was uncertain as to the propriety of the appointment. It threw me, as I supposed, out of the pastoral work, in which I had been engaged since the year 1842.

Bishop Haven had said to me: "I have appointed you, because you have been a pastor, and by precept and example you can do more good than any other man. You will have on this district a larger field in the pastoral work than you have

ever had before;" but as yet I could not understand it in this way. I made up my mind, however, cost what it would, that I would do all the personal pastoral work that was within my power, and possibly promote the condition of my call to the ministry in this way. This gave me some relief.

My first quarterly-meeting was unexpectedly good. Thomas J. Harris, then the pastor of Ripley charge, and the people generally, received me cordially and lovingly. In the afternoon I rode some twelve miles to Georgetown, where I was most kindly received, and we had a blessed meeting in that church. In my early ministry I had been a pastor there, and had labored over a large part of the territory embraced in my district here. I was born, converted, licensed to exhort, and entered the traveling connection here. Hundreds of relatives and friends resided within its bounds. I was to visit the Churches where I had traveled thirty-five years before. Many whom I supposed to be dead were yet living, and those whom I supposed to be living were dead. O, what changes had taken place in social and family relations within thirty-five years! During my first round, for the most part, all was well. I had but two quarterly-meetings to hold before it was completed. The people were full of hope that brighter days were about to dawn upon my district.

As I was coming into Ripley in the evening, my heart was full of gratitude to God and the people that I had been so blest in this difficult work,

which was giving me so much trouble. My horse was a lively animal—just such a one as I needed. Just then the tempter suggested: “If your horse were to die, or be crippled in some way, you have not money enough to buy another, and you can not afford to hire one; so you will be compelled to walk the hardest district in the country. For there are no railways, and but few public conveyances.”

I was almost stunned with the thought, and, just at that moment my horse stepped upon something, that evidently gave him intense pain, and I supposed it had been seriously lamed. On examination I found that an eight penny-nail had run into the frog of the horse’s foot, and it would be weeks before I could again use him with safety. I had to leave my horse, and found that I could take a steamboat in the evening, and go up to an extreme point on my district, and in some way, I knew not how, I could land so as to reach my quarterly-meeting on Saturday. I prayed over my trials, and became reconciled to my lot. This passage came to me, “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.”

At first the captain of the boat said to me, when I told him where I was going: “I can land you opposite the house of Mr. —; but he is a mean man, and I would about as soon take my chances outside his residence as in it. I won’t land you there.”

The weather was inclement, and I wondered what I would do. The captain soon came back, and said: “I have it now; I will land you opposite

the residence of Judge V. I will give him signals with the whistle, by which he will know that a guest whom I indorse is coming to his house. Rest easy about it."

The boat was behind time. When we reached the landing, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and it was so dark that I could scarcely see my hand before me. I could find no road leading up to the residence, and struggled among driftwood. When I drew near the residence, the dogs came out in force, and I thought I should be devoured. No one came to my rescue; and, with the greatest difficulty I fought them off, and stood upon the steps of a fine residence.

I said to myself: "All these things are against me. Here is one of the effects of an eightpenny-nail. But worse trials are before me."

The judge was a man of noble presence, and was widely known. More than once he had been a representative in the Legislature of Ohio. He was a man who might have been led by a hair, but could not be driven by a regiment. He differed in opinion from his fellow-citizens as to the late war; and, I fear, was not treated very generously by some of them. Many of these were Methodists; some were Methodist ministers, whose public utterances and actions had embittered him until he had solemnly averred that he would never hear another Methodist minister preach, nor would he attend service in a Methodist Church, nor pay a cent for the support of ministers of that Church, nor would he entertain a Methodist minister at his home.



All this I learned before I consented to land at his house; but what could I do in the emergency? These words came to me: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." My mind was made up to manifest a Christian spirit, whatever might be said or done; and, if I was turned away in the rain, I would endure it patiently and joyfully for Christ's sake; and the Lord blessed me in this.

After rapping at the door, I waited a considerable length of time, when the judge made his appearance. He did not ask my name; but said: "I heard the signals from the boat given by Captain R. I can trust him, and never turn anybody away whom he recommends."

I said: "Judge, I want a shelter for the night. I have money enough to pay you liberally for entertainment."

He replied, "I turn nobody away."

After a little, he asked the usual questions, and we began to converse. I suppose we conversed nearly an hour; but my name was not given, and nothing was said by me that would indicate my identity or my calling. We conversed pleasantly; and finally touched upon the subject of morals, dwelling upon the morals of the Bible, and we both agreed that if we were, individually and collectively, to follow the teachings of the Bible, it would be a wonderful benediction to us and to the world. At length he said,

"Sir, I know nothing about your former history; but I am certain that you are a Democrat."

I replied: "I am not a member of that organization, although I sometimes vote for candidates of that party. I have my views, and vote them. I allow others the same privilege which I claim for myself."

"That," said he, "is all I want. You are a Democrat still. Jesus Christ was a democrat; and your democracy is good enough for me."

"You are very kind," I replied; "but I must be very careful in all I say and all I do."

"I see you are," said he.

At that moment his wife came in. Said he, "I have not asked your name." I gave it.

"Fee—Fee—Fee?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Are you related to Dr. Fee, of Brown County?"

"I am. He is a cousin of mine."

"We were in the Legislature together," said he; "and he once saved my life. He is one of the dearest friends I have on earth; and any man that bears his name will at once command my confidence and respect."

He said to the colored man in his employ, "Go and build a fire in the spare room, and warm the bed, so that our guest will not take cold."

He evidently warmed toward me, and I was drawn insensibly toward him. He finally began to give me an account of the treatment he had received from Methodist ministers; and especially one whom I well knew, and who was described by the judge in no very complimentary terms.

"Do you know him?" said he.

"Yes, well."

"Has any one followed him in the position he has just left?"

I said: "I suppose so, of course. The rule is that every church is to have a preacher, and every preacher a charge."

He expressed his gratification that he was gone, and hoped he would return no more. We then talked freely about the gospel and its aims; of the ministers generally, and the spirit they had to manifest in their sermons and in their intercourse with men.

"Do you know anything about the man who has come in his place?" asked the judge.

I replied: "Yes. I have some knowledge of him."

"What kind of a man is he? I have never heard; indeed, I have taken no pains to know," he said.

"Well," I replied, "I may not know him perfectly; but I believe he is a sincere man, honest in his convictions, and is generally understood to labor for peace and harmony in the Churches which he serves."

Said he: "That is a great recommendation, sir. I am pleased to hear it. Do you know his name?"

I had been with him for more than two hours, and yet had concealed my identity. "Yes," said I. "his name is Fee."

He sprang to his feet. "Can it be possible, sir, that I have the honor of entertaining at my

house a Methodist minister with such views as you have expressed, and such a spirit as you manifest!"

"Judge, you know who I am. This is as unexpected to me as it is to you. You did not invite me; and really I did not seek entertainment at your house. It all seems strange."

Said he: "I thank God that you are in my house, and that you are my guest. I suppose you know something of my history."

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Then I need say nothing more. It will soon be twelve o'clock. Sam, is the room warm and the bed right?"

"Yes, sir."

He walked with me to the room and said, "Are you sleepy?"

"No," I replied.

He then said with emotion: "I want to say to you what is really true. I have said that I would never entertain another of the Methodist ministers at my house, I never would pay another cent toward their support, and never would hear them preach again. But I am sorry I ever said it."

"So am I," I replied. "I am only a very imperfect representative of the ministers with whom I am associated. We often say unkind and bitter things of each other, unbecoming the profession we have assumed. Permit me to say that you are not justified in classing us together as you have done, because one of our number has spoken amiss or has acted in an unbecoming manner.

The entire ministry should not be blamed because of one man's faults."

"That, sir, is true. I am sorry I ever said it. I think I shall take it back."

"You had better, Judge. You will feel better for doing so. You and I had better be engaged in healing the wounds that have been made, and stand together in the bonds of a common brotherhood."

"I believe it," said he.

Midnight passed, and there I was with that noble-looking man, who only needed to be treated kindly to become one of the warmest and best of friends. He bade me "good-night" with a "God bless you."

Early in the morning I was awakened by the judge himself. "I am so glad," said he, "that you are a guest in my house. You will pardon everything I have said amiss, won't you?"

I said: "Yes. My difficulties are written in the sand, and the first wave of Divine love that comes along will wash them all away."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

I replied, "To my quarterly-meeting."

"Have you a conveyance?"

I said, "Yes."

"Where is it?"

I pointed to my feet.

"You don't mean that you will walk?"

"Yes, I am going to walk."

"It is seven miles around," said he; "but you could make it in three miles across the hills. It

is rough and steep; but you could make it. But you must not think of going from Judge V.'s in that way."

"That is nothing," said I. "I think nothing of a walk like that in a good cause. My feet are converted."

He then said, "I will take you myself."

"No, thank you; that would be too much, and is not necessary."

He saw that I was incorrigible, and said: "Then I will walk with you to the top of the hill, a mile or more, where you can see the church you desire to attend."

I desired to go alone; but he said, "No," and he walked with me. When we reached the summit of the hill, we looked down at the church at which I expected to preach, and he said:

"I am sorry to part with you. I am thankful that I have met you. I am now eighty-two years of age, and can not live very long. I have examined my accounts lately, and the books won't balance. In my life and conduct I find there is a heavy balance against me, and I am alarmed at the thought of standing before my Judge. What shall I do? Have you any idea?"

"Yes," said I. "If you are willing to renounce yourself and all the sins of your past life, and banish all hope of saving yourself by your own merit or good works, and will trust to the merit of the death and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ, and put them to your credit, you will pull through in spite of everything."

Excitedly he said: "Do you really think so? O that is too easy!"

"But, Judge, there is no other way. I entreat you to look only to Christ and his merits, and accept him as your only hope and salvation."

He trembled from head to foot; tears were in his eyes and mine, and with tender feeling I said, "I must go; good-bye."

He walked away a step or two, and said: "If I am at Church to-morrow morning, don't be surprised. I said I never would go again, and I know my going will excite general remark all over this country; but I think I will go."

He held his hat in his hand, and his gray locks were waving in the breeze of the morning. I said, "I believe the people will be delighted."

The love-feast was in session the next morning, when who should come in but Judge V.? The congregation was astonished. I left the pulpit, and greeted him cordially, and led him to a seat, the most favorable for hearing in the house. At eleven o'clock, with the judge before me, and with his case upon my soul, I preached from the words, as best I could, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv, 5.)

The judge listened as if his soul's salvation depended upon the words that were being spoken. I confess that he was upon my heart that day more than all the others in that large congregation.

A collection was taken up to meet the claims



of the presiding elder for that quarter, and Judge V. was the most liberal giver of all that congregation. At the close, he came to me and held my hand, and he looked to me like another man. There was hope and peace resting upon his face, and, with tears in his eyes, he said:

"In three months, remember, as long as you are in this part of the country, Judge V.'s house is to be your home."

In six weeks I heard that he had sickened and died, and, as we believe, had passed to a better world in peace. So much for the work of an eightpenny-nail.

Now came a trial. That eightpenny-nail was doing its most painful work. In two hours and a half I must walk eleven miles, or fail to meet my engagement for the afternoon. I determined to leave the matter with God, and to state my circumstances to nobody.

I had not walked away twenty steps when a noble-looking young man met me, and said:

"I know you. I am not going to tell you who I am; but I am going to take you to M. I have come for that purpose, and will take you there on time. Are you ready to go?"

I said, "Yes."

He took a wonderful interest in me. I could not tell why; but he said: "I have a reason for it, and you will know it sometime. Don't ask me why now."

Just as the church-bell was ringing, I entered the church. A large congregation was present,

and a remarkable interest pervaded the assembly while I spoke the word. At night many were at the altar of prayer, and some were converted, and the meeting closed with the brightest prospects. The next morning a difficulty arose. A matter of painful interest was brought up, and I was distressed. In the afternoon I walked down to the river to take a boat for my home. One who walked with me was full of bitterness until we reached the boat. "There," said I to myself, "is that eightpenny-nail again."

The very moment I reached the boat a gentleman met me whom I had received into the Church when he was a boy, and said: "I am glad to meet you! I was coming down to see you. We have had a difficulty about which I wish to consult you."

"That eightpenny-nail again," thought I; "will it never cease to haunt me?"

We talked for about two hours, and, when I left the boat, my friend was in a better state of mind, I am sure, than he had been for years. I landed at home, and found my horse in a very bad condition, with but little prospect of becoming sound for two or three months; but I thanked God and took courage.

On the next Friday I went in a public conveyance a part of the way; but twelve or fifteen miles of muddy road were before me after I left it. To my surprise, I met there Mr. B., with a fine carriage, to take me to my next appointment. We were scarcely seated when he began. He was greatly excited, full of bitterness and

vindictiveness; and for a long ride he and I struggled with the difficulty. But for that eight-penny-nail I should have escaped this conversation, and should have missed the opportunity of doing good to this man, who would have been miserable forever without a change. I thanked God, and took courage again.

Never during my life have I been so constantly busy with the difficulties, quarrels, misunderstandings, and mishaps of others as I was during this round, which lasted for months. Nevertheless, God stood by me, and I was able to act the part of a peacemaker. I thanked God and took courage.

I endeavored to be careful, cautious, and conservative in the administration of the Discipline while on the district. I was the preachers' friend, and the preachers were my friends; and, while sometimes I reproved them for their faults and errors, at the same time I sympathized with them in their work, and endeavored at all times to deal fairly with them, and I believe I had almost universally their respect and confidence. I endeavored to impress upon the young preachers that they were only worth to the Church just what they were religiously, and what they did; that pulpit preparation, able sermons, and willingness in the work of benefiting the Church was not to be regarded, by any means, as the end of their work; that all these things pointed to the promotion of salvation, and if they failed in this their failure would be disastrous; they might win the hearts of the people to themselves, and yet fail to win them to the Lord

Jesus Christ; their work began when they entered upon any charge, and ended only when their official responsibilities ceased. Every minister's character and standing were precious in my sight. Many of them were poorly paid, even when they received their entire allowance.

My second quarterly-meeting in Williamsburg was a memorable one. Sunday morning came, and I had a crowded congregation. I preached from this text: "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." (Rev. xiv, 4.) From the moment I began, I had certain evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and my sermon was a different one in most respects from what I had intended when I arose. It was not five minutes until the congregation was in sympathy with me, and when I had preached, as I now remember, just twenty-three minutes, there came upon the congregation a most wonderful influence. There was solemnity, then tears, then sounds of weeping all over the house, until my voice was drowned, and I sat down.

William E. Hines, a minister of the Conference, whom I had led to Christ before I became a preacher, had been appointed by the Quarterly Conference to take up the collection for the elder. In the midst of the excitement some one came to me, and said:

"Have you forgotten the collection?"

I answered, "Yes. Where is Brother Hines?"

"I do not know," was the reply.

We found him lying in the altar upon his back,

and shouting at the top of his voice. Others were lying prostrate over the house. They approached Brother Hines, and he arose. After quiet was somewhat restored, he said: "I am appointed to take up the quarterly collection. Glory to God!" and he began to shout again, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any collection could be taken up.

That night fifty seekers pressed their way to the altar of prayer, and, in a little while, under the ministry of Wm. M. Boyer, more than one hundred souls were converted. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

This service was a wonderful blessing to me, because it was so great a blessing to that Church, and to others. Revivals began to break out almost simultaneously in different parts of the district, and I was constantly engaged. Sometimes for five weeks I did not visit my home. This was a trial to my family as well as to myself. I did a great deal of visiting, and aided the preachers when I could.

I had the honor of dedicating the church at Ebenezer, on the Aberdeen charge, under the ministry of S. N. Marsh, whom I tenderly loved, and with whom I was in sweetest fellowship. His health finally failed, and for many years he has lived in California. He was successful in his labors in all his charges. Ebenezer is still a prominent Church in that charge. The Hon. John F. Gains for many years was a great power there. I was also called on to dedicate the church at Brier

Ridge, on the Decatur Circuit, which was built under great difficulties, and was dedicated free from debt.

At Mount Carmel, near Cincinnati, on the Olive Branch Circuit, John Vance pastor, a blessed revival began with the quarterly-meeting, which resulted in the conversion of three young men, who became ministers of the gospel, one of whom is now preaching in China, as I learn. I remained with him just as long as I could. Brother Vance and wife were a noble pair, devoted to Christ and the work. They were full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and under their labors many were converted to God, and added to the Church. Brother Vance, from failing health, has been unable to labor as he once did; but he trusts to Christ and his Church. He has the love of those who know him, and will have many stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus Christ.

At Bethel charge, at my first quarterly-meeting there, a blessed revival of religion broke out. A. D. Maddox was pastor. He and his devoted wife were greatly blessed. My cousin, Rev. George W. Fee, resided there, and aided me greatly in my work on the district, and was in many respects not only a helper, but a wise counselor in planning my work. He has retired from active ministerial labor. Brother Maddox and wife have been useful and efficient laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, and sustain to-day a good position in the Cincinnati Conference.

Georgetown was blest with considerable revival

influence under the labors of Edward McHugh. While this appointment, for some reason, was a trial to him, he soon obtained the victory, and worked earnestly and steadily for the promotion of souls, and he was favored with a great revival. God has blessed him in many revivals, and the last three or four years have been crowned with great success at McKendree Chapel, Cincinnati.

## FELICITY STATION.

This was my native place. Upon my first visit to it I found my aged father in failing health. He was eighty-six years of age. I held my first quarterly-meeting here with peculiar feelings. Most of those whom I had known in my boyhood had passed away. My mother had gone to her reward; my father could not survive many years. When I hastened to greet him, as I had done in other years, he did not recognize me. I said,

“My father, do you not know your oldest son, your first-born?”

He replied, “No.”

As soon as I could recover, I said, “Father, do you know Jesus?”

He answered: “My son! I see, it’s William. William, I scarcely know anybody but Jesus.”

He then asked me if they had erected a new church at Rural? I said, “No.”

Said he: “It has been under the influence of infidels for eighty years. Will we never have a Methodist church there?”

Afterwards he pressed this subject again and



again, until I was strangely influenced to inaugurate the matter of building a church there. By the aid of Rev. James E. Moore, Mrs. Captain Smith and her daughters, Miss Belle, the celebrated artist, and Mrs. Wheeler, of Pennsylvania, we started a subscription, and in a short time it was my privilege to preach the dedicatory sermon of that church, which cost nearly two thousand five hundred dollars, free from debt. A society was formed, and it is a prosperous appointment.

#### CHILO.

In 1838 I delivered my first public exhortation in the Methodist Episcopal Church of this village. In 1878, just forty years afterwards, I held a quarterly-meeting in the same church, as presiding elder. The church edifice was much dilapidated. I suggested making repairs, and before I left raised sufficient money for the purpose. During the year the repairs were completed, and a beautiful church was the result, and it stands to-day as a living monument of the liberality of Chilo. The place will always be dear to me, as I took my first step toward the ministry there.

A remarkable work of grace at Gift Ridge appointment, on the West Union charge, was conducted by Charles J. Wells and James McNealand. There was also a good work in other places.

My first year on the district closed with, perhaps, one thousand conversions. The Annual Conference for 1878 was held at Piqua, Bishop Harris presiding. I found that my work was a

very difficult one, requiring, on my part, a great deal of study and much prayerful interest. I did not aim so much to find out the character of the men in my own district—for this knowledge I would soon acquire—as of those in other districts, and was constantly looking out for live, energetic, spiritual, and useful men, who would bring up my work to a higher plane of spirituality than it had occupied before.

William H. Sutherland, a member of the Ohio Conference, was transferred to the Cincinnati Conference on condition that I would give him work. I recommended him for Batavia, to which he was appointed; and J. H. Lease, the former pastor, was removed to Cincinnati. Daniel Lee Aultman was brought into my district, and stationed in Manchester, where his labors were greatly blest, and his ministrations were highly approved.

L. M. Davis was compelled to retire, because of ill-health, in the middle of the year. By thus resting he saved his life, and is yet doing good service. To fill his place, I found a young man, B. D. Hypes, the only son of William L. Hypes, who had just been licensed to preach, and I appointed him to New Richmond. Since then, Brother Hypes has been an active and earnest minister, always succeeding in building up the Churches to which he is appointed. He joined the Conference at the close of the year.

A proposition was made at the Conference to place me on the West Cincinnati District, which met with great favor; but I did not desire it, and

the bishop saw no good reason for it, and I was still retained on Ripley District.

#### A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The first church edifice erected in the Northwest Territory by the Methodist Episcopal Church, between Pittsburg and the Mississippi, was on Scioto Brush Creek, Adams County, in the year 1800. It was called Moore's Chapel. For many years it was prosperous; but it was located among the hills. The country around it was rather thickly populated; but it lay between the Ohio and Cincinnati Conferences, and was neglected by both. When I came to the district, I deeply regretted this, for my idea was that whether men were rich or poor, the gospel was a blessing to which they were entitled; and, as far as I could, I would do all in my power to fill it with the life of salvation.

One afternoon I was holding a Quarterly Conference at Gift Ridge Church. At the beginning of the meeting, I was informed that two gentlemen desired to see me. They were brought in and introduced to me, and to the quarterly-meeting, and to the people who were present. They said to me:

"We are here as the representatives of some fifty-two persons who have requested us to make application to you and to the Quarterly Conference for the establishment of a Church in our neighborhood and the appointment of a preacher."

I informed the Conference of the request made,

and begged them to permit the gentlemen to speak. Permission was granted; and one of them arose, evidently with great embarrassment. He was a man of good appearance, dark eyes, and earnest, speaking face. He not only impressed me, but every one who saw him, as a sincere man. He began about thus:

“Brethren, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I live almost in the shadow of an old historic spot, one which ought to be dear to every Methodist and every lover of Methodism. My home is within three hundred yards of the site of Moore’s Chapel, the first church edifice erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church west of Pittsburg. It was founded in the year 1800, and for a time did noble work. But in later years its members moved away, the church was neglected, and became dilapidated, and it has finally fallen to pieces. At present there are only a few corner-stones in the midst of a graveyard to tell the spot where it stood. There is no longer any preaching in the neighborhood, no prayer-meeting, no Sunday-school, no Christian liberties or respect for Christian institutions. I almost imagine I hear the spirits of the dead buried there rising up and accusing the Church and the Church people of the sin of neglecting a place so dear. For many miles around there is no religious service. Thousands of men and women are living in a state of heathenism in the midst of a Christian country.

“I am not a Methodist; but my mother is. I am not a Christian; I wish I was. I can not

bring my children up amid such examples as I see around me. We must have a Church and a Sunday-school. And if you will permit us to build a church on that historic spot, and will send us a preacher, I will join if I have to break down the wall to get in."

Every heart was moved, and every eye was suffused with tears. They were authorized to erect a church, and received a pledge of all the aid that could be given. As presiding elder, I promised as soon as possible to appoint a preacher if they would take care of him. They had come some twenty miles, and had to return home that night. Neither of them was a member of the Church nor a professor of religion. The name of the speaker was Adam D. Singer, and that of his companion was Compton.

In three months the same men came back again and met me at another point, still pressing their demand for a pastor. I told them that I thought I could send a preacher, and begged them to remain and hear a young man who was about to preach. At the conclusion of the meeting, they said: "If he will go, we will receive him and stand by him."

I spoke to the young man who had preached, and inquired,

"Jesse Perry, are you willing to go and preach for these people?"

"I am."

"And will you accept the appointment?"

"I will."

“When can you go?”

“I can go next Friday,” said he. And on the next Friday he was there and began his work. He preached on the following Sunday; and it was arranged that he should supply that place and others in its vicinity with regular preaching. Within a month he had four preaching-places—Moore’s Chapel, Wamsley’s Chapel, White Oak, and Dry Run. In six weeks’ time he had a revival of religion, during which about one hundred souls were added to the Church.

I appointed a quarterly-meeting at Wamsley’s Chapel, and Mrs. Fee accompanied me. It was to be held near the site of Moore’s Chapel. To the meeting on Saturday morning, men and women came on foot for nine and ten miles. One of the first to meet me was A. D. Singer. He had established a Sabbath-school, and had been elected superintendent, although not a member of the Church. The only man who could make a public prayer, Brother Thompson, resided some six miles distant, and was there each Sabbath morning to open the school. On the Sunday, previous to my arrival, this man was sick, and unable to be present. Mr. Singer was greatly embarrassed. “We must open the school this morning without prayer,” said he; “but we will sing a hymn.”

About two verses of the hymn were sung, when Mr. Singer, with deep emotion, said: “Rather than open this school without prayer, I will pray myself as best I can.” Those present were overwhelmed with feeling, as Mr. Singer fell upon his

knees and began to pray to God for mercy as a sinner. The Lord wonderfully blessed him, and he was able to conduct the school.

He said to me: "Be sure to give an invitation for members." This I did at the close of the morning service, when Mr. Singer, his wife, and sister-in-law, and nineteen others came forward and united with the Church. The scene was intensely interesting and affecting. The power of the Lord was present at every service.

Mr. Singer gave his experience in detail at the love-feast on Sunday morning. I preached at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon at four o'clock I made an appointment to preach on the site of Moore's Chapel. A large congregation was present. There was a corner-stone and a part of the foundation of the former building remaining. Upon this I stood, and preached from the text, "God is faithful."

The sun was setting. I stood in the midst of scores of graves, which were filled with the remains of those who had once worshiped in the old temple, but who had long since joined the Church triumphant. At the close of the service, seventeen other persons, standing about the graves of their ancestors, united with the Church.

At the request of many, Mrs. Fee agreed to address the people that night in the school-house. A large crowd assembled; and while she was talking, the cries of the penitent sinners became so loud that her voice was well-nigh drowned. Many sought Christ that evening and found him.



The quarterly-meeting closed. A circuit of four appointments was formed, and the societies duly organized, each with a good Sunday-school, having in all about four hundred scholars, with more than three hundred members. A Board of Trustees was chosen, and arrangements made for the erection of a memorial church on the old site. All this was accomplished in about five months, through the labors of a young man who had preached only one sermon before he went there. O that Jesse P. Berry had remained in the ministry! For years he has been the editor of a newspaper in Adams County.

The work did not stop with the quarterly-meeting, and to-day all that region of country is blest with organized Churches, Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and class meetings; and a beautiful church, costing more than two thousand dollars, now graces the spot upon which Moore's Chapel formerly stood.

A. D. Singer has been for years a traveling preacher, true to God and to his work. Hundreds of souls have been converted through his instrumentality. As a token of regard for me, one of his children bears my humble name.

My work on the Ripley District was the most trying of my life. It demanded the sacrifice almost of the endearments of home and the society of my family, while I was exposed to all kinds of weather and constant change of location and food. Besides this, I had the care of all the Churches of the district. The situation was not

only one of great difficulty, but of great delicacy. Many of the ministers of the Conference dreaded the idea of going into it because of the hard work they had to perform and the limited salary they would receive. None, I am satisfied, ever had a more severe time than myself. I was not in debt one dollar when I came to the district, and my first year involved me in a debt of five hundred dollars. Beyond my support, I never asked for a salary, and, considering expenses, no preacher on the district received a smaller amount than myself.

The Conference of 1879 met at Urbana, Bishop Simpson presiding. I knew the bishop well, and loved him as I have seldom loved any man. At this Conference the election of delegates to the General Conference was to take place. I had little ambition to have my name used as such a candidate, and did not permit any of my preachers to converse with me on the subject. If they did press the matter upon me, I said: "No, I am not a candidate. Do not vote for me. Vote for somebody that wants the place and is qualified for it."

On the first ballot, John M. Walden and William L. Hypes were elected. To my surprise, I received thirty-seven votes. I regarded this merely as complimentary from a few special friends on my district and elsewhere, and paid no attention to it. A number were far in advance of me; but on the next ballot I gained a number of votes. This surprised me; but one of my brethren was running far ahead of me, and I supposed he

would be elected. On the next ballot Charles H. Payne was elected, leaving but one to be chosen. There was a fourth ballot, and I ran up to about sixty. This surprised me more and more. There was another ballot, and I ran up to seventy-four; and on the sixth ballot I received about one hundred votes. This to me was the greatest surprise of my life. There was a majority of about twenty-five votes. The one who was running against me was the lamented S. A. Brewster. When my election was announced, he was among the loudest to cheer me; and Bishop Simpson said: "That is the most noble thing I ever knew a man to do."

I began my work for the third year on Ripley District in better health and spirits than I had previously enjoyed. Peace was returning to the district, which had been seriously disturbed from the beginning of the war until then, caused by political issues. For two years I had labored to harmonize as far as possible the disturbing elements, and success crowned the effort.

The General Conference of 1880 met in Cincinnati in Pike's Opera-house. For the first time I found myself a member of that great body, the greatest ecclesiastical organization in the United States. I was appointed on the Committees on Revisals, Church Extension, and Temperance. I spent, when the Conference was not in session, much of my time with these committees, and labored in my humble way on all subjects requiring attention, to do all I could as a representative of the Cincin-

nati Conference. What was done by the General Conference needs not here to be mentioned.

It was my privilege, by the appointment of Bishop Simpson, to conduct the religious service of the last session of Conference. I did this with humble reliance upon God, and with a sincere prayer that the interests of the great Church of which I was a humble minister, as well as the interests of the world, should receive the benediction of the great Head of the Church.

As my district was in the vicinity of Cincinnati, the care of it was constantly on my mind. The General Conference had far less charms for me than the work in which I was then engaged. From that day to this I have had no desire to be elected as a delegate to the General Conference. I have found my happiness in my pastoral work, amid the scenes of revival, where souls are being born into the kingdom.

My third year's work on the district was generally prosperous. The district was well managed, and I had little cause for complaint, only my heart panted for the pastoral work.

The next Conference met at Middletown, Ohio, September 1, 1880, Bishop Jesse T. Peck presiding. During this Conference a proposition was made to remove me from the district, and place me in one of the Churches of Springfield; but the preachers, having learned this, united in a hearty protest against it, and the project was given up; otherwise I should have been out of the eldership, and released from its oppressing duties.

My father, and my brother Arthur M. Fee, died during my third year on the district. My brother triumphed to the last moment. Just before his death, he looked up with a pleased smile on his face, and said:

"They are coming, coming! Do n't you see them?"

"To whom do you refer?" I asked.

He replied: "My wife and departed children, and my father and mother, and the angels. They are coming, they are coming! Do n't you see them?"

I said, "No."

He turned to me with surprise, and said: "They have come. Look!" and breathed his last. The fitful dream of life was o'er, earth was exchanged for heaven.

I began my labors on Ripley District, for the fourth year, under the most favorable auspices. Two charges had been added to the district. I began to recover from the weight of indebtedness which rested upon me. The preachers seemed happy in their work. It was to be my last year upon the district.

My labors on the district were marked by the evidence of Divine approbation. At all my quarterly-meetings there was the presence, more or less, of the Divine Spirit. On Sundays, at the eleven o'clock service, as many as fifty or sixty would sometimes rise for prayer, and at night the altar would be crowded.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SOUTH CHARLESTON—YORK STREET, CINCINNATI. 1881-1887.

AT the Conference which met in Springfield, 1881, Bishop Wiley appointed me to South Charleston, twelve miles from Springfield. I soon learned that this appointment was not a bed of roses. While it had many elements of strength financially and religiously, there were several discouraging circumstances. There was trouble which would not down; a want of unity and fellowship, which is so necessary to the peace and harmony of the Church. Again, the church-building was neither convenient nor pleasant. It had had its day, and had done a good work; but it failed to meet the demands of the present time.

Some of the most noble men and women of Methodism resided there. The Davidsons were there. Mother Davidson had been a pioneer of Methodism in that country, and to her, next to God, the Church was mostly indebted for its existence. Brother Truitt and Thomas Wooseley for many years had been leaders in the Church and community. Brother and Sister Holmes were earnest workers in the Sunday-school. William Ferrard and his family were among my warm friends and helpers. Father and Mother Murray had done efficient work in the vicinity of the town. L. W.

Haughey, the banker, also did a noble work, not only with his money, but by his example. One of my classmates in the ministry, Chas. B. Warrington, had married the daughter of Mother Davidson. He was attacked with small-pox, and filled an early grave. He was the father of two distinguished lawyers of Cincinnati, John W. Warrington and his brother. Another daughter of Mother Davidson was united in marriage to Wesley Webster, who entered the Ohio Conference in the year 1842, and who finally failed in health, and settled in South Charleston. He was there at the time of my arrival, and with his wife gave me a cordial welcome. He was a strong preacher, a rigid disciplinarian, a man of unflinching integrity, a strong anti-slavery man, and an uncompromising temperance man. There was no flexibility about him. He was greatly interested in missions and in the matter of Christian education, and was very liberal in his benefactions. He died, September 25, 1895, and the Conference class of 1842, as I now remember, has but one member living besides myself. Absalom Griffith and his brother, Silas, were most active and useful laborers in the Church there. There were also James Pugsley, William Brown, Squire Taft, the venerable Thomas Sweet and family, John M. Murray and wife, Brother Landaker, and Brother Buzzard.

Properly united and filled with the Spirit of Jesus, the Church would have been a power for good; but the want of brotherly love was too apparent to be concealed. I prayed night and day



that God would give me wisdom and grace to do my duty. I investigated quietly all the matters connected with the Church, and consulted freely with my presiding elder, Samuel A. Brewster. He said: "It is the hardest problem to solve I ever attempted. A general revival would solve the question; but how are you going to get up the revival?"

I began to preach plainly, but kindly. I visited from house to house, talked with the members, prayed with them, and endeavored to do my duty impartially. I was received very kindly by the people generally, and had no reason to complain on personal grounds; but O, how difficult it was to make an impression on the parties who were the most deeply involved in the trouble! They regarded a revival of religion as out of the question until matters were settled, and were amazed at the tenacity with which I clung to the idea that God would, in answer to the prayers of sincere believers, vindicate their devotion and answer their prayers.

Signs of good began to appear. The first converts were not very promising subjects, and our work was ridiculed; but none of these things moved me. We went forward, and the Church began to awaken; sinners were convicted, seekers were converted, backsliders were reclaimed, the congregations grew in numbers, until our house was well filled, and the country round about was awakened.

Near the close of one of our meetings, those who desired the prayers of the Church were invited to hold up their hands. A number of hands

went up, among them one which I could see, but I could not see the person who held it up. This seemed strange to me, and I inquired the reason, when I found that it was the hand of a colored man who was ashamed to be seen among white people.

The next day he was at work in his field, digging a ditch, and was down in the ditch three feet deep. He was praying for mercy, for he felt that he was lost; and, to use his own expression, was so near the pit that he could "see hell at white heat." All at once deliverance came, and he ran to see Mr. Murray, whom he found in his barn, and said:

"O, Mr. Murray, come here, come here! I am saved from the horrible pit and the miry clay, and a new song is put into my mouth!" and he began to praise God.

For weeks after this he went all over that country, talking to everybody of the wondrous grace which had saved him.

The work went on until more than one hundred souls were converted to God, and the spirit of brotherly love was greatly increased; but the main difficulty still remained uncured. I sought to be patient; and yet I longed for unity, and prayed over the matter almost daily. The trouble lay between two prominent and intelligent men. One day one of them said to me,

"This matter must be settled."

"What will settle it?" I asked.

He then told me just what he thought the

other party ought to do. I requested him to put it down in writing, which he did. I thought the proposition rather a liberal one. That afternoon I wrote a letter to the other, informing him that I was very anxious to see the matter settled for their sake, the sake of their families, and for the peace of the Church; and, if I might be permitted to approach him on the subject, I would like to know upon what terms. In reply I received from him a very kind letter, and with it a proposition almost identical with the one that had been made by the other. When these propositions were exchanged, they were mutually astonished to find that they had gotten together almost before they knew it, and remarked that they could not see how it was done. I saw in it the hand of God.

On the next Wednesday evening they met at the prayer-meeting, and publicly expressed their willingness to be friends; and the matter ended.

I had three revival-meetings during my pastorate, which continued three years. In the midst of one of these, I was attacked by a severe cold, and became so hoarse that I was unable to speak. The members were greatly concerned about it, and were anxious that I should send for help. I did not feel free to do this; and told them the visitation was a providential one, and, under like circumstances, God had sent me the very help I needed, and I believed he would do so in this instance. On Wednesday I told them this; and on that day I met a brother who was somewhat

doubtful about the work. I was on one side of the scene, and he on the other. He asked, "How are you getting along?" I could not speak loud enough to be heard; but I pointed up and shook my hand heavenward. Saturday afternoon came, and Saturday night, and there was no help. The brethren visited me, and inquired if I had received any promise of help. I answered: "None; but God will send me help in time, and my faith will be vindicated."

They thought me fanatical; and my wife was amazed that I should exercise such faith under such circumstances. Eight o'clock came; the rain was pouring down almost in torrents when the door-bell rang. I said, "There is my help." When I went to the door, a tall, noble-looking gentleman, of dark complexion, stood before me.

"Are you the pastor of this Church?" he asked.

"I am," I replied.

"I have called to see you. I shall spend two or three days at the hotel, across the way, and I thought I would worship with you to-morrow."

Said I, "God sent you here to help me."

"Why do you think so?" he inquired.

"I have had the assurance of it in answer to prayer. I am too ill to labor myself."

He took a document out of his pocket; and I found that he was a regularly ordained minister of the Baptist Church, of Indian Territory. His Indian name was Tallemasmeco, which translated means, "King of the Forest." He was a Semi-

nole chief, born among the everglades of Florida. He was converted, and removed to the Indian Territory, where for many years he had been a preacher among the Indians. He kindly consented to preach for me; and the news went abroad that an Indian would preach, and the church was filled. He began to speak with a strange eloquence which I have heard but seldom during my life. A holy unction attended him. Almost every one in the congregation was bathed in tears while for one hour he spoke.

This convinced the people that God had fully vindicated my faith, and the idea that he should send one from the Indian Territory was wonderful. He remained with me for two weeks, preaching almost every night, to the delight and profit of all who heard him.

I have never seen him since; but he lives in my memory and in the love of my heart. He gave me a better insight into the meaning of many Indian customs and manners than I had ever received before. In their corn-feasts, which were held once a year, all difficulties and misunderstandings were settled; if not, the parties thereto were banished from the feast, which they considered one of the greatest punishments that could be inflicted upon them. What a lesson for Christians who indulge unkind and malignant feelings toward each other!

During the year my daughter, Jennie E. Fee, was united in marriage to Mr. Harrie N. Wiles, a merchant of Ripley, Ohio; and my son, Joseph

Arthur Fee, was united in marriage to Miss Florence Ewell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, daughter of Rev. W. H. S. Ewell, an old resident of the city. These unions have proved most happy.

The Conference of 1884 met at Hillsboro, September 3d. Bishop S. M. Merrill presided.

York Street, Cincinnati, had been an important point in Cincinnati Methodism. The field was a wide and hopeful one for many years; but a change had come. The Rev. Frank G. Mitchell had served the Church for three years, which embraced the period of the two great floods at Cincinnati in 1883 and 1884. No man did more to relieve the sufferings of the people during this period than did Brother Mitchell. He was a faithful pastor; did his work systematically and well. An embarrassing Church debt was paid by his persistent and faithful effort, and he left the Church practically free from debt. During the latter part of his third year an unusual number of his members moved from the city. They became afflicted with that disease, which I will name "the suburban fever," so fatal to many of the Methodist and other Protestant Churches in Cincinnati. With York Street it was almost epidemic. More than seven hundred dollars of its past support was taken from it at the close of this year.

The Official Board felt that a crisis had arrived in their history; and came to the conclusion that perhaps I was the man for the crisis, and I was accordingly appointed to the charge. I went to it with a deep sense of my need of Divine help; for

something more than human power would be necessary to meet the discouragements which would surround me at the beginning of my pastorate.

My first Sabbath was spent at the hospitable residence of that devoted man of God, Dr. Burwell P. Goode, and his excellent wife. Theirs was a model family. The doctor at once told me the situation. Said he: "It grieves me to say that we are able to give you but thirteen hundred dollars, including house-rent."

I replied: "Say nothing about that."

Said he, "I am ashamed of it."

"You ought not to be," I replied, "since it is the best you can do."

"But," said he, "suppose we go below that?"

I replied: "Doctor, if you sink to the bottom, I will go down with you as cheerfully as any man you ever saw. Let us pray and work to make the situation better than it is; and we may pull through after all, and the result under God may be better than we hope."

I began my work in earnest. Following in the footsteps of my predecessor, I visited everywhere, and became familiar with the members, and outsiders as well.

The first Quarterly Conference came. William L. Hypes was my presiding elder, and sympathized deeply with me in my work. It was a mournful Quarterly Conference. The loss of seven hundred dollars in a few weeks for pastoral support was something for which the members were not prepared. But I preached and prayed, and



looked to the Lord, urging upon the members a thorough consecration to God and a more earnest devotion to the work of saving souls.

In a few weeks I felt impressed to preach a sermon to the children, and I thought that through the children I might reach those who were older. I had a large congregation, and a very gracious influence pervaded the minds of the children and others; beyond this, nothing was apparently gained.

Early in the afternoon, Mr. Henry Daganer came to see me. He was one of the most saintly men in Cincinnati, having the confidence of every one who knew him; and the young and the aged loved him. He was the friend of the preachers and true to Christ and his cause. Said he:

"There is a matter which I thought I ought to name to you at once. I have just returned from Brother R.'s, where I dined to-day. His son-in-law, George, was not at dinner, and we wondered where he was. Search was made for him; and when they went into the third story of their residence, they heard his voice, and found him kneeling before God as a broken-hearted penitent; and he refused to come to dinner. I prayed with him and pointed him to Christ. He said he never was so convicted of sin under any preacher as he was under your sermon to the children. It was so plain, so simple, that it went to his heart. I believe that he will be converted, and that this is the beginning of better days."

When night came, I invited seekers to the altar; and George and two other members of the

family came, and others besides. George was happily converted that night, and a number united with the Church. It was a surprise to all. And they said: "We never dreamed of these persons being reached. God is better to us than we feared."

In this way the work went on. Gradually Church letters began to come in from members who had withheld them; and persons who attended Church regularly, but were not members of it, united with us on probation. The Sunday-school felt the touch of the Divine Spirit, and teachers and official members were brought more closely together, and became more hopeful. Finances were in a better condition. The suburban fever was somewhat abated; and during my pastorate we lost but few members, and gained a large number. Persons took part in the services who had not been known to do so previously; and as they did so, their courage increased more and more, until we found ourselves drawn more closely together and in sweeter harmony than before. A large number of persons began to attend the services who had not been in the habit of doing so previously. Class-meetings, prayer-meetings, and indeed all the services, were more largely attended, and a class of persons who promised to add more than the usual strength to the Church were in regular attendance.

B. H. Cox, the Sunday-school lay evangelist, labored in that part of the city for weeks to bring a class of children to the Sunday-school who were not connected with any school. He did heroic

work; and if the Church had supplemented his labors as they should have done, the effect of his work would have been seen to-day. More than seven hundred scholars were present at one time, until there was little room in any part of the church.

I labored to be steady and constant in my work, to be the servant of all, to seek rather the approbation of God and the salvation of souls than to secure a public reputation, either in the Church or community.

One day a gentleman called at my house and informed me that he had lived but a short time in Cincinnati; that he was a married man, and his wife was a devoted Christian, while he was not; but that he had the highest respect for Christianity, and desired that his wife, who was a stranger in the city, should enjoy the advantages of Church fellowship and the society of religious people. They were within the boundaries of York Street congregation. He was a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, a lawyer by profession, and had an office in the city. He desired me to call to see his wife at my earliest convenience. I did so, and found her to be a most interesting lady. She was a lover of the Church and of good people. At the first opportunity she united with my Church by letter, and was most cordially received by the ladies of the Church; and her husband met with the warmest reception from the men of the congregation. A few months afterwards he united with the Church on probation, and, I believe, "found

the pearl of great price," and became at once a member of great prominence in the congregation. To the regret of all, he removed to Findlay, O., and became a prominent leader in the development of that city, and in the erection of a new church.

From that time we were warm personal friends, and for him and his excellent wife I have a most grateful remembrance and the warmest Christian affection. He is now widely known in the State of Ohio as the Hon. Thomas H. McConica, having served two or three terms as a member of the Senate of the State of Ohio. He recently presided over the "Ladies' Convention" of the Central Ohio Conference. Would that all husbands who are not Christians felt the same interest in the religious advancement of their wives, and as cheerfully followed their example as did Mr. McConica! It was my privilege to dedicate their oldest child in holy baptism some years since.

A number of cards, with names, residences, and occupations of persons who had promised, in the large evangelistic meetings held in Music Hall by the well-known Sam P. Jones, to give themselves to Christ, were placed in my hands. I visited every one of these as soon as I possibly could find them, no matter how much labor it cost me. I became interested in the families, and did all I could to save them. They were scattered all over the western part of the city. Many of them became members of York Street Church and other Churches in their vicinity.

## A GREAT SURPRISE.

In the month of October, in the second year of my pastorate at York Street, I began to think that my work in the ministry must soon close. I had given up all my early aims, and devoted myself to the work of the ministry. I had coveted no man's silver or gold, and loved my work more than money. I was economical in my habits. We had been able to save a little money years before. I had taken out a life insurance policy in a New York company, and had paid out several hundred dollars; but the company failed, and could not repay. I had loaned money to several parties; but they all failed save one, and I lost all.

I had sung for many years the words of John Wesley,—

“No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness.”

But in the year 1885 I bought a lot, with a building of little value on it. I received from my father's estate a small amount. This, with the small amount I had saved, I invested in the lot which I purchased in Piqua, Ohio. I was endeavoring to make the last payment on this lot. We sought, if possible, to become the possessors of a place which we could call our own. Providence favored me in this, and a short time after the beginning of my second year at York Street, the last payment was made, and I had a place for the soles of my feet; but no house was erected on it, and I had in prospect no means to build one.

Everything was dark around me, and the enemy of souls came and endeavored to persuade me that God's promises had failed, and that my faith was fanatical; that I was doomed, probably to die in a poor-house. So dark was the prospect that there was not one ray of hope. At last I said, "If it be God's will, I can spend the remainder of my life in such a place as that; for it would be better than that occupied by the Lord Jesus Christ when he was upon earth."

My faith now triumphed. Peace and rest with assurance came back to my soul, and this terrible temptation, which had beset me occasionally for so many years, never returned. I felt assured that there was deliverance for me, but knew not how it was to come, nor where to look for it. My circumstances I never mentioned to any human being during this trial.

About six or eight months after this, the ladies of my Church, under the supervision of Mrs. W. M. Ampt and others, gave a Church entertainment, and called it "A Rainbow Social." I was requested again and again to be present, until the repeated invitations became almost painful, inasmuch as I had promised to be there. I was very busy, and took very little, if any, interest in it.

On the evening of the entertainment I was sent for. I went, and, to my perfect surprise, I found that the most elaborate preparations had been made, exhibiting exquisite taste and refinement. Ministers, and others from all parts of the city were present, and the house was filled. I was re-

quested to be seated on the platform, in the most prominent place. I took the position for a few moments, and then left it to greet some friends in the audience, but was immediately taken back again to the same place, when Mrs. Ampt arose, and very graciously and touchingly addressed me. She said :

“Some months ago I was in conversation with Mrs. Fee, and I asked her why she worked so hard. She then told me that you are making an effort to pay for a lot in Piqua, Ohio, on which you hoped some day to erect a home, where you might rest in your old age. After this, with my husband, I went abroad, and was absent for months. We had lost a dear daughter, our only child, and my heart was well-nigh broken. Inasmuch as you and your wife had sympathized with us and prayed so earnestly with us, I can not forget you, and I thought of you often during our absence.

“On our return, in October, a fearful storm arose, and there was every prospect that the vessel would go to the bottom, and we would find a watery grave. I said to myself: ‘All my earthly hopes are blighted; I have nothing to live for but my husband; I can not see that I can any longer be a blessing to the Church or humanity at large; and if it be God’s will that we be lost, it will be blessed to depart and be with Christ.’

“You and your dear wife came before me—it almost seemed a reality. I thought of your kindness to me and mine, and of your devotion to the Church and to the cause of religion, and something



spoke to my very heart, and said: 'It is your duty never to rest until they have a home on the lot they have purchased in Piqua, in which they may rest when their active toils in the ministry have ceased.' I then and there made a solemn promise to God and myself that I would not rest until this object was attained, and from then until now I have been laboring in a humble way to bring about this result, and in its interest this meeting has been called."

Holding up a well-filled purse, she said:

"Here is the first installment of two Lutheran friends, who entertain for you the very kindest feelings." Then she presented a well-filled envelope, saying as she did so: "Here is another token from a number of Presbyterian friends, who appreciate your labors and love you for your work." She presented at the same time gifts from persons of almost every denomination. She paused, and I was about to retire, when she said: "Stay; when the ship comes in, there will be more."

I then heard young voices from the lecture-room, and the patter of little footsteps, as a number of children came up the stairway, singing. When they reached the door they were preceded by four boys carrying upon their shoulders a mimic ship. They entered the floral arch erected between the pulpit and the door, and came forward, while twenty or more children sang, "Bringing in the sheaves."

The amount which the mimic ship contained, with that of the other donations, must have been

at least five hundred dollars. The people wept all through the audience. I never was so surprised in my life, and I concealed myself in a private room, where, upon my knees before God, I wept and acknowledged his kindness to me, as I had never done before.

Another meeting was held, at which Bishop Joyce presided. In commemoration of my many years of service in the ministry, Bishop Joyce made a most touching address, as did Dr. T. H. Pearne, C. W. Rowland, and others. This meeting was under the supervision, mainly, of Mr. T. J. Davis, S. L. Snodgrass, Dr. B. P. Goode, and R. T. Morris, who, with the young men under his supervision, presented me with a handsome testimonial in money. Donations came from North, South, East, and West. My friends in the various States heard of the proposition, and remembered me handsomely. Presbyterians, Catholics, Episcopalians, and those who were not members of any Church, joined together in presenting me with valuable donations, until the amount was about fifteen hundred dollars.

I then begged Mrs. Ampt to desist, and to make no further effort in my behalf, for I had the faith that, in some way or other, the object of my hopes would be secured. The residence has been erected—a comfortable building—at a greater cost than was anticipated, and a better building than I would have erected. It stands on one of the most pleasant streets of the city, near the church and other places of resort. In this delightful residence

I dictate this account to a stenographer, for publication in this volume. It stands as a monument of the love of cherished friends; but above all, as a monument of God's fidelity to me for the fulfillment of his promises.

York Street and its people, together with the friends who aided them, will always have the warmest love and gratitude of my heart.

## CHAPTER XVII.

McKENDREE CHURCH, CINCINNATI—GRACE  
CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD—GRACE CHURCH,  
PIQUA. 1887-1892.

AFTER completing my pastorate of three years in York Street, I attended the Conference at Mechanicsburg, Ohio, August 3, 1887, Bishop Andrews presiding, ready to receive another appointment. My presiding elder, Charles W. Ketcham, of the Cincinnati District, said nothing to me as to my appointment. When the appointments were read out, my name was announced for McKendree charge, on Eastern Avenue, Cincinnati. It was one of the oldest, and at that time about the hardest in the Conference. It was doubtful whether the people of that charge would receive any preacher. Their former church edifice had been burned, and by the merest good fortune there was an insurance on it of five thousand dollars. This enabled them to rebuild on the present site, but they were involved deeply in debt. They were depending upon a legacy, which they hoped to receive, of five thousand dollars, but which in the end amounted to nothing.

The members were disheartened, and there was little hope of doing any good. I never knew why I was appointed to this charge; I never sought to know. God permitted it, and I received it as from

his hands. By the leading members of the Conference the appointment was regarded as a mistake, in view of my health and the forlorn prospect before me. It was a great surprise, but with the surprise came a new inspiration and assurance that God would be with me and sustain me.

In due time I visited the place, rented a house, and began my labors. The most pleasing feature about my appointment was that Dr. George W. Prugh, whom I had received into the Methodist Church in Piqua, and who had lived in my family while a medical student when I was stationed at Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, was the leading member of the charge. I knew him, and loved him as I have seldom loved any man. He received me as a brother, and from then until now has treated me with all the affection with which a son could treat a father.

I had before me two years of toil, and I began at once to make provision for the payment of the interest accrued on the debt. It was almost a thankless task, and what I did was for Christ's sake. The congregations were small, and the prayer-meetings and class-meetings were but thinly attended; but the Sunday-school was in a better condition. Many were estranged from the Church for various reasons, and these must be visited and labored with, and brought back if possible. There were many poor and many sick to be visited. The membership, which at this time amounted to about two hundred, resided up and down the river for a long distance.

In a month or two the scattered forces were brought together, and they became more hopeful; but there were only a few accessions for several months. The work of revival was gradual. Some valuable additions were made to the Church, a number were reclaimed and brought back to their former enjoyment, and again took their places in the army of the Lord. The Presbyterian Church on the one side, and the Disciple on the other, also had large gatherings.

I went forward in my work steadily, and there was a constant improvement. The Official Board before the year closed was much changed for the better. The financial condition improved, and they made an effort to bring up my meager salary to what they had estimated it. I made a liberal subscription towards it to aid them, and they were able to pay out.

My return was requested for another year, and the members were so unanimous in asking for it, that I made up my mind to take it for better, for worse, if so determined at Conference. It seemed like a new church, and we had great hopes that we would succeed in paying the debt. The Conference was held at Jamestown, Ohio, September 5, 1888, Bishop H. W. Warren presiding. I was returned to the charge for a second year, and met with a most cordial reception. The revival interest continued, and the Church still prospered; but the fatal debt was like a mountain in the way of prosperity.

I had been urged to deliver an address before the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting on the subject

of revivals and my experience in them, but I hesitated to do this. Finally I was requested to address the ministers and laymen of the Churches on Monday morning. There was a crowded congregation. Charles W. Ketcham presided over the meeting. There was a great deal of feeling manifested, and a deep interest awakened. At the close, Dr. Ketcham came to me, with his eyes filled with tears, and, with deep emotion, he said:

“I think I never felt so much of the power and presence of the Holy Ghost as there is here in this meeting to-day.”

Little did I think, when Dr. Ketcham made the remark quoted above, that this was to be his last public meeting. He was soon confined to his dying-bed. I visited him often during his affliction. He passed away in great peace. He rests from his labors, and “his works do follow him.” Dr. Ketcham left two sons, who are now prominent ministers of the Cincinnati Conference—Merrick Eugene and Heber Dwight. They are doing noble work for the Master.

John Pearson was appointed to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Ketcham. He took a deep interest in my work, and was deeply concerned that the Church should be out of debt. He had great faith that, by adopting what was called “The Long Roll Plan,” it could be accomplished. He spared neither time nor pains, and did all he possibly could. While we made some progress, the entire amount was not reached, and, to our deep regret, the year closed, and left



the Church in debt; it was reduced, but not paid. The second winter of my pastorate there was a hard one. Many of the hillsides were very steep, and were covered with ice. To ascend them was a work of difficulty and of danger. In making my pastoral visits, the wonder is that I was not seriously injured by falling. The work was so heavy that I believed I could not endure the exposure and fatigue of climbing these hills and cliffs, and I felt that I would have to be removed when the year closed.

La Fayette Van Cleve succeeded me as pastor at McKendree the next year. It was a hard field, and at the close of the first year he was removed to Milford, where he ended his course, regretted by those who knew him, in Ohio and Kentucky.

The following year, Edward McHugh, who had been a former pastor, was sent to the charge. He was industrious, and the entire debt was paid. Since then McKendree Chapel has enjoyed a prosperity almost phenomenal. No wonder that Brother McHugh is now serving his fifth year in that charge at the request of the people.

The next Conference was held in Xenia, Ohio, September 4, 1889, Bishop Merrill presiding. On my arrival the bishop sent for me, and informed me that Brother Mast and the people of Grace Church, Springfield, Ohio, were very anxious to have me appointed to that Church. The bishop came and put his arms around me—for we had been friends in our early youth—and said: "I fear that it is too much to ask you to do, and yet I feel

that you are the man for the place just at this time, and no one else is likely to do as well." I replied, "I am at your service, Bishop; send me, and I will go cheerfully." The appointment was accordingly made.

A quarterly-meeting had been appointed for the next Sabbath after Conference, at Grace Church, and no preacher was present except myself, and I was unknown to the people when I first went in. One came in after me, who announced my arrival, and invited me to the pulpit, and I spent my first Sabbath morning in Grace Church.

The charge was in its infancy, though a mission school had been conducted there for years under the auspices of Hon. P. P. Mast. Mr. Mast had been superintendent, and by his presence, his prayers, and his money, had maintained the Church. But for him it would scarcely have any existence to-day.

I entered upon my labors with great difficulty. The organization was imperfect, and it was difficult, with the means we had, to organize a strong and efficient official board. Existing difficulties were soon harmonized. The city Churches did all they could to make my work successful. Persons came to seek Christ, and found him. The congregations increased, and there were signs of promise on every hand. Many invitations came for me to aid brethren in their work in revival-meetings, especially young ministers. It was not easy to refuse them, and it was painful to leave my charge; but the brethren felt that I ought to go. I accepted an

invitation to visit South Solon, and aid Reuben S. McColm in his revival work. We had a good meeting, and a number were converted. I was also invited to aid Eugene Gaddis, of Price Hill, Cincinnati. He had been holding meetings for many weeks under many discouragements, and was well-nigh worn out, and needed assistance. On Sunday night he lay upon the floor, and pleaded with God to influence me to come to his aid. I had been the friend of his father, and his friend from his infancy. When the letter came, it made a strange impression upon me, as it did upon my wife and daughter. They said:

"You ought to go, and you must go and help that discouraged young man."

I yielded and went. We held meetings several nights. They had dedicated a beautiful new church—a model of its kind—and they supposed that God would bless them in this good work, and give them a revival. On Friday night I proposed that we hold a meeting on Saturday night for the benefit of the Sunday-school teachers and officers and scholars, and that the entire Church unite with them in this work. I told Brother Gaddis that I believed the Spirit was often grieved because the Church neglected the young and failed to lead them to Christ.

Although it was Saturday night, to the surprise of all, we had the most interesting meeting of any that had been held during the week. We gave ourselves over to prayer. J. C. Harper, a distinguished lawyer, was the superintendent. He was

a good man, but had become somewhat discouraged. On Sunday morning, at the hour for school, the room was full. Teachers and officers were present, and many of the parents. I requested them to speak of the interest they felt in the souls of those who had been intrusted to their care, as Sunday-school officers and teachers. The superintendent arose, and, in a most penitent manner, confessed his former want of faith, and his delinquency in laboring for the conversion of the children. He said :

“I am most hopeful. I will do better. I beseech every one of you to help, and join with me in earnest prayer for the salvation of the children.”

One after another arose, and spoke to the same effect, until a subtile influence came down upon us all, as soft and gentle as the dews of night. I then arose and attempted to speak, but my emotions were such that I could scarcely utter a word. I finally said :

“If there is here one soul who is unconverted, teacher or scholar, young or old, and who has made up his mind to seek Christ, and desires our prayers that he may find him, will you just arise and stand for a moment?”

One of the most prominent young men in the place, the son of a wealthy and prominent citizen, arose and stood weeping. Then, one after another arose, until there must have been fifty. Such a solemn and impressive scene I have seldom witnessed. I then requested those who were determined to seek Christ until they found him, to kneel

just where they were, and we would kneel with them, and point them to Christ. The young man who arose first, found Jesus almost at once, and was made very happy; and more than twenty arose within the three quarters of an hour, and confessed to having found the Savior. Twenty-five, as I now remember, united with the Church.

At the regular morning service, and in the afternoon there were melting scenes. To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Scott and his wife, the parents of the young man who was the first to arise, came forward and kneeled at the altar, and were converted and united with the Church. Mr. Scott had been, perhaps, more liberal in the erection of their beautiful church than any other man.

More than thirty were converted during the day and night services, and a great impetus was given to the cause. I returned to my charge somewhat fatigued, but greatly strengthened and encouraged by what I had seen and felt on Price Hill.

One Sunday, while I was preaching in Grace Church, Springfield, a prominent lady, who had been seeking religion for nineteen years, found Christ, and went home praising God along the streets. On the very next Sunday, while I was preaching, a young man who had led a moral life, and had been brought up by pious parents, was converted, and, in like manner, a number of others found Jesus. This encouraged me to preach more fully than I had ever done before a free and full salvation.

Soon after this, to my great surprise, I received a letter from Dr. Rufus D. Black, a member of the St. Louis Conference, who had just completed a splendid church-building at Sedalia, Mo., costing some forty thousand dollars. He was very anxious to have a revival of religion; and as I had kneeled by his side when he was seeking Christ, he thought I could and would be a blessing to him, providing I would labor in his Church. He wanted me for four weeks, and his offer was a most liberal one.

The people of my charge were willing that I should go, and I released them from all obligations to pay my salary for four weeks during my absence. They did not ask this; but it was a simple act of justice. We took this long journey, reaching Sedalia in safety; and on the first Sabbath I began my labors, supposing I would be a complete stranger to all save Dr. Black; but, to my surprise, I met there sons and daughters in the gospel, who had been converted under my ministry years before in the State of Ohio, and had been under my pastoral care in years gone by.

My labors were greatly blessed. The people flocked to the church, and it was generally full. All denominations took a deep interest in it, and many were converted. The most flattering accounts of the meetings were given in the daily papers of Sedalia and St. Louis. Many were converted to God during our labors there whom I expect to meet when the toil of life is over.

They begged earnestly for me to remain longer; and if unparalleled liberality in the offers made

me could have controlled, their generous proposition would have held me; but my charge would not release me, and I returned.

My second year at Grace Church was one of much discouragement. Most of my members were engaged in the factories of Springfield. Some of these closed; positions were lost, and the wages were so reduced as to give the employees scarcely a sustenance. There were some removals; and while the Church grew in spirituality, it was losing in financial ability.

Hon. P. P. Mast, to whom that Church is indebted for its very existence, stood by me nobly with his prayers and his presence in the Sunday-school and his money; and yet the charge was not able to meet my salary. For me to remain longer would be a heavy burden for them; and while I made no request for my removal, I knew that it was necessary for their interests.

The Conference of 1891 was held at Urbana. Bishop Foster presided. My appointment to Grace Church, Piqua, was thought to be wise; and I was sent there. The first Sunday after Conference I was in my charge, and preached morning and evening. I was kindly received, and entered upon my fiftieth year's labor. I had been pastor of the Greene Street Church previous to this, and I was well acquainted with the people of Piqua. The Church was out of debt, save on the parsonage. This was paid before the year closed. A nobler band of young people can not be found than those who compose the Epworth League of Grace



Church. They are united, self-sacrificing, and always loyal to the pastor and every interest of the Church.

The great want of this Church had been a deep, constant spiritual work and experience. This I labored to promote; and, in a short time, sinners were awakened and converted. A number united with the Church. I visited from house to house, looking after the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Those who had belonged to the Church in other places and had removed to Piqua, but had not identified themselves with any Church, were called upon; and many of them were brought into proper Church relationship.

I began revival-meetings, although just recovering from an attack of the grippe. Providentially, Rev. John F. Naugle came to see me, and remained for three weeks or more. He did us good service, and a gracious revival began. We were invited by Edward T. Wells to unite with Greene Street congregation, and hold meetings together; which we did, with very blessed results. When we were well under way, by previous appointment, a union revival-meeting was held, under the leadership of C. H. Potter, of Cleveland, Ohio, a gentleman of deep piety, earnest, devoted, conscientious, and fearless; and the impression of his labor will long be felt in Piqua. I regretted to give up so promising a revival-meeting as we had on hand at the time; but I believed then, and believe now, that under all the circumstances it was best.

Grace Church was able, to a very considerable extent, to utilize the revival at the union meeting; and a large number were brought into the Church. I did my utmost to make it a blessing to them, and I think it was.

When the spring opened, my sight was failing, owing to a cataract on each eye, so that I was seriously embarrassed in my work, and compelled to submit to an operation. This was repeated so often that I came to the conclusion that I must abandon my regular pastoral work.

The members for the most part sympathized with me, and stood by me. None acted more nobly than did Mr. I. S. Morris, editor of the *Call* and the *Miami Helmet*. His friendship and nobility of soul, his piety and usefulness, deserve my deepest gratitude and my highest commendation. I know God will reward him for all his kindness to me. Mr. David Statler also, and his noble wife, were true to the last in giving me their sympathy and their prayers. Many others I could mention; but space will not allow. At the close of my fiftieth year's labor in the pastorate, the Epworth League of my Church celebrated the event by presenting me with a beautiful gold-headed cane, with appropriate engraving, intended to commemorate my work, and giving me a memento of their appreciation of my humble services.

Through Charles W. Bennett, superintendent of the public schools in the city, I was presented publicly with \$50 in gold. I received from the Protestant ministers of Piqua the assurance of

their sympathy; and as I meet them now, I regard them as brothers beloved in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

Piqua is my home; and to its citizens generally I am greatly indebted for many courtesies and acts of friendship. My pastoral work is done. A new era dawns upon me; and I glide without any friction from the one to the other.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

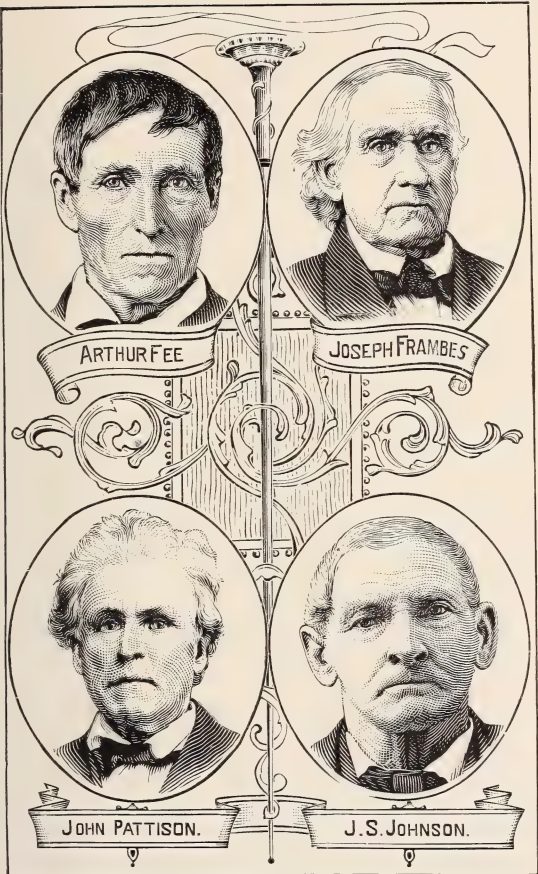
THE Hopewell Church was the third Methodist Episcopal Church edifice erected in the Northwest Territory. It was built in 1803. For the time, it was a commodious building. I think it was thirty-five feet by forty-five feet constructed of hewed logs, and the spaces between the logs were chinked and plastered with mortar. It was two stories high. The roof was shingled, which was unusual, and the shingles were fastened down with wooden pegs instead of nails. The ceiling, I should judge, of the lower part, must have been about twelve feet high, and the upper about ten. The pulpit was large and high. A number of steps led to it. The seats were made of plank, with backs to them, which was regarded as a great improvement. Posts held the gallery and supported the building. One door led into the church, and it had glass windows. All in all, it, to my childish eyes, had a most imposing appearance. There my great-grandparents, my grandparents, and my parents all worshiped. There my parents united with the Methodist Church, and there my mother found Christ.

No building, no matter how costly, no matter how majestic in appearance or gorgeously furnished with all modern appliances that one can

conceive, is to me so interesting, nor has it so many tender and cherished memories as old Hopewell Church. Not a log, not a stone now remains, but the dead who once worshiped in it lie buried within a few yards of the place where it stood. Silence reigns over that city of the dead; but methinks that the hope of immortal life blooms in the grave of every Christian who lies buried there. There I was received into full membership in the Church of my choice, and am possibly the only living man who once attended her services.

JOHN PATTISON, a man of noble presence and commanding person, was one of the best specimens of a Western pioneer. You would mark him among a thousand. He was not blessed with anything more than a meager common-school education, which enabled him to read and write his own vernacular; but he was endowed with strong mental powers, naturally full of enthusiasm, and ready for anything which gave him physical exercise or mental excitement or pleasure. He was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, March 15, 1782, and settled with his father's family in Bracken County, Kentucky, in 1792.

His early manhood was spent in dancing, feats of strength, and the like. Withal he was eccentric, and his eccentricities added a charm to his character and made him the favorite and leader wherever he was. Of all the young men of Mason County, Kentucky, he was the least likely to become a Christian.



ARTHUR FEE

JOSEPH FRAMBES

JOHN PATTISON.

J.S. JOHNSON.





It so happened that preaching was announced on the spot where Germantown, Kentucky, now stands. Rev. Alexander Cummins was the minister who proclaimed to these stalwart Kentuckians the glorious gospel, free and full, as taught by Wesley and the Methodists. Pattison was among the auditors. Of course he was not much impressed by the preaching, but the wholesome singing charmed him. When, at the conclusion of the service, all were invited to sing, he, having a beautiful voice, joined in with a will. His powerful notes rose to a pitch and volume which well-nigh drowned the voices of the rest of the congregation. The preacher was so attracted by the singing and the deep earnestness of the singer that he came to the conclusion that he must be a Christian, if not a minister of the gospel. So, when the hymn was concluded, he stepped up to Mr. Pattison, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and asked him to conclude the services with prayer.

By this time most of the congregation were upon their knees. So astounded and shocked was Mr. Pattison that he fell upon his knees and began to cry for mercy with all his might. For hours he remained kneeling in the agonies of despair. At last God set his soul at liberty, and he sprang to his feet and shouted until, as he used to say, he was heard two miles distant. He next mounted his horse and started for his father's house, full of love and heaven. He soon began to shout again, and his horse not being familiar with such exercise, started at the height of his speed for home.

But Pattison, as he expressed it, shouted "Glory" every leap the horse made.

When he reached home he sprang from his horse, and, shouting, ran up-stairs, where he met his brother William playing a violin. He caught him in his arms; but William, ignorant of what had occurred, in terrible affright ran down the stairs and into the yard with his happy brother at his heels, shouting "Glory and salvation," in unearthly strains. William was soon converted, and found the "pearl of great price," and became one of the most successful itinerant ministers. He died a member of the old Indiana Conference, many years since. John immediately united with the despised Methodists, and removed to the village of Augusta, on the Ohio River.

There were three or four persons besides himself in the village who were called Methodists. But they did not command respect, and as he was connected with them, he suffered their reproach. A little class was soon formed, of which he became the leader, and as the town was noted for its wickedness, he became the song of the drunkard and the sport of the rabble. To use his own expression, he "was compelled to run the gauntlet."

He had but recently married an excellent young lady, as gay and thoughtless as he had been. She did not sympathize with him. For a short time she endured the change as best she could, and hoped that the paroxysm would wear off. But her husband became more and more zealous, and by doing so greatly increased the

hatred and contempt of his ungodly neighbors. Finally she told him plainly that he must renounce his religion, give up his family prayer, and cease to attend class-meeting. This only made him more determined, and he tried to pray in his family as before; but she turned over the chairs and made such a noise as to compel him to desist, and after a few more fruitless efforts, he abandoned his cherished "family altar," but he still attended class-meeting.

His wife would repeatedly say that she would rather have him nailed up in his coffin and follow him to the grave than to have him attend the class-meetings. But none of these things moved him. He found a hollow sycamore-tree outside of the village, on the banks of the river, where he held his family devotions alone. Although he was as patient and kind as he could be, she grew worse and worse, until he felt that he must have help or succumb to her opposition. He, in this hour of darkness, retired to his "Sycamore Chapel," and there, as he expressed it in his quaint and eccentric manner, "told the Lord that he could endure the opposition of his wife no longer. That he must either 'kill or cure' her, as might seem best in His sight."

He returned to his home, and in the night he was awakened by his wife with the startling announcement, "Mr. Pattison, I believe I am going to die. Go quickly for the physician." He went, and two physicians of the village were soon at her bedside. A grave consultation was

held, and the unanimous opinion was that the case was a most mysterious one, and for the symptoms they could not account. Yet they agreed, that without a speedy change the patient could not recover. Her husband now approached and tenderly said:

"The physicians fear, if you have any preparations to make for death, you had better make them soon."

She awoke as from a dream to see herself on the brink of eternal despair. The sins of her life now crowded around her like frightful specters. She begged in the most humble and piteous manner, for her husband to forgive her and pray for her.

After a few hours spent in awful conflict with her sins and Satan, just as the first rays of the sun gilded the hills of Ohio, she was powerfully converted, and sprang from her bed "with her night regimentals on," as her husband expressed it, well in soul and body, and shouted the praise of God in unearthly strains. Her whole being was changed. She became lovable in disposition, and to the end of her life she was one of the best wives and mothers, always in sympathy with her husband, and ready for every good word and work. Scores of Methodist preachers have formed her acquaintance and enjoyed the hospitality of her home. To the writer she was a mother.

Happy now in the sympathy and co-operation of his wife, Mr. Pattison went about doing good. He soon attended a quarterly-meeting at a distant

point to secure, if possible, preaching in his village. At his earnest solicitation, the next quarterly-meeting was appointed at Augusta. His house was the only home for the preachers, and little entertainment could be found for the people. He was poor and his dwelling a most humble one.

The meeting began on Saturday. The presiding elder preached in the court-house. All looked drear and discouraging. When he lay down at night he wrestled and prayed for help until about daybreak, when, as he expressed it, "the Lord answered, and directed him to go to the house of James Armstrong," a gentleman from Ireland, whose mother had been a Methodist in her own country. Armstrong was a merchant, and possessed more wealth and influence than any other man in the town or country around.

He quickly arose and hastened to the house of Armstrong. He found him yet in bed. Without any apology or formality, he said with the most artless simplicity, and with tears streaming down his cheeks:

"Mr. Armstrong, the Lord has sent me to tell you that he wants you to go to the love-feast this morning and join the Church, and help our little band, as we need you much."

Mr. Armstrong was startled, and after recovering from his surprise, replied:

"I have not thought about it. It is a matter of importance and requires reflection; and, then, I am not fit to unite with the Church."

Pattison replied, "I have just told you what

the Lord told me;" and bidding him "good-morning," left him to get ready for the love-feast, at which, according to his faith, Mr. Armstrong was to unite with the Church. Mr. Armstrong was deeply impressed, and pondered over the strange appeal made by his humble, obscure neighbor. By the time the hour for the meeting arrived he was so impressed that he concluded to go to the meeting, but without any thought of doing anything further.

He went. The meeting was one of great power. To the surprise of all save Pattison, when the invitation for members was given, Armstrong was the first to take his wife by the hand and join the Church. The influence was wonderful. Others followed and the despised little band became respectable. Armstrong was powerfully converted before the meeting closed, and became a man of influence, and an earnest worker in the vineyard of the Lord. He immediately built at his own expense the neat brick church which for so many years stood as an ornament to the village on the banks of the Ohio River, and which has been remodeled only recently, and donated it at once to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

More than one thousand souls, we suppose, were converted in that church, many of whom became ministers of the gospel, to say nothing of distinguished men and women who were converted and went out to bless the world by their example.

At that time there was no college in the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church. Mr. Armstrong was a man of broad views as well as liberal spirit. He was consecrated to God, with all that he possessed. He conceived the idea of founding a Methodist college in Augusta. He at once erected suitable buildings and donated them to the Methodist Episcopal Church, on condition that they would found a college there. The conditions were accepted, and Augusta College was established, and was then the only regularly-chartered institution of its kind in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. This was in 1825, as I now remember.

Pattison and Armstrong were like Jonathan and David. Never did one man love another more than Armstrong loved Pattison. Whenever it was at all possible, he was with him at camp-meetings and quarterly-meetings.

Mr. Armstrong died a few years after the college went into successful operation, lamented by all who knew him. In holy triumph he passed to his reward in heaven. While it is true that the college has ceased to exist and the buildings have burned down, still he lives, "and his works do follow him."

In 1825, Mr. Pattison removed to Brown County, Ohio, near the place where Higginsport now stands. He died of cancer of the mouth and throat, May 15, 1870, at the residence of his son, Wesley Pattison. When informed of the nature of his complaint, and that it would probably result in his death, he exclaimed, "My triumph is



begun." His sufferings were great, but he endured as seeing Him who is invisible. His last words were, "Triumph! triumph!" His wife died in 1856. Like a ripe shock of corn he was gathered into the heavenly garner. Bishop Bascom once said to me, "Pattison is the noblest man I ever knew."

A little volume might be filled with interesting anecdotes concerning him. The old Methodists of Clermont and Brown Counties, Ohio, will never forget him, to say nothing of Mason and Bracken Counties, Kentucky.

The principal incident of this narrative is insignificant, and yet had a marked result. Learn not to despise impressions that come in answer to prayer. Do your duty and leave results to God, who informs us that our labor is not in vain "in the Lord." Who can tell the results? As we see them, they are not inconsiderable. How many ministers have been educated at that institution, or young men converted and consecrated to the work! How many men have entered into the labors of the ministry! Time would fail me to tell of such men as John P. Finley, Martin Ruter, John P. Durbin, Joseph S. Tomlinson, John Fielding, H. B. Bascom, J. M. Trimble, B. H. McCown, and others who co-operated with Pattison and Armstrong, and a host of preachers who obtained their literary training there—S. B. Roszell, Dr. John Miley, Bishop R. S. Foster, Moses Smith, J. W. Locke, J. W. Weakley, Dr. J. Ebbert, Joseph Bruner, J. W. Ross, R. Tydings, Dr.

Asbury, E. M. Boring, W. F. Stewart, S. D. Clayton, W. C. Dandy, A. A. Morison, J. W. Cassatt, T. D. Crow, Esq., J. B. Fish, J. B. Merwin, W. I. Fee, and others.

Who can tell how much Pattison has had to do with the labors and successes of these men? "Being dead he yet speaketh."

#### AMEN AT A VENTURE.

John Pattison once attended the preaching of Rev. John Rankin, a minister of the Presbyterian Church. The preacher was very much opposed to all excitement, and especially to such responses as Pattison often gave.

On this occasion the service was one of great power. It stirred his very soul. He forgot himself and loudly responded, "Amen." Mr. Rankin paused, and sharply reproved him, informing him that God's house was a house of order, and that, as such exclamations interrupted the service, the disorder reproved must not be repeated.

Pattison, much mortified, held down his head for a time; but the preacher soon warmed up again, and the noble form of Pattison was erect, and he was as much interested as ever. Some point was soon made that pleased him and with a loud voice he again, exclaimed, "Amen!" Remembering himself, in a lower tone he said, "at a v-e-n-t-u-r-e."

It is needless to say that the effect was irresistible, carrying preacher and all away.

ARTHUR FEE, SEN., father of the author of this volume, was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania, near Waynesburg, in 1791, and died in Felicity, O., in 1879, aged eighty-eight years. He was brought to Bracken County, Kentucky, in 1793, and removed to Ohio in 1795. He finally settled on the spot where the town of Felicity now stands, in 1802, of which, with his father, he was one of the proprietors, and in which he resided for seventy-seven years. He united with the Church in 1816, and was converted in 1819. He served as class-leader sixty years, and was a steward, Sunday-school superintendent, and trustee most of the time. He was a peacemaker and soul-winner among sinners—gentle, loving, and eloquent in speech among his neighbors. A strange power attended him at camp-meetings, love-feasts, and other services. His nine grown children all followed him, and most of them have met him ere this, where he rests from his labors.

JOSEPH FRAMBES, or “Uncle Joe,” as he was familiarly called, was born at Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey, September 30, 1790, and died in Felicity, O., July 26, 1872. He came to Ohio in 1805 with that distinguished pioneer preacher, John Collins, who first organized Methodism in Cincinnati. With him he resided on the Collins farm, on the East Fork of the Little Miami River. While a young man, he was converted under the preaching of Lorenzo Dow, and at once united with the Church. He married a sister of Dr.

Thomas F. Sargent, who died in the pulpit of Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, many years since. He was a man of great force of character. In 1836, he was wonderfully baptized by the Holy Spirit, in a love-feast held by William B. Christie, presiding elder. After this, to the end of his life, no man in that portion of Southern Ohio was a greater power at love-feasts or in revival services and camp-meetings. Like a cyclone, he swept all before him. When he spoke of the heavenly world, and described its glories, all who heard him would be carried with him, until they were lost amid the splendid scenes of the New Jerusalem. He will always be regarded as one of the best specimens of a noble Christian manhood. To know and hear him was to remember him always.

His two sons, Rev. Oliver S. Frambes, of the California Conference, and Colonel Granville A. Frambes, now of Mears, Mich., are well known in Ohio.

JOHN SUTTON JOHNSON was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1804. His parents removed to Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1805, where he spent his early life. There was but little opportunity afforded for an education at that day. He spent only three months in school; but these were well improved, and his desire for knowledge led him to improve every opportunity. Hence, by diligence and persistence, he acquired a good business education, and kept himself fully informed on all the issues of the

day. He was particularly interested in matters relating to the Church, its doctrines, and its polity. He married Susanna Sheldon, who lived near Mt. Carmel, Clermont County, O., in 1827. After spending one year in Cincinnati, he removed to Amelia, O., and engaged in mercantile business.

He was converted at the Olive Branch camp-meeting, near Amelia, in 1829, and was a most devout and earnest member of the Church from that date until his death. Shortly after his conversion, he was appointed class-leader by Rev. Zachariah Connell, from which time until the date of his death he held an almost continuous official relation to the Church as steward, trustee, and class-leader. The widow of Rev. John Collins was, for many years, a member of his class. His was a consistent life. He never allowed his temporal affairs to interfere with his obligations to his Church, and exercised a diligence in business which met with fair success.

In 1863, he removed from Clermont County to Union City, Ind., where he soon obtained a standing among the business men of that city. He was first a director, then vice-president, and ultimately president of a prominent banking establishment.

Brother Johnson's house was recognized as a hospitable home for all itinerants. It was a stopping-place for the local preacher, the circuit-rider, and the presiding elder, all of whom received a welcome. William H. Raper, Zachariah Connell, William B. Christie, and Joseph M. Trimble were among the frequent visitors at his house.

Seven of his children survived to adult age, all of whom became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His counsels were wise, his zeal active, his piety profound, his testimony inspiring, his life Christ-like. He was uncompromising in his Christian integrity — a man of strong convictions. He died at Union City, August 25, 1888, and “came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.” He was ripe for the glorious harvest.



REV. RALPH LOTSPEICH.

REV. RALPH LOTSPEICH was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, February 15, 1781. He was licensed to preach in 1800, and received into the traveling connection in the old Western Conference, at Cumberland, Tenn., October, 1802. He was ordained deacon at Mt. Gerizim, Kentucky, in October, 1804; and in September, 1806, at Nollicuckie, Tenn., he was ordained elder. His appointments were as follows: In 1802, Salt River Circuit; in 1803, Red River; in 1804, Barren; in 1805,

French Broad; in 1806, Holston; in 1807, Hocking; 1808 and 1809, Fairfield; in 1810, Deer Creek; and in 1811 and 1812, Scioto. His death occurred June 15, 1813.

J. B. Finley thus speaks of him, in his Autobiography: "He was extremely meek and unassuming in all his manners and deportment, deeply pious, and always wore a serious air. In his discourses, he wept much, and was called 'the weeping prophet.' Realizing that his work was done, he called his colleague to his bedside and told him to get a piece of paper and make an inventory of his property. Though he had but little, he felt it his duty to set his house in order before he died. The task which was a short and easy one being completed, and his assets and liabilities being reckoned up, he said: 'Well, after paying my debts, there will be one hundred dollars left, and that will support my wife and children for one year, and then the Lord will provide. Now,' said he to his colleague, 'my work is done; turn me over, with my face to the wall.' This being done, he commenced singing a stanza of the well-known hymn, commencing,

'O tell me no more of this world's vain store!'

and having finished the hymn, he soon passed away in peace and holy triumph, to be forever with his Lord."

Behind the old log barn on the farm of White Brown, in Ross County, he was laid to rest, and at the time a plain but substantial stone was erected



by the ladies of the Church, and marked the grave for nearly a century.

Last October his grandson, Mr. Ralph Lotspeich, of London, O., visited the old preaching-place, and removed the ashes of his ancestor to his own beautiful lot in the cemetery at Oak Hill, near London. On the morning of February 20th, a small company of friends gathered at the grave to assist in setting up the old stone removed from Ross County with the remains. I was privileged to be present, and took part in the solemn services.

Brother Lotspeich was one of the very early preachers raised up in the Western world. There were with him in his Conference class Jacob Young, William Crutchfield, and Jesse Walker; but when ordained elder, but two remained—Lotspeich and Jacob Young. The picture here presented was taken from a rude portrait in water-colors found among the papers of the old itinerant. A volume of his "Sermon Sketches" is now among the archives of the Ohio Wesleyan University, having been placed in the hands of Rev. J. M. Jameson, then representing the "Ohio Methodist Historical Society," who turned them over to the librarian at Delaware.















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